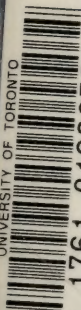
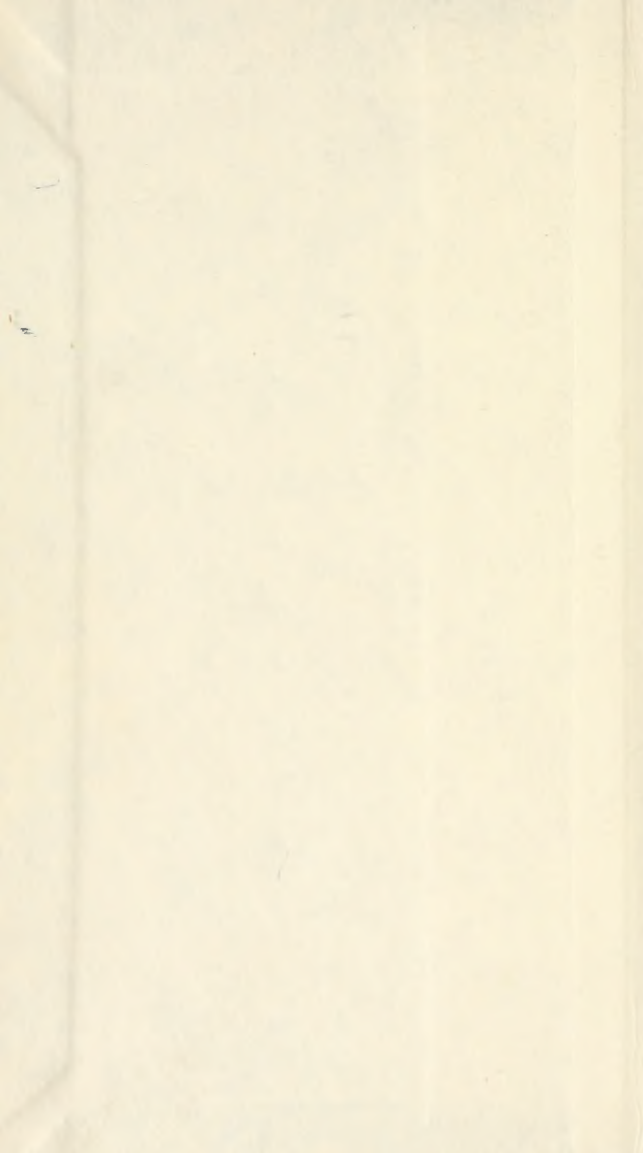


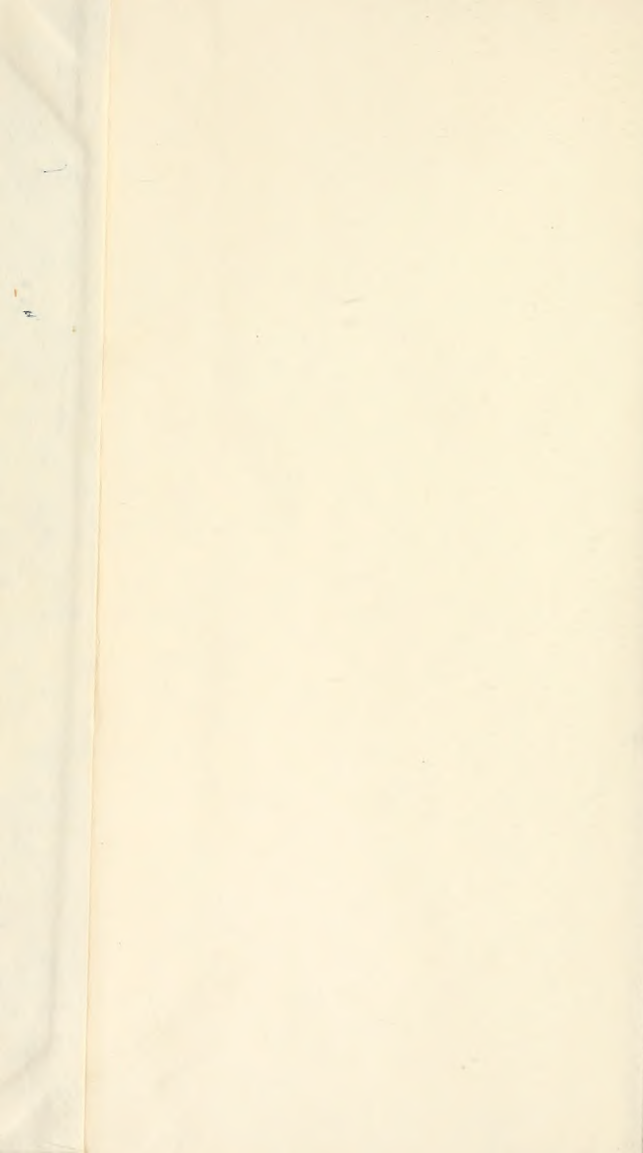
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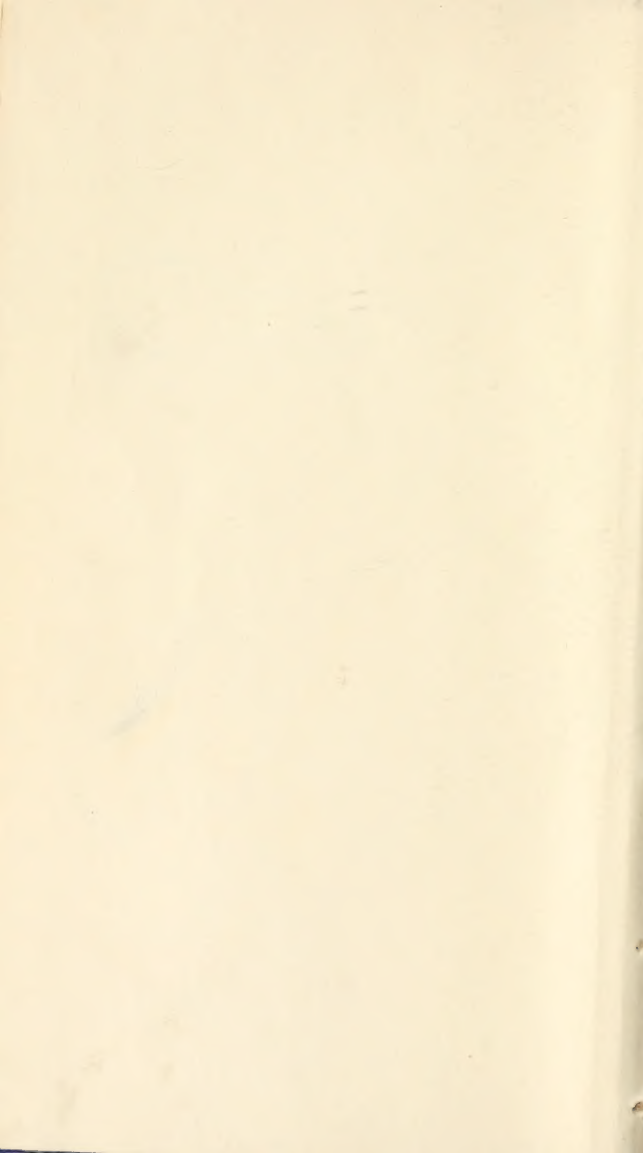








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The Fuller Worthies' Library. A

THE COMPLETE WORKS

In Verse and Prose

OF

ANDREW MARVELL

M.P.

FOR THE FIRST TIME FULLY COLLECTED AND COLLATED
WITH THE ORIGINAL AND EARLY EDITIONS, AND CONSIDERABLY
ENLARGED WITH HITHERTO INEDITED PROSE AND POEMS,
AND A TRANSLATION OF THE GREEK AND LATIN POETRY: AND
IN THE QUARTO FORM AN ORIGINAL PORTRAIT ON STEEL, AND OTHER
PORTRAITS, FACSIMILES, AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

EDITED, WITH MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES,

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,

ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I. VERSE.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

1872.

156 copies only.

182940
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LONDON:
ROBSON AND SONS, PRINTERS, PANCRAS ROAD, N.W.

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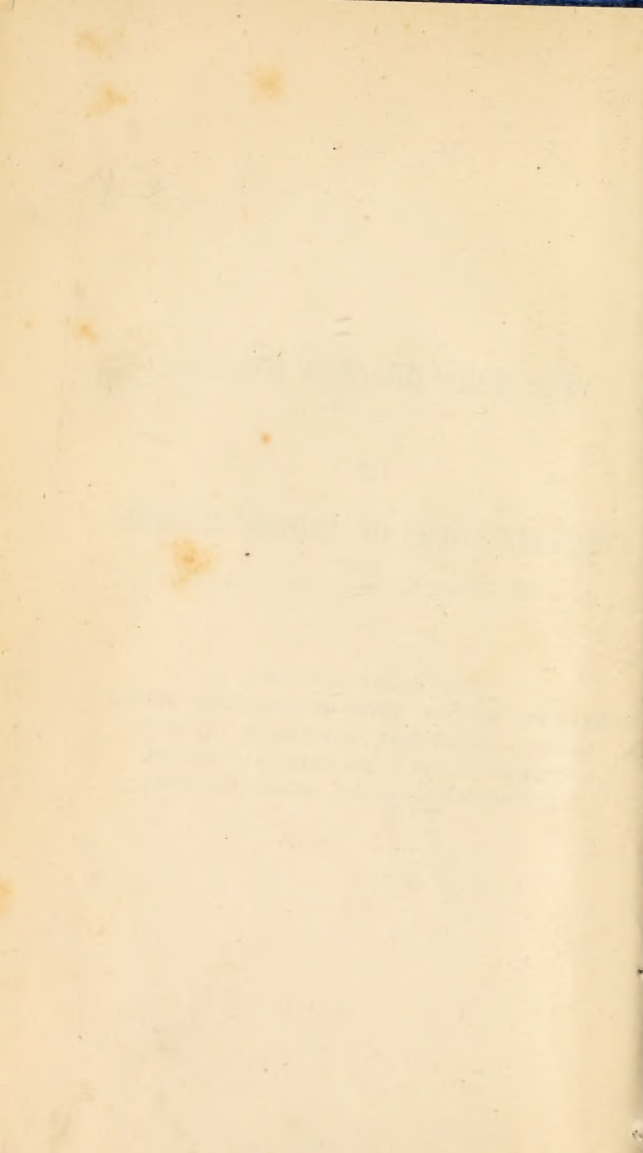
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The Fuller Worthies' Library.

THE
COMPLETE POEMS OF ANDREW MARVELL
M.P.

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

POEMS OF THE COUNTRY. POEMS OF IMAGINATION AND LOVE.
POEMS OF FRIENDSHIP. STATE POEMS. SATIRES.
GREEK AND LATIN POEMS, WITH TRANSLATIONS.
UNAUTHENTICATED POEMS. GLOSSARIAL INDEX.



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156 copies only.

TO

THOMAS CARLYLE,

BY EXPRESS PERMISSION AND 'ALL GOOD WISHES,'

I DEDICATE

THIS FIRST ADEQUATE EDITION

OF THE POEMS OF ANDREW MARVELL :

RESTING—AS OF BEN JONSON MEN WERE PROUD TO
WRITE—' A SON,'

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.





CONTENTS.

The mark [* denotes that these poems first appeared in the folio of 1681 :
 †] edition of 1726 (=1772 also): [‡] Captain Thompson's ' Works of Marvell'
 3 vols. 4to, 1776): [‡] collected for the first time from the sources stated in
 the places: [§] additions for the first time.

It is due to the folio of 1681 to note that we owe to it forty-six out of
 the seventy-two genuine Poems of Marvell, and that none of the unauthen-
 ticated pieces are found in it, while the *date* explains why the State Poems
 and Satires are only imperfectly represented in it. With reference to our
 proof that Marvell really left a widow (Memorial-Introduction, p. lii.), this
 is the best place to introduce her simple, modest, and truthful little Preface :
 To the Reader. These are to Certifie every Ingenious Reader, that all these
 Poems, as also the other things in this Book, are Printed according to the
 exact Copies of my late dear Husband, under his own Hand-Writing, being
 found since his Death among his other Papers. Witness my Hand this 15th
 day of October, 1680 — MARY MARVELL.' The mark [‡] shows that with all
 his faults Captain Thompson enriched our Literature with some of Marvell's
 most enduring poems. Cooke's edition of 1726, notwithstanding its preten-
 sions and arrogance and insolence toward the folio, is not to be named with
 it. Its additions were from the State Poems without discrimination, and
 full of errors of all sorts. G.

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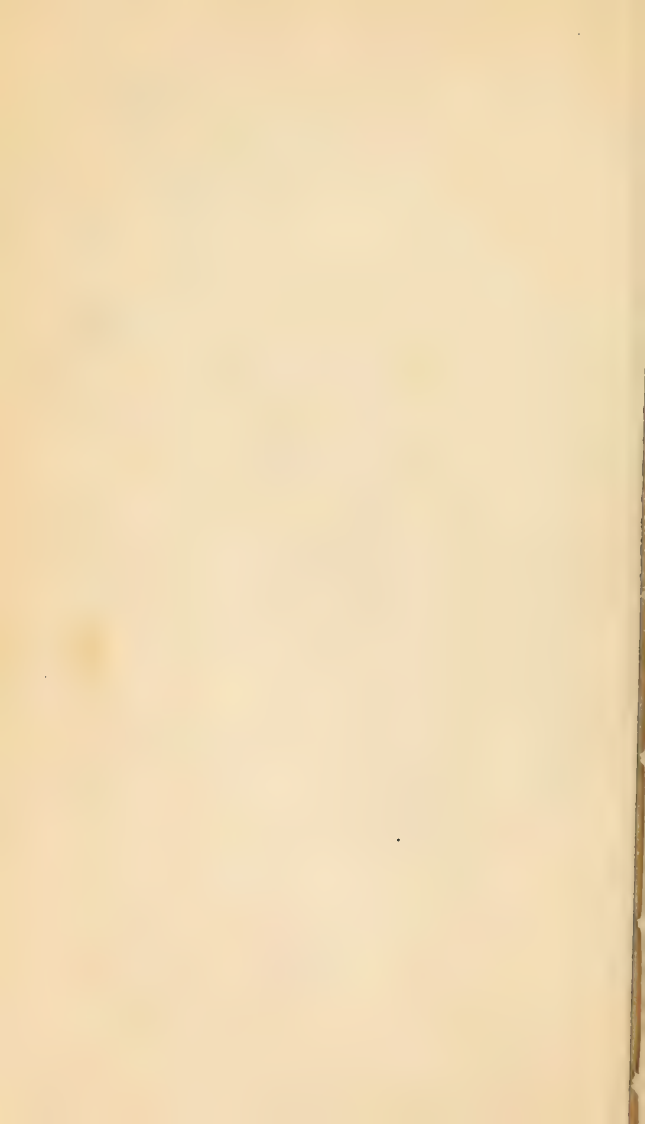
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¹ In the folio of 1681 the heading is in English, 'To a Gentleman that only upon the sight of the Author's writing, had given a Character of his Person and Judgment of his Fortune.' G.



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PREFACE.

WITH the slight exceptions of the loyal poems of the 'Musa Cantabrigiensis' (1637), and those commendatory to Cavalier Lovelace and to Dr. Wittie; and to the memory of Hastings in 'Lachrymæ Musarum' (1649), and some portions of the Satires and State Poems 'secretly' issued, the Poetry of Marvell was posthumous. From the outset until now, accordingly, his Poems have laboured under two disadvantages:

(a) That the text has been left in many places obscure and even corrupt, and increasingly so.

(b) That much of which he was not the Author has continued to be ascribed to him, more particularly as a Satirist.

In our account of the Writings in our Memorial-Introduction the latter will be found established, and hence sufficient reason for heading one portion of our volume 'Unauthenticated Poems.' In related Notes and Illustrations at the close of the successive poems the former is abundantly shown.

So far as it goes, the thin folio of 1681 is the basis of our text. I am aware that this book was traduced by Thomas Cooke, in order to magnify his own very unsatisfactory edition of 1726 (2 vols. 12mo); but notwithstanding its deficiencies and errors, I am satisfied that

the folio was authoritative and truthful, and that 'Mary Marvell,' who signs the little prefatory Note, was the Patriot's widow. Substantially, it is superior to Cooke's (1726), Davies' (1772), Thompson's (1776), and, indeed, all the after-editions. Cooke is specially severe on the folio's text of the Latin poems—and certainly there are some unfortunate misprints—but his own has blunders of a more serious kind than it, as our Notes and Illustrations demonstrate, and much silent correction in the text. Thither I refer the reader who cares, gladly departing from my intention to enumerate the *errata* of preceding editions, down to the worst of all (London, 1870). On the folio I speak specifically in our Memorial-Introduction ('Writings'), and in the Life give proof of the marriage. Whatever was not in the folio and printed before Thompson's edition, I take from the following: 'Poems on Affairs of State: from the Time of Oliver Cromwell to the Abdication of K. James the Second. Written by the greatest Wits of the Age, viz. Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Rochester, Lord Bu—st, Sir John Denham, Andrew Marvell, Esq., Mr. Milton, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Sprat, Mr. Waller, Mr. Ayloffe, &c. With some Miscellany Poems by the same: Most whereof never before Printed. Now carefully examined with the Originals, and Published without any castration. The Fifth Edition, Corrected and much Enlarged. Printed in the year 1703' (4 vols. 8vo). A somewhat prolonged use of this edition enables us to testify to its full answerableness to the claims of title-page and preface; nevertheless, we have given 'various-readings' from many sources. In the Contents, we have indicated by marks the original source of each poem. To Captain Thompson we are indebted—and this ought always to be acknowledged, in justice to the blundering and uncritical but warm-hearted Editor of Marvell—for some of the choicest of the Poems, especially the supreme 'Horatian Ode.'

Throughout I have collated and re-collated all the available texts, collective and separate; the result being shown in the Notes and Illustrations.

Thus far the Poems (and, indeed, Prose also) may be said to have gone without annotation. Cooke's and Thompson's notes are 'few and far between,' and too often mistaken. By the necessities of their subjects, the State Poems and Satires demanded elucidation of their numerous but long-forgotten names and allusions. I have tried to make up for deficiency herein. Had the Editors studied the names and allusions of what I entitle 'Unauthenticated Poems,' they never could have continued reprinting them as Marvell's, or annotated others as they have done.

In our quarto form, I furnish

(a) A portrait of Marvell (on steel) never before engraved; from the original, in the possession of John Rhodes, Esq., of Potternewton House, Leeds. On this masterpiece of Hanneman and other portraits of Marvell, and on the preposterous, if not fraudulent, engraving of it palmed off in 'British Heroes and Worthies' (Religious Tract Society), see our Memorial-Introduction (pp. lxxi.-ii.).

(b) A portrait (on steel) of 'The Great Lord Fairfax' (by Jeens, after the Hoskins miniature); for which I am indebted to Messrs. Macmillan and Co., from Mr. Markham's 'Life' of the illustrious Parliamentary General (see p. 434).

(c) A portrait (on steel) of Oliver Cromwell (by Holl, after Cooper); for which, similarly, I am indebted to Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

(d) Fac-similes of

(1) Register-entries of birth and baptism of Marvell, at Winestead.

(2) Letter in Trinity-house, Hull, with Seal. The former is also furnished in the ordinary large paper (8vo).

(e) Wood-engravings of

(1) Church of Winestead, by Tilby.

(2) Nunappleton House (from Messrs. Macmillan and Co., as before).

These illustrations are strictly limited (except *d* 1) to the quarto, and twenty-four separate impressions (proofs before letters in folio) of the portrait of Marvell.

As in other volumes of the Series, I owe abundant thanks to former friends in my somewhat arduous undertaking; and I would specify here very gratefully and preëminently Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON, as one to whom I am indebted manifoldly; also the following: CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM, Esq. F.S.A.; Colonel CHESTER; W. ALDIS WRIGHT, Esq. M.A., Cambridge; Rev. Dr. HOLDEN, Ipswich; Rev. RICHARD WILTON, M.A., Londesborough Rectory; DAVID LAING, Esq. LL.D., Edinburgh. S. WILSON, Esq. F.S.A.; W. C. BOULTER, Esq. F.S.A.; GEORGE C. ROBERTS, Esq., Town-clerk; and all the Officials of the Corporation and Trinity-house, Hull, with whom I was brought into relation in my researches; Sir SIDNEY WATERLOW, Hampstead; and numerous other correspondents and helpers named in the places.

It is an extraordinary thing that it should be my privilege to be really the first worthily to present the Poetry of Marvell, but so it is. Nor will it be refused one who has worked long and anxiously and single-handed on his now rapidly-completing Series of the Fuller Worthies' Library, to cherish a righteous satisfaction that it has been permitted to him to collect and edit for the first time the Poems (and in some cases the entire Works) of such men as—exclusive of others less prominent—

1. DR. THOMAS FULLER.
2. DR. THOMAS WASHBOURNE.
3. GILES FLETCHER.
4. PHINEAS FLETCHER (4 vols.).
5. JOSEPH FLETCHER.

6. SIR JOHN DAVIES.
7. FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE (4 vols.).
8. SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.
9. HENRY VAUGHAN, SILURIST (4 vols.).
10. RICHARD CRASHAW (2 vols.).
11. DR. DONNE (2 vols.).
12. FR. ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

And now (13) ANDREW MARVELL, and as a close (14) SIR PHILIP SIDNEY; none—save CRASHAW and SOUTHWELL in Smith's 'Library of Old Authors,' and these worthless—obtainable, unless in our editions.

Our Memorial-Introduction and Notes and Illustrations will return answers probably to any farther inquiries started, and to nearly all the references to the former in the latter (a Postscript at end of the volume gathers up a few 'escapes'); but I may add in relation to our Memoir, that we add very considerably to the number of facts in the Life, and get nearer to the man, as well as give previously-known but scattered things their true setting. My main object, however, has been to illustrate the literary rather than the political incidents of the Life. I am not without a hope of support in bringing out similarly the complete PROSE of Marvell, as before announced; and as introduction thereto, opportunity may be taken to discuss adequately many matters that meantime must be passed or simply touched on, and also to print many unpublished Letters and other materials in my possession. I the less regret present subsidiary handling of political action and influence and opinions, and non-printing of Letters, &c. in our Memoir, in that the Lives of Marvell are unusually plentiful; *e.g.* exclusive of the briefer notices in all the general Biographies, there are these:

1. By Thomas Cooke: prefixed to his (so-called) 'Works' of Marvell, 2 vols. 12mo, 1726 (vol. i. pp. 40). He was assisted by Baker, '*socius ejectus.*' There are

notices of Cooke and his edition of Marvell *passim* in Nichols' Literary Anecdotes. This life was given in Thomas Davies' reprint of Cooke, 2 vols. 12mo, 1772.

2. By Captain Thompson, in his edition of the Works 3 vols. 4to, 1776; vol. i. pp. lvii.; vol. iii. pp. 431-93.

3. By John Dove: 'The Life of Andrew Marvell, the celebrated Patriot; with Extracts and Selections from his Prose and Poetical Works. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1832; small 8vo, pp. iv. 116. In the Preface, Dove states what ought to be known in relation to the Life accredited to Hartley Coleridge. I therefore quote here as follows: 'The Biographical Memoir now submitted to the Public was intended to have commenced a series of Lives, to be published under the title of *The Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire*, for which a Prospectus was issued last March. As the original Editor and Compiler of that Work, the writer of the present Life made considerable collections, for the purpose of carrying it into effect with credit and punctuality. He had not proceeded far, however, when he found himself frustrated in his wish to have the Work conducted with that exactness and regularity which was promised in the Prospectus. This circumstance determined him to relinquish it; but not wishing that his labours should be entirely lost, he now presents the Public with a Life of Andrew Marvell in a detached form' (pp. iii.-iv.)

4. By Hartley Coleridge: The first form of his Life of Marvell appeared a few months subsequent to Dove's (Bingley, Leeds; 8vo, 1832, pp. 64), as part i. of 'The Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire.' This is substantially Dove's Life, and is tacitly owned as such, though his name nowhere appears, by the letter C being added to certain Notes on pp. 6, 7, 8, 9, and 13; other Notes being without the C as being Dove's. The C may be assumed to represent Hartley Coleridge. Another reprint of this Life in the same year and by the same publisher com-

mences differently, though after a few lines it is identical, but with this marked difference, that Dove's original motto from Milton is exchanged for one from Horace, and two anonymous lines and the C withdrawn from the Notes, as though the Writer of the Life and the Note-writer were the same. Still another reprint of this Life is dated 1835: 'The Life of Andrew Marvell, by Hartley Coleridge. Published by A. D. English, Silver-street, Hull (pp. 64, 8vo). I cannot think that the name of Coleridge could have been authorised for this re-publication, seeing that to all intents and purposes it is Dove's, and has again the Notes signed C. The last form of the Life by Hartley Coleridge is in 'Lives of the Northern Worthies,' by Hartley Coleridge. Edited by his Brother. 3 vols. 12mo, 1852, vol. i. pp. 100. At page 100 the Editor remarks: 'The present narrative appears to have been reconstructed from the same materials as the two preceding [Thompson's and Dove's]; but is throughout original in language, sentiment, and illustration.' With all respect it must be allowed us to refuse this claim of 'originality.' Neither in 'language, sentiment, nor illustration,' does the Life bearing Coleridge's name depart from John Dove's. There are reconstructions certainly, but almost invariably with literal adherence to what Dove had previously published under his own name. There are also various important and characteristic, though somewhat digressive discussions and criticisms, bearing the stamp of the younger Coleridge's fine genius. Nevertheless, it is only due to the lowlier John Dove to place on record, that the Life in the 'Northern Worthies' is really his, not Hartley Coleridge's. There is, indeed, a mystification altogether about Hartley Coleridge's Life of Marvell (so-called) that imperatively demands clearing up. I cannot help regretting that the original mode of indicating additions to Dove by the letter C has been departed from.

5. By Henry Rogers: originally in 'Edinburgh Re-

view ;' since in his *Essays*, collected from contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review,' second edition, 3 vols. 8vo, 1855, reprinted in American edition of the *Poems* (1857) ; and in a mutilated form in its reprint (London : Alexander Murray, 1870). Singularly inaccurate in its dates, &c. but finely written.

6. By Edwin Paxton Hood : 'Andrew Marvell : the Wit, Statesman, and Poet : his Life and Writings.' London (Partridge), 12mo, 1853, pp. 222. Fervid, eloquent, appreciative, but not always to be depended on.

7. Anonymous : in 'Cornhill Magazine,' No. 115, July 1869 (pp. 21-) ; by a well-informed judicial Writer and sympathetic and brilliant Critic.

So I leave my edition of the *Poems* of Andrew Marvell to make its way among genuine lovers of our elder Literature. I place Marvell high as a Poet, but not higher than his *Poems* vindicate for him. His beautiful and stainless life in a fallen and foul age has been as blinding sunlight over his Poetry, keeping our generation in ignorance of how cunning and nightingale-throated a Singer, and how fearless and manly a Satirist, he is.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

Park View, Blackburn, Lancashire.



MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

I. THE LIFE.

WITHIN pleasantly-accessible foot-walk distance of Cambridge, through many crossing and inter-crossing hedge-row lanes, fragrant with all manner of tangling and nestling wild-flowers—from primrose to dog-rose and the lacy pramle—lies Meldreth (or Meldred, as in Fuller); just such a quaint, old-fashioned hamlet—drowsing beneath the soft shadows of its church-tower in 1872 as probably it did in ‘rare Queen Bess’s’ time—as ‘Our Village’ has made immortal in its sweet, quiet, tender way.

Half-hidden among long-descended woods that show such bits of sylvan scenery, with kine, as might have been in Arden or ‘woody Ida’s inmost grove,’ and as Wouvernann would have glorified, and which a mightier than he does glorify day by day—as at ‘shut of eve,’ with purple splendour melting into amethyst, His sun looks through the greenwood, or when Morn opens her opal gates—is an ancient Manor-house of the usual Elizabethan wood-work, known now and for long as ‘The Marvells.’ The early church-registers of Meldreth, as so sorrowfully frequent, have disappeared; so that we are without the usual family-entries of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, by which lines of descent are in some cases traceable.¹ But the tradition of Meldreth is, that ‘The Marvells’ was the home

¹ Thomas Fuller in ‘Worthies of England:’ Cambridgeshire, *s.m.*: from a son-in-law, who must have been Popple, Blaydes, or More, &c. onward.

of the Marvells, and that in it the Rev. Andrew Marvell A.M., father of our Worthy, was born.¹ The whole history and look of the place speak of 'easy circumstances' (as the phrase runs). Be this as it may, the elder Marvel was born at Meldreth in 1586,² and was educated at neighbouring Cambridge, being entered of 'Emanuel College'—the scoffed-at but renowned 'Puritan' college—nickname transfigured now, much as that earlier given at Antioch has been. We shall not err perhaps if, in the light of the selection of Emanuel College, we conclude that 'the Marvells' were of the godly of a 'straiter' sort—adherents to The Reformation in its integrity. The one fact remaining relative to the paternal Marvell at the University is that he took his degree of Master of Arts in 1608—just as John Milton, 'Scrivener,' had a son 'John' born to him (9th December 1608). What 'patrons,' in those days of the supremacy of patronage, Master Marvell obtained on completing his University course has not reached us. But he is found signing the registers of Flamborough as 'Minister' in 1610, and as 'Curate' in 1611;³ and thence he passed to Winestead in Holderness, to which '*living*' he was presented by the head of the House of the Hildyards in 1614. I take this 'entry' from the carefully-preserved church-book :

'Anno Dni. 1614.

Andrewe Marvell, parson of Winestead, was inducted into the corporall and peaceable possession of the sayd parsonage by Mr. Marmaduke Brooke, deane, parson of Rosse, upon Easter even, being George's-day, the

¹ I feel much obligated to the incumbent of Meldreth (Rev. E. W. Cory, M.A.) for his endeavours to help me, and also to the present proprietor of 'The Marvells' (Charles Roads, Esq.).

² So all the authorities, and reckoning from his age at death in 1640, viz. 54.

³ Letter from Rev. J. F. Wilkinson, M.A., Flamborough: Sir Cuthbert Sharpe's 'Chronicon Mirabile' (1841), p. 126.

twenty-third of Aprill, and in the yeare of our Lord 1614.¹

Like Meldreth, I found Winestead on a recent visit very much as one can imagine it to have been centuries ago—untouched of modern improvements, and abiding as covetable a country parish as in all ‘merry England;’ somewhat Dutch in its surroundings of stretches of level-squared fields and whirl of windmills, and pollard-willows along the water-drain ‘dykes,’ but finelier wooded, and lustrous with historical memories all round. Winestead church itself, which is dedicated to St. Germain, as is the abbey-church of Selby (co. York), is of the humblest order, what of architecture it has being Perpendicular—windows ‘perpendicular,’ doors oddly low, one defaced scutcheon outside, walls pebble-dashed. Within it is as homely as without; but under the pulpit lies a full-length figure of Sir Robert Hildyard in mail, hands in the conventional praying attitude, and Latin legends running round. There is also a brass to Robin of Redesdale and his wife and children, of whom many a stirring story is told. An oak screen is worth a glance. A very lowly church altogether, compared with cathedral-like Patrington, a mile and a half off—lowly as ever least synagogue compared with the Temple. Yet the parish was the very place for a Student and a Reader such as the new Rector undoubtedly was. I do not suppose he could ever have had more than perhaps thirty families or thereby for flock. I question if many beyond the apostolic number of 120 could comfortably find seats within the walls. The Village consists of an irregular street and cottage-houses, each in its own garden, scattered widely. Roses climbing the walls, and wealth of other (so-called) ‘common’ flowers, vivify

¹ Thanks to the courtesy of the Rector and resident Curate, I was given leisurely opportunity thoroughly to examine and use the Winestead Register, which is a small narrow folio.

these pleasantly-placed 'homes of England.' The original Rectory is gone; but the present was built on its site, and seems to have worked into it some of the old materials. There is a fine spacious Garden vocal with birds. The Rectory is about a mile distant from the Church; and you reach the Church from the Rectory by a path that takes you through a cloistral wilderness of leafage—oaks, alders, limes, ivy-clasped—and at last brings you into a noble avenue of elms and limes, with crows cawing i' the tree-tops; and forward to the home-farm, with the remains of a moat, to which Tradition attaches a pathetic legend of child-death and 'gentle' sorrow of (I suppose) the Hildyards. I have had Winestead Church engraved daintily by Tilby (after a photograph), taking it from the East, for the sake of the elm-avenue and the rustic gate leading into the churchyard.¹ Our readers (in the quarto) may turn to the engraving—never before done, it is believed; for Winestead, and not Hull, has the honour of being the birthplace of Andrew Marvell. So that the old town must fall back on its sufficient glory of having been the birthplace of William Wilberforce—name never to be uttered without reverence.

At this page (in the quarto and octavo) I place a photo-facsimile of the register-entries in the Winestead Register, that the thing may be at once and for all settled, and the Biographers cease to give Hull as his birthplace. Looking at it, and keeping to the Marvells, these successive entries appear in the book:

'Annus 1615: Anne, the daughter of Andrewe Marvell, borne march 14th, being tuesday in the night, and was baptized upon the Annunc. Mart. 25.

¹ See the County Histories on Holderness generally and Winestead specifically. My companion-visitor (W. C. Boulter, Esq. of Hull) was enthusiastic over the bell in the old belfry of Winestead as having a quaint legend.

Annus 1616 : Mary, the daughter of Andrewe Marvell, borne October 20, and was baptiz. upon Simon and Jude's day, October 28^{vo}.

Annus 1618 : Elizabeth, y^e daught. of Andrew Marvell, Borne Sept^r. 30, and baptized Octob. 6^{to}.

Annus 1621 : Andrewe, y^e sonne of Andrew Marvell, borne Martji ultimo, being Easter-even ; was baptized April 5^{to}.

Annus 1623 : John, y^e sonne of Andr. Marvell, born 7^{bris} 7^{mo} ; was baptized Sept^r. 9^{no}.'

These Register - facts yield us several things corrective of prior statements ; *e.g.* year and birth-date have hitherto been erroneously given as '15th November 1620,' instead of '31st March 1621,' and the baptism only adduced 'April 5th.' Historians of Hull have clung with a forgivable tenacity to their claim for Hull as the Patriot's birthplace on the strength (that is, weakness) of this, with the wild surmise that, though baptised at Winestead, he might still have been born at Hull. We have shown the birth-date to be also entered ; and as the elder Marvell did not remove (as we shall find) until 1624, there is not an atom of support for the Hull birthplace.

The entries show, too, that our Worthy had three sisters—not two, and sometimes one only, as the Lives state ; and John never was before heard of. Alas, that among the burials we read of him : 'John, y^e sonne of Andr. Marvell, bur. Sept^r. 20, 1624.' This last date informs us that the shadow of a sharp sorrow lay across the Rector's house at the very time he was preparing to leave it. Little Johnnie, having just completed his first twelve-month, had to be laid in the old churchyard. Master Andrew was then in his fourth year—too young to understand the mystery and the weeping.

It is deeply to be regretted that we have utterly failed to discover who the mother of Andrew Marvell was. Willing fellow-antiquaries have sought with me in many re-

gisters and likely sources ; but fruitlessly, save that her Christian name was Anne.

Having remained about a decade of years in sequestered Winestead, and 'in season' and 'out of season,' worked for The Master with all-believing consecration, and, as his *MS. Sermons* remain to attest, preaching the Gospel in its fulness and breadth and fervour, not without dashes of odd Fullerian wit and out-of-the-way anecdotic lore—such as won Fuller's commendation characteristically—the elder Marvell removed to Hull, some fifteen miles or so away. He was a scholar 'ripe and good,' and was chosen in 1624 to be 'Master' of the Grammar School (then and still famous as the foundation of John Alcock, Bishop of Ely, in 1486 ; and which my good friend Howard Staunton, Esq., might have noticed more adequately in his 'Great Schools of England,' 1869) ; and soon thereafter, in an association that has as a rule been continued, 'Lecturer' of Trinity Church, Hull—one of the grandest provincial churches in England. This was a bound from comparative poverty and narrowness to comparative comfort, and from the obscurity and stillness of Nazareth to the prominence and stir of Jerusalem.

It would lead me too far aside from my subject-proper to enter on the hoary annals of either School or Church. The local and county Histories are disappointing enough generally ; and Hull deserves and will find a worthy historian. Yet to the extant books I must refer the reader wishful to know more.¹ Suffice it to say here, that as 'Master' of the School and 'Lecturer' of Trinity, Marvell *pater* evidently gave himself with rare devotedness and energy to his duties, winning golden opinions from the

¹ These may here be named: Tickell's 'History of Hull;' Poulson's 'History of Holderness;' Symons' 'High Street of Hull' (1862) ; the last chatty and genial, with a flavour of the antique very relishable, and containing a good deal more that one wishes than bigger and boastfuller books.

good, and the usual and desirable 'opposition,' if not 'enmity,' of the 'evil.' I have had a considerable number of his MSS. intrusted to me, consisting of various memorable Sermons—chiefly on public occasions—and miscellaneous papers. From these I gather three things :

1. That he was a man of a very brave, fearlessly outspoken character. Some of his practical applications in his Sermons before the magistrates are daring in their directness of reproof and melting in their wistfulness of entreaty.

2. That he was a well-read man. His Sermons are as full of classical and patristic allusions and pat sayings from the most occult literatures as even Bishop Andrewes'.

3. That he was a man of tireless activity. Besides the two offices named, he became head of one of the great hospitals of the town ('Charter House'), and in an address to its governors placed before them a prescient and statesmanlike plan for the better management of its revenues, and for the foundation of a Free Public Library to be accessible to all.¹

Young Marvell, thus under the eye of his father—for whom he cherished a life-long reverence, speaking softly of him in the midst of his controversies—as 'Master' of the Grammar School, was under no common advantages. The school even now has a collegiate air, with its great pillars and antique ceiling. I like to believe that it was the 'Master' Marvell who put the Greek inscription, along with the town's arms of three crowns, over his desk, which may be thus rendered :

¹ Our limits prevent use of these MSS. It is to be hoped that the whole will be printed some day under the supervision of their cultured possessor, E. S. Wilson, F.S.A., Hull, whose continued zeal in aiding me in my inquiries I cannot sufficiently apprise; and I name with him W. C. Boulter, Esq. F.S.A., Solicitor, Hull, from whom it has been a pleasure to receive the most onerous obligations, given as these have been so genially and unpretentiously.

Thou hast three crowns, O royal city ;
Therefore love the King thy benefactor ;

pointing back to Edward, who gave the name of 'Kington-on-Hull' to the town. I can picture Master Andrew too spelling out very soon the Latin mottoes that accompany :

Scientia	}	=	{	Knowledge	Doctrina	}	=	{	Learning
est				is	est				is
Potentia.				Power.	Dibitia.				Riches.

Attached to the School was a 'great garden,' renowned for its wall-fruit and flowers ; so that the 'little lad' (dear old Phineas Fletcher's words) would not much miss the orchard of Winestead.

Educated under his own father, he remained in Hull until his fifteenth year. We may be sure these 'home' years were worthily filled. Bishop Parker indeed, taking his residence in Hull for text, infers that his associates were of the rudest, if not worse be insinuated, *e. g.* 'an hunger-starved whelp of a country vicar' (p. 77): 'In answer to your ribaldry, I can only blush and say nothing; and as for your rude and uncivil language, I am willing to impute it to your first unhappy education among boat-swains and cabin-boys, whose phrases as you learned in your childhood, so it is not to be expected you should ever unlearn them by your connection with the bear-herds of Barn [Berne?], the canibals of Geneva, the boys and lackeys at Charing Cross and in Lincoln's-inn-fields' (p. 227; so too pp. 270, 274-5, 324-5, 468-9, 480-1, 521: 'Reproof of the Rehearsal,' 1673). But all this was pure (or impure) imagination. Young Marvell was true to himself from the outset, and as his prelate-opponent found was scholarly, not boorish ; well-languaged, not rude; and if he had the sarcasm and banter of Aristophanes, had also the scorpion-whip of Juvenal, and the biting wit of Terence. Anything but the mere 'droll' the Bishop would make

him out, as his scathing rebukes and solemn appeals remain to witness—and Parker's own malignant posthumously printed 'Diary.'

Our next glimpse of him is in 1633, when, in his thirteenth year—not fifteenth, as usually stated—he was sent to Cambridge, and admitted of renowned 'Trinity College.'¹ One wishes to know whether at Meldreth and lovable 'The Marvells' there were grandfather or grandmother, or other relatives to make a 'home' on the boy-student's 'escapes' (as Cowley would have called them, and our Worthy ratified) from the closeness of the towered city. We wish in vain. Something very different has been transmitted. At the period the Jesuits were restlessly eager and vigilant in proselytism. Degenerated from the burning love for 'perishing souls' of their ever-to-be-revered founder Loyola, these priests carried out a propaganda of seduction from Protestantism, and made the Universities their special arena. Our student—like Falkland and Chillingworth and others—fell into their snares; for he was inveigled from the University to one of their Houses in the metropolis. The thing has been told with sufficient force of statement, but generally, not to say vaguely; the conclusion being that the elder Marvell hearing of it swiftly proceeded to London, tracked him in his shifting of residences, and ultimately discovered him, characteristically, in a bookseller's shop, and had little difficulty in 'convincing' and persuading him to return to college. We are enabled to get nearer and more definitely to the incident; for, curiously enough, among the Marvell papers in the Corporation Archives of Hull, a fragment of a letter, without signature, address, or date, reveals

¹ 'Andr. Marvel admissus in matriculam Acad. Cant. Coll. Trin. Dec. 14, 1633. Reg. Acad.' Wood's 'Athenæ,' iv. p. 231 (ed. Bliss). There was an exhibition to any college in Cambridge in connection with the school.

what was going on under Jesuitism. This Letter was doubtless sent to Marvell *senior* as having been visited by the same 'distress' with the writer of it (whoever he was). We may do worse than read it, and in so doing remember that if Falkland and Chillingworth and Marvell were 'restored,' gentle Richard Crashaw remained 'of Rome.'

'Worthy Sr,—Mr Breerecliffe being wth me to-day. I related vnto him a fearfull passage lately at Cambridg touching a sonne of mine, Bachelor of Arts in Katharine Hall, w^{ch} was this. He was lately inuited to a supper in towne by a gentlewoman, where was one Mr. Nichols a fellow of Peterhouse, and another or two masters of arts, I know not directly whether felowes or not: my sonne hauing noe p^rferment, but liuing meerely of my penny, they pressed him much to come to liue at their house, and for chamber and extraordinary bookes they promised farre: and then earnestly moued him to goe to Somerset house, where they could doe much for p^rferring him to some eminent place, and in conclusion to popish arguments to seduce him soe rotten and vnsauory as being ouerheard it was brought in question before the heads of the Uniuersity: *Dr. Cosens* being *Vice Chancellor* noe punishment is inioined him: but on Ash-wednesday next a recantation in regent house of some popish tenets Nicols let fall: I p^rceiue by Mr Breercliffe some such prank vsed towards y^r sonne: I desire to know what yⁿ did therin: thinking I cannot doe god better seruice then bring it vpon the stage either in Parliament if it hold: or informing some Lords of the Counsaile to whom I stand much obliedged if a bill in Starchamber be meete To terrify others by making these some publique spectacle: for if such fearfull practises may goe unpunished I take care whether I may send a child the lord.'

On the 13th of April 1638—he lost his mother two

¹ From Hull Corporation Records, numbered 498, on one side of a small sheet of 4to paper.

weeks after — the fugitive was once more ‘received’ at Trinity College ; and from this date until 1640 he pursued his studies with all diligence and success, as his after-culture attests. His University career (1633-1640) covered a memorable epoch in England’s History — shadows of coming events ominously projected over these years, and the air was full of mystic mutterings. You have it unfolded with super-affluence in Professor Masson’s ‘Life of John Milton in connection with the History of his Time.’ Every one who cares for Marvell will care for this truly great book (not destined, we hope, to be a torso). Thither therefore I refer our readers. Milton had left Cambridge and retired to Horton before Marvell proceeded thither.

Personally the single memorial of our Worthy’s college course is the Musa Cantabrigiensis of 1637, containing his two poems, one Greek and one Latin, to the King (Charles I.)—of which more in the sequel (under ‘Writings’). Relatively, in his triple posts his Father was standing forth like an ancient Seer in the plague-smitten town, uttering forth in ringing and dauntless words what he held in his soul to be the Lord’s controversy with the Nation and with his specific community. In the year young Marvell left for College, indeed (1635), the Plague came to Hull, and lingered mortally until ‘grass grew between the stones of the pavement’ of the erewhile busy streets. So in 1638 ; and it remained until 1639. Others fled—fled their ‘pulpits,’ fled their homes ; but the ‘Lecturer’ of Trinity and the ‘Master’ of the Grammar School and Head of the Charter House was made of other stuff. He flinched not ; but went, like his divine Master, ‘everywhere doing good.’ Even jejune Gent in his History has a throb of emotion as he tries in his awkward fashion to do the brave ‘Parson’ honour, as thus : ‘John Ramsden—His corpse was carry’d by visited persons into the Church : and tho’ the Rev. Mr. Andrew Marvell had the epithet *facetious* apply’d to him by several Writers : yet to his praise be it spoken it was

he that ventur'd in that imminent danger, not only to give Christian burial, unus'd some time before, but also from the Pulpit deliver'd to the mournful weeping congregation a most excellent Funeral Sermon (afterwards printed) in such pathetick, moving oratory, that both prepar'd and comforted their hearts chearfully to bear whatever might happen to them in their lamentable condition.¹ Thus was it ever with Andrew Marvell the elder as it was with his illustrious son. Single-eyed, single-hearted, quick, decisive, he put his whole *momentum* into whatever he did, unheeding of approval as of censure, if only he himself believed the thing was right. A fiery-souled, audacious, intense nature, impatient of stupidity, plain-spoken to complacent ignorance and prejudice, wrathful to high-seated 'bad' livers, yet withal pitiful and gracious and sparkling with wit; earning by his joyousness in a kindly and not at all ungracious sense the epithet 'facetious,' as did genial, laughter-loving Dr. Robert Wild later, albeit underneath all playfulness there was gravity becoming his office, and vehement and wistful urgency in pressing the 'so g^t salvⁿ,' even as Richard Baxter found in the Wit just named, and owned with such fine humility. Bishop Parker and his confrères thought that they were flinging mud at the son when they jeered and jested on his father. They little knew the man. He proudly met their mocks with the filial attestation: 'He died before the War broke out, having lived with some reputation both for piety and learning; and was, moreover, a conformist to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England, though I confess none of the most over-running or eager in them' ('The Rehearsal Transposed').

The year 1640 was a turning-point in the life of Marvell; for he was deprived in this year of his Father, under

¹ Gent's 'History of Hull,' 1735, p. 39. I have read La Pryme's ms. Diary also (as printed by the Surtees Society under the editorship of Charles Jackson, Esq.), but it is nearly identical.

circumstances that have taken the colour of romance in the process of the often telling of the incident. It is narrated simply to bareness by Gent thus: 'This year [1640] the Rev. Mr. Andrew Marvel, Lecturer of Hull, sailing over the Humber, in company with Madam Skinner, of Thornton College, and a young beautiful couple who were going to be wedded; a speedy Fate prevented the designed happy union, thro' a violent Storm, which overset the boat, and put a period to all their lives; nor were there any remains of them, or the vessel, ever after found, tho' earnestly sought for on distant shores.'¹ 'Another relation,' observes Hartley Coleridge, 'is so little in accordance with modern theories, that some apology may be deemed necessary for introducing it into our memoir.' But—he goes on to tell, and I allow him to do it here also—'wonderful tales, if not absolutely true, nevertheless are important documents, if they ever were generally believed, for they contribute to the history of opinion. Besides, "there are more things between heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy." . . . According to this account, Mr. Marvell's apprehensions arose, not from the warning of watermen, nor from the threatenings of the sky, but from that prophetic presentiment, that second-sight of dissolution, which, like the shadow on the dial, points darkly at the hour of departure. The morning was clear, the breeze fair, and the company gay, when stepping into the boat the reverend man exclaimed, "Ho for heaven!" so saying, he threw his staff ashore, and left it to Providence to fulfil its awful warning. Of course

¹ Gent's 'History of Hull,' 1735, pp. 141-2. So La Pryme, as before. It is also to be noted that in certain Verses on the elder Marvell's death the simple drowning is referred to. See Notes and Queries, iii. s. ii. 227 (1862). A single stanza may be quoted:

'Religiously he lived, he taught, he prayed,
 Marvell, I meane, who in the depth is layd.
 Volved in thicke claye his comely bodie lies,
 His soule hath mounted farr above the skies.'

we ask nobody to believe this unless he chooses ; but we should as readily believe it, upon sufficient evidence, as any event in history. So many are the similar cases on record, that he who would reject them all must be a person of indefatigable incredulity. The prophetic warnings have occurred to young and old, kings and rustics, saints and sinners ; to Bentley, the orthodox ; to Oliver Cromwell, the fanatic ; to Lyttleton, the rake ; to Nelson, the hero ; and to Alexander Stephens, the buffoon.¹

The one certainty at the heart of all this is, that in his nineteenth year Marvell was left an 'orphan'—his own mother having died in 1638 ; 'buried' in Holy Trinity Church, 28th April. His father had re-married a Lucy Harris of Derbyshire, 'generosa,' as a chance-found Register-entry discloses. But of what 'spirit' she was, nothing is known. She 'administered' to her husband's estate in due form, and from the Records appears to have 'dwelt' in one of the houses belonging to the Charter House for some time subsequent. But young Marvell was not without friends, apart from his stepmother. His sisters Anne and Mary had married into the best Families

¹ 'Lives of Northern Worthies,' by Hartley Coleridge. 3 vols. 1852, vol. i. p. 5. That with a basis of truth there are fictitious accretions, is clear by the current accounts resting on the 'young lady' having crossed the Humber to act as 'godmother' to one of Marvell the elder's children. This is an error ; for no other children were born after leaving Winestead, and little John, who died 'age 1 year,' was the last. The Registers of the different churches in Hail have been carefully 'searched' by or for me, and no other children are registered ; and indeed it was known, our Marvell had no other sisters than the three (two, and usually only one, being mentioned)—Anne, Mary, and Elizabeth—and the one brother Johnny. I have done my best to get at an earlier statement than that by Gent : but I have not met with one, neither have I found verification of the 'prophetic' or presentiment view. The account in the 'Biographia Britannica,' s. n. (Kippis) adds a vision given to the aged mother of an unreal child ('angel' child) coincident with the drowning. Symmons in his 'Life of Milton' quotes it in full.

of the Town—the former to James Blaydes in the Charter House Chapel, 19th December 1633; the latter to Edmond Popple in the same Chapel, on 18th August 1636.¹ So that the Student of Trinity had various ties still to Hull. In addition to this, the floating tradition is, that Mrs. Skinner, whose daughter—named ‘Madam,’ after the old style for young ladies of quality—had been so tragically drowned along with her betrothed and ‘the Minister,’ and who was of the same family with Cyriac Skinner, made immortal by one of Milton’s Sonnets—his brother having been Mayor of Hull, and the lady either his mother or sister, if only the intricacies of genealogy could be unravelled—sent for him to Cambridge, ‘adopted’ him, acted towards him as a mother, and at her decease bequeathed her whole property to him. I have failed to recover the Will authenticative of these invariably-recorded data. But after-events and conduct go to confirm that at this period at least Marvell was in no wise ‘straitened.’ He had passed B.A. (1638-9), and probably intended going forward, but he now abandoned attendance at the University. The Conclusion-Book of Trinity College, under date Sept. 24th, 1641, has the following entry :²

‘Sep. 24, 1641.

‘It is agreed by y^e Master and 8 Seniors y^t M^r Carter. and D^s Wakefields, D^s Maruell, D^s Waterhouse, and D^s Maye, in regard y^t some of them are reported to be maryed, and y^t other looke not after y^{eir} dayes nor Acts, shall receaue no more benefitt of y^e Coll, and shalbe out of y^{eir} places vnles y^{ei} shew iust cause to y^e Coll for y^e contrary in 3 months.’

¹ I have to acknowledge the gratifying readiness with which the several custodiers of the different Church Registers put their books at my disposal, and again to thank Mr. Boulter for his painstaking helpfulness over them.

² I am indebted to W. Aldis Wright, Esq. M.A. Trinity College, Cambridge, for an accurate copy of this frequently-quoted entry.

It does not appear that Marvell ever made the required 'submission' or returned to Cambridge. Indeed, soon after he proceeded on his travels, as was the mode. France, Holland, Switzerland, Spain, and Italy were visited. His Poems enable us to trace him. His satire on 'The Character of Holland' must have been drawn on the spot: it has the cruel fidelity of a photograph. He afterwards resided in Holland. Madrid furnishes allusions in the vivid celebrations of 'The Great Lord Fairfax;' and in one of his Letters in Cooke (p. 72) he incidentally mentions having been taught 'fencing' in Spain. Rome brought him into contact with Richard Flecknoe, impaled by him in his satire of 'Flecknoe,' and than which any more grotesquely-droll portraiture is inconceivable, although the versification is rough enough, and evidently by an unpractised hand. Rome is supposed to have been the first meeting place of Milton and Marvell; but this is a mistake, as Milton had returned before young Marvell set out. Paris has a place in the Poems, mainly through the clever burlesque verse-address (in Latin) to the Abbé Joseph de Maniban, who claimed to delineate character and foretell destiny by the handwriting. His Visitor caustically and with waggish raillery exposes the charlatanism. In their place, we have made the lines speak English for the first time.

Marvell travelled—as we find from a remarkable Letter of Milton's, to be given anon—'four years;' and as the 'Travels' of Flecknoe inform us he was not in Rome until 1645, the period of his absence was probably 1641-2 to 1645-6, returning homewards in 1645-6. On his return,

² Southey, in his genial notice of Flecknoe in 'Omniana,' laments that he (Flecknoe) had not written an account of his many Travels, unaware of the volume thereof published by him. Flecknoe is really a voluminous writer, and not so despicable as the Satirists make out. Let it be kept in mind 'Eliä' heads his delightful 'Quakers' Meeting' with twelve lines from Flecknoe.

he evidently became re-associated with his University friends, and, more noticeable still, moved in Royalist circles. He had contributed to the 'Musa Cantabrigiensis' (1637) his Greek lines to Charles I. on his 'Five' children, playing on the number with ingenious loyalty; and also the 'Parodia' of Horace—intense in its allegiance, and wistful as the original for Augustus, in its prayers for the King. Harmonising with this, we have his 'commendatory' Lines 'To his noble friend, Mr. Richard Lovelace, upon his poems,' prefixed to 'Lucasta,' and his lament for Hastings in the 'Musarum Lachrymæ'—both 1649. These overlooked data explain the strong royalism of the poem on the death of Thomas May (November 13th, 1649-50), and satisfy that up to and beyond 1650, if not all through, Marvell was no Republican, but true to Monarchy, and only driven from it by, on the one hand, the treachery of Charles I. (disclosed subsequently to his death), and, on the other, the proved sufficiency of Oliver Cromwell for his august post. Later there came the deluge of The Restoration; but even under Charles II. Marvell had pitiful yearnings toward that miserable King, exclaiming, in a noble line that rises like a cry from one of his Satires:

'Tis god-like good to save a falling king.¹

Our next fact is the pleasant one that in 1650 he became tutor to Mary Fairfax, afterwards Duchess of Buckingham, 'and one of the few ladies of the Court of Charles II. whose names have come down to us unstained by scandal.'² 'Little Moll' (as her father called her—the 'Great Lord Fairfax') was in her twelfth year in 1650. Marvell remained at Nunappleton in the discharge of his duties for

¹ 'Britannia and Raleigh,' l. 140, p. 330. I must invite special attention to MARVELL's pretty-fully-reported speech in the House of Commons '*for the King*,' so late as 1676-7 (March): 'Parl. History,' vol. iv. pp. 855-58.

² 'Cornhill Magazine,' as before, p. 28.

about two years, having left probably in 1652.¹ One be-shrews old Time, in reading Markham's *Life of Fairfax*, that he has not transmitted some memorial of this tutorship. I can well understand how the great-souled, high-honoured 'Parliamentary General,' in his retirement (in 1650), would fire his daughter's indignation with such a mean hound and renegade as Thomas May, whose Republicanism had been still-born if he had succeeded to the Laureatship; and how Marvell's pathetic remembrance of Charles 'beheaded,' and his 'sober' conception of the Commonwealth, received response and nurture from the 'Great' Fairfax.

These years (apart from their formative influences and potentialities in bringing him into such close fellowship with Fairfax) must have been radiant ones. That portion which I have inscribed 'Poems of the Country' were all inspired at Nunappleton; and all through, his Poetry is instinct with sunny memories of his pleasant home and task in this lovely region. I have no manner of doubt that the Poet, then in his twenty-ninth year (1650), addressed Mary Fairfax in the magical and subtle lines entitled 'Young Love;' and so read, they open up far avenues of 'Pleasures of Imagination.' The reader could not do better, I opine, than turn to these 'Poems of the Country,' and open his inner spirit (innermost) to their freshness, their purity, their brightness, their sweet and delicate fancies, their melody as of leaves shaken o' the wind, their quaint symbolism, their realistic fidelity to the outward sight and (more difficult) to the inward feeling, their simpleness that nevertheless is deep, their imaginative touches, as when *The Gardener* touches the still bough with interwoven light and shadow, the light edging, or holds inviolate the flower-cup of dew, or fringes the skirt of a thundrous cloud with chrysolite.

In 1652, Milton—to whom, in all likelihood, Marvell

¹ See Milton's Letter onward for the dates here.

was introduced by Fairfax—finding that Marvell had occasion to visit at Eton that Bradshaw, whose portrait stands for ‘all Time,’ side by side with Clarendon’s of Falkland, sent a Letter by him to the ‘President,’ recommending ‘Mr. Marvile’ (*sic*) as a fit person to be employed by the State, more particularly to assist himself, then blind, in the duties of Latin Secretary; and in this Letter the outward facts of Marvell’s life thus far are incidentally gathered up. It of necessity claims a place in full here :

‘My Lord,—But that it would be an interruption to the public, wherein your studies are perpetually employed, I should now and then venture to supply thus my enforced absence with a line or two, though it were onely my businesse, and that would be noe slight one, to make my due acknowledgments of your many favoures; which I both doe at this time, and ever shall; and have this farder, which I thought my parte to let you know of, that there will be with you to-morrow, upon some occasion of business, a gentleman whose name is Mr. Marvile; a man whom, both by report, and the converse I have had with him, OF SINGULAR DESERT FOR THE STATE TO MAKE USE OF; who alsoe offers himselfe, if there be any employment for him. His father was the Minister of Hull; and he hath spent four years abroad, in Holland, France, Italy, and Spaine, to very good purpose, as I believe, and the gaineing of those four languages; BESIDES, HE IS A SCHOLLER, AND WELL READ IN THE LATIN AND GREEK AUTHORS; and no doubt of an approved conversation, for he comes now lately out of the house of the Lord Fairfax, who was Generall, where he was intrusted to give some instructions in the languages to the Lady his daughter. If, upon the death of Mr. Weckerlyn, the Councell shall think that I shall need any assistance in the performance of my place (though for my part I find no encumbrances of that which belongs to me, except it be in point of at-

tendance at Conferences with Ambassadors, which I must confess, in my condition, I am not fit for), it would be hard for them TO FIND A MAN SOE FIT EVERY WAY FOR THAT PURPOSE AS THIS GENTLEMAN; one who I believe, in a short time, would be able to doe them as much service as Mr. Ascan. This, my lord, I write sincerely, without any other end than to perform my duety to the publick, in helping them to an humble servant: LAYING ASIDE THOSE JEALOUSIES, AND THAT EMULATION, WHICH MINE OWN CONDITION MIGHT SUGGEST TO ME, BY BRINGING IN SUCH A COADJUTOR; and remaine, my lord,

‘Your most obliged and faithful servant,

‘JOHN MILTON.

Feb. 21, 1652.’

Addressed: ‘For the Honourable the Lord Bradshawe.’

To have had such words as these written of him by John Milton must, indeed, have been prized beyond all public honour or emoluments by Marvell, especially such as I have taken the liberty to print in small capitals.

The recommendation, as is universally known, was remembered, and the appointment in due time made, when one Philip Meadows, who was assistant-secretary, was sent on a mission to Denmark. This was in 1657. But there had been farther intercourse with Bradshaw through Milton; for in the summer of this year, Marvell being again on a visit to the President at Eton, carried with him from Milton the ‘Defensio,’ along with a Letter announcing the gift-copy. Marvell briefly intimated to Milton that he had fulfilled his commission; but this intimation not satisfying him—for he wished to know how the Letter to Bradshaw had been received—Marvell wrote again;

¹ Dove’s ‘Life of Marvell,’ as before, p. 9: but in l. 3 I read ‘and’ for ‘now or then.’ From Aubrey we learn that Marvell intended writing a Life of Milton for him. His own death soon after frustrated this. See Masson’s ‘Milton’ (1859), vol. i. p. ix.

and by rare good fortune his Letter has been preserved, and must be here given :

‘Honoured Sir,—I did not satisfie my self in the account I gave you of presentinge your Book to my Lord, although it seemed to me that I writ to you all which the messenger’s speedy returne the same night from Eaton would permit me ; and I perceive that, by reason of that hast, I did not give you satisfaction neither concerninge the delivery of your Letter at the same time. Be pleased therefore to pardon me, and know that I tendered them both together. But my Lord read not the Letter while I was with him, which I attributed to our despatch, and some other businesse tendinge thereto, which I therefore wished ill to so farr as it hindred an affaire much better and of greater importance, I mean that of reading your Letter. And to tell you truly mine own imagination, I thought that he would not open it while I was there, because he might suspect that I, delivering it just upon my departure, might have brought in it some second proposition like to that which you had before made to him by your Letter to my advantage. However, I assure myself that he has since read it, and you, that he did then witness all respecte to your person, and as much satisfaction concerninge your work as could be expected from so cursory a review and so sudden an account as he could then have of it from me. Mr. Oxenbridge, at his returne from London, will, I know, give you thanks for his book, as I do with all acknowledgement and humility for that you have sent me. I shall now studie it even to the getting of it by heart : esteeming it, according to my poore judgment (which yet I wish it were so right in all things else), as the most compendious scale for so much to the height of the Roman Eloquence, when I consider how equally it turnes and rises with so many figures it seems to me a Trajan’s colunne, in whose winding ascent we see imboss’d the severall monuments of your learned victoryes.

And Salmatius and Morus make up as great a triumph as that of Decebalus, whom too, for ought I know, you shall have forced, as Trajan the other, to make themselves away out of a just desperation. I have an affectionate curiosity to know what becomes of Colonell Overton's businesse. And am exceeding glad that Mr. Skynner is got near you, the happinesse which I at the same time congratulate to him, and envie, there being none who doth, if I may so say, more jealously honour you then,

‘Honoured Sir,

‘Your most affectionate humble servant,

‘ANDREW MARVELL.

Eaton, June 2, 1654.’

Addressed: ‘For my most honoured friend,

John Milton, Esquire, Secretarye

for the Forrain affaires,

at his house in Petty France,
Westminster.’¹

The references in this second Letter plainly connect it with the former of February 21st, 1652-3; and so correct also the long-current error that the ‘Defensio’ was sent in this instance to Cromwell. I have not a shadow of doubt that a copy was sent by Milton to the Protector. It is the perversity of blundering (with Carruthers² and others) to imagine that ‘there is no trace of any personal intercourse between Milton and Cromwell;’ and worse than perverting to forget the grand Cromwellian Sonnet. Nevertheless to and of President Bradshaw, not to or of Cromwell, were these Letters written.

¹ Notes and Queries, 2d s. vol. viii. pp. 47-48.

² Ib. 2d s. vol. viii. pp. 47-8, 90-91. Symmons in his ‘Life of Milton,’ as others, supposed the Letter to have been written to Cromwell. If I err not, Mr. Carruthers was the first to point out (as *supra*) that this was a mistake.

Appointed Assistant-Secretary in association with Milton, it were well if we might trace his 'Roman hand' in the State-Letters and State-Papers of the period. It is to me inexplicable that, amid the crowd and crush of comparative nobodies whose names are chronicled in the 'Calendars of the State-Papers,' that of Marvell nowhere appears, although several of the volumes issued cover his years of service. From 1657 he remained as Secretary-Assistant. To the years shortly preceding this date belong some of his most remarkable Poems of Friendship and State Poems, as his 'Two Songs at the Marriage of the Lord Fauconberg and the Lady Mary Cromwell;' 'An Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland;' and 'The First Anniversary of the Government under his Highness the Lord Protector.' Marvell, though as we have seen a Monarchist even to passion of loyalty, gave no 'uncertain sound' as to his lofty estimate of Oliver Cromwell. Dryden and Waller and Spratt sound hollow and merely clamorous as gongs, beside his great celebration of the living and the dead Protector. Here therefore, as I take it, there are two points deserving thought by all who would understand the Life and Poetry and Prose-writings of our Worthy, viz. 1. Marvell was very near to Cromwell, and had insight and capacity to judge rightly; and his verdict was articulate—'great as good, good as great.' Of that there is no doubt. 2. The theoretical Monarchism and the practical acceptance of a Commonwealth as administered by Cromwell explain apparent contradictions in his sentiments as these come out in his Poems: *e.g.* what we have already noted, his strong condemnation of his contemporary at college, Thomas May; his later monarchical utterances in the House of Commons; his trenchant exposure of men in the Church, such as Parker, and contemporaneous defence of John Howe, a Nonconformist, combined with life-long adherence, as his father before him, to the National Church, in

which he lived and died — and yet, from the way many write and speak of Marvell, it would seem he was an ultra-Republican and a Dissenter — his scorpion-lash for abuses and profligacies in the State, and the like. (All through his writings the Church of England is spoken of as his Church, and his platform as one within, not without. This is so remarkable, that one admires how it has been so missed.)

I have observed that Marvell came near to Cromwell. He did so officially as Assistant-Secretary ; but in 1657 more near still, inasmuch as in this year he was appointed 'tutor,' as before to Mary Fairfax, so now to Cromwell's nephew, a Mr. Dutton. The following very noticeable Letter, addressed to Cromwell, is of special interest :

'May it please your Excellence, — It might, perhaps, seem fit for me to seek out words to give your Excellence thanks for myself. But, indeed, the only civility which it is proper for me to practice with so eminent a person is to obey you, and to perform honestly the work that you have set me about. Therefore I shall use the time that your Lordship is pleased to allow me for writing, onely for that purpose for which you have given me it ; that is, to render you an account of Mr. Dutton. I have taken care to examine him several times in the presence of Mr. Oxenbridge, as those who weigh and tell over money before some witnesse ere they take charge of it ; for I thought that there might be possibly some lightness in the coyn, or errour in the telling, which hereafter I should be bound to make good. Therefore, Mr. Oxenbridge is the best to make your Excellency an impartial relation thereof : I shall only say, that I shall strive according to my best understanding (that is, according to those rules your Lordship hath given me) to increase whatsoever talent he may have already. Truly, he is of gentle and waxen disposition ; and God be praised, I cannot say he hath brought with him any evil impression ;

and I shall hope to set nothing into his spirit but what may be of a good sculpture. He hath in him two things that make youth most easy to be managed,—modesty, which is the bridle to vice; and emulation, which is the spur to virtue. And the care which your Excellence is pleased to take of him is no small encouragement and shall be so represented to him; but, above all, I shall labour to make him sensible of his duty to God; for then we begin to serve faithfully, when we consider He is our master. And in this, both he and I owe infinitely to your Lordship, for having placed us in so godly a family as that of Mr. Oxenbridge, whose doctrine and example are like a book and a map, not only instructing the ear, but demonstrating to the eye, which way we ought to travell; and Mrs. Oxenbridge has looked so well to him, that he hath already much mended his complexion; and now she is ordering his chamber, that he may delight to be in it as often as his studys require. For the rest, most of this time hath been spent in acquainting ourselves with him; and truly he is chearfull, and I hope thinks us to be good company. I shall, upon occasion, henceforward inform your Excellence of any particularities in our little affairs, for so I esteem it to be my duty. I have no more at present, but to give thanks to God for your Lordship, and to beg grace of Him, that I may approve myself

‘Your Excellency’s

‘Most humble and faithful servant,

‘ANDREW MARVELL.

‘Windsor, July 28, 1653.

‘Mr. Dutton presents his most humble service to your Excellence.’¹

¹ John Dove’s ‘Life,’ as before, pp. 10-11. On the Oxenbridges see his note, p. 10, and Dr. Sprague’s matterful ‘Annals of the American Pulpit’ (‘Trinit.’), vol. i. pp. 170-1. Marvell wrote a striking Epitaph for Mrs. Oxenbridge: in ‘Le Neve.’

Cromwell's death on September 3d, 1658, darkened England as no king's ever has done. The story of the quiet accession of Richard Cromwell has been told by many—not least effectively by Guizot of France. It needeth not that we enter upon either here: they are too large for our little Memorial-Introduction. Neither may we here describe the Restoration, with its delirium of hopes and flatteries, and its ultimate bestiality and corruption. As the Biographer of Marvell, the one central thing that I have to recall is, that 1658 found him advanced from semi-privacy to the publicity of Parliament. It is generally stated that he did not enter the House of Commons until the Restoration; but the Parliamentary History shows that he was returned for Hull more than a year earlier, and that he sat in Richard Cromwell's Parliament, which assembled January 27th, 1658-9. It was with high hopes for Richard that Marvell so entered his Parliament. Feliculously working in the thunder-storm and its symbolisms as attendant on Oliver's death, the Poet-celebrant with equal felicity works in the phenomenon of a rainbow that accompanied Richard's accession, closing:

'We find already what those omens mean,
Earth ne'er more glad, nor Heaven more serene.
Cease now our griefs, calm peace succeeds a war,
Rainbows to storms, Richard to Oliver.'

Evidently Marvell at least stood prepared to accept Richard Cromwell as head of the Commonwealth. Had it only been Henry Cromwell, he had been made Henry IX., and many a shameless page of English History had been spared us.

His passing into Parliament for Hull is noticeable and pleasing in various ways. I do not know that it has ever been tried to be explained how he obtained the honour. I think it plain that his influence in Hull was drawn from two sources. First of all, his two sisters' marriages with

the Popples and Blaydes families indubitably gave him access 'to the constituents.' Then his father had married—only about seven months after the death of his first wife—as we found, a second time, one Lucy Harris; the entry in the Norton (Derbyshire) register being '1638, November 27, Andrea Marvel, clericus, et Lucie Harris, vid. generosa:' and when we come to look at this never-before-published fact, it informs us that through this marriage the Marvells became related to some of the principal families not only in Hull, but over the East-Riding. Lucy Harris was a daughter of John Alured of Charter House, by Eleanor, daughter of Ralph Constable of St. Sepulchre's. She married three times: (a) Francis Darley of Kilnhurst, near Rotherham; (b) William Harris of Oaken Thorpe in Derbyshire; and (c) Andrew Marvell *pater*. *En passant*, the marriage of Editha Darley to Robert More sheds light on a casual statement of Dr. Calamy; when speaking of Thomas More, fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge ('Account,' p. 83), he says: 'he was like his uncle Mr. Andrew Marvell, a witty man.' Then Robert More, father of Thomas, having lost Edith his wife in May 1639, married Elizabeth, the third daughter of Andrew Marvell, sister of our Worthy.¹ This latter fact made our Marvell uncle by marriage or uncle-in-law to young More.

Thus, by many ties, direct and indirect, Andrew Marvell had influence in Hull and in the county, not forgetting either the Fairfax and Cromwell interest. However the thing was done, done it was; and John Ramsden, Esq.—son of the Ramsden for whom the elder Marvell had preached a funeral sermon during the Plague—and Andrew Marvell, Esq. were the representatives of the good brave old Town. On Ramsden's

¹ Hunter MSS. in British Museum, *s.n.* Dr. Sykes of Doncaster first discovered the entry of the elder Marvell's marriage to Lucy Harris.

death, a Colonel Gilby became associated with Marvell; and so Hull had for its M.P. until the close of his life Andrew Marvell. 1657-1678 cover prodigious events in the History of England, centering in the House of Commons. Unfortunately the Correspondence of Marvell with the Corporation, so full later, has disappeared for the years prior to and in the opening of the Restoration. In all likelihood it was wisely deemed expedient to destroy it. But from November the 17th, 1660,¹ with only occasional gaps, Marvell kept up a continuous and remarkable correspondence with the Mayor and Corporation. I have read the entire Series in the original autographs, as these are admirably preserved in the Corporation archives. Captain Thompson has printed the larger number of them with general accuracy—256 in all are in his collection—but others he has overlooked. John Dove and Hartley Coleridge have largely worked the Letters into their Lives of Marvell; and I regard them as equal to Pepys and Evelyn as contributions to history, if critically annotated, and sifted, and chronologically arranged. I regret that I must postpone, until the after-opportunity (as I trust) of an introduction to the Prose, their utilisation. But for waning available space in the present volume, it had been a luxury to cull the many historical facts and notices, and glimpses of 'high life,' and social manners and customs, and the relations of Members to their constituents, contained in these Letters, which practically, in the forbidding of 'Reports' of Parliament, supplied the place to the Hullites of newspapers. I would call

¹ By inadvertence Capt. Thompson has printed the opening letters as if addressed to William Ramsden, whereas the then Mayor was Christopher Richardson, and to him they were addressed. I cannot sufficiently praise the care with which the Marvell correspondence has been arranged and preserved. I believe not a little of the credit of all this belongs to Mr. James Harrison, Clerk of the Records, Town-hall, Hull.

attention to three things in relation to this Correspondence :

1. Marvell's extraordinary fidelity to his trust. He could not 'sleep' if the Letter to his friends were not dispatched. Return however late (or early), it had to be written. Most are brief, but not a few are lengthy.

2. Marvel's pleasant relations with his constituents. You come on an acknowledgment of a barrel or two of the famous Hull 'ale' sent to their Member, and sometimes a 'salmon' is gratefully received, and other gifts.

3. Marvell's personal integrity. These Letters may be placed beside the celebrated 'Account-book' (worthily facsimiled) of George Washington in his statement of expenditure. The most minute and trivial payments and receipts are accounted for to the last penny.

Contemporaneous with his Letters to the Corporation is another set of equal interest, and in some respects of deeper, with 'Trinity House'—nearly altogether unused : and one is at a loss whether most to admire the skill in negotiation, or the patience in meeting multiplied obstacles revealed in this correspondence.¹

One fact lies in shadow, viz. that every now and again Marvell, even while Member for Hull, retired to the Continent—Germany or Holland usually. I have striven in vain to trace his occupation there : but the Letters distinctly inform us of these retirements. On one occasion Lord Bellasis, 'Deputy-governor of Hull,' endeavoured in one of these absences to induce the town to elect a new member. But Marvell's constituents were not minded to part with him so easily, and gave him timeous warning that brought him over again. He was always within call. The Letters on the above recall are

¹ I rejoice to say that the Marvell Letters at Trinity are equally well cared for with those of the Corporation. In each case I have personally read all.

characteristic, not without touches of a proud scorn :—and Lord Bellasis found a niche in the Satires—deservedly.

One prolonged absence has only been vaguely named by his biographers, viz. in 1663, when he proceeded with Lord Carlisle in the character of secretary, on that nobleman's appointment as ambassador-extraordinary to Muscovy, Sweden, and Denmark. Hartley Coleridge and all have lamented that no record has been kept of this famous embassy, and so no light fetched from it on the Life of Marvell. The lamentation was a natural and perhaps excusable one. But if, instead of lamenting, they had 'searched,' they would have found in one of good trusty John Harris's folios of Travels and Voyages—worthy to mate with Hakluyt—a 'true and particular account' of the successive ambassadorial 'Journeys' and audiences, and packed-full with State-documents, State-addresses, narratives of interviews, and negotiations; amusing scholarly controversies on the use of words (Latin and English) between high dignitaries and Marvell; in short, a whole mine of unused materials. From first to last the impress of Marvell is on all; and I deplore that meanwhile I must content myself with these references.¹

The ambassadorial party returned to London 30th January 1664-5. Marvell was at once in his place in Parliament; and to the close wielded an undemonstrative but very potential influence, embracing Prince Rupert (whose 'tutor' he was dubbed) and some of the foremost Royalists. To this later period belongs the familiar anecdote of that visit to him by Danby, 'Lord Treasurer,' which has given subject to the Painter, and

¹ 'Relation of the First Embassy into Muscovy,' pp. 177-204. 'Second Embassy into Sweden,' pp. 205-13, as contained in Harris's 'Navigantium atque Itinerantium Bibliotheca: or, A Compleat Collection of Voyages and Travels.' London: 2 vols. folio, 1705, vol. ii.

become as 'household words' of quotation. I give it from Hartley Coleridge and Dove:

'There is a story told of his refusing a bribe, which has been heard and repeated by many, who perhaps did not know in what king's reign he lived, and which has been so often paralleled with the turnips of Curius, and the like commonplaces, that some sceptical persons have held that there is as little truth in the one as in the other. However, we believe it to have been founded on fact. . . . At all events, a Life of Andrew Marvell would be as imperfect without it, as a history of King Alfred without the neatherd's cottage and the burnt cakes. It is related with various circumstances, but we shall follow the narrative of a pamphlet printed in Ireland A.D. 1754: The borough of Hull, in the reign of Charles II., chose Andrew Marvell, a young gentleman of little or no fortune [he was nearly forty], and maintained him in London for the service of the public. His understanding, integrity, and spirit, were dreadful to the then infamous administration. Persuaded that he would be theirs for properly asking, they sent his old school-fellow, the Lord Treasurer Danby, to renew acquaintance with him in his garret. At parting, the Lord Treasurer, out of *pure affection*, slipped into his hand an order upon the Treasury for 1000*l.*, and then went to his chariot. Marvell, looking at the paper, calls after the Treasurer, "My Lord, I request another moment." They went up again to the garret, and Jack, the servant-boy, was called. "Jack, child, what had I for dinner yesterday?" "Don't you remember, sir? you had the little shoulder of mutton that you ordered me to bring from a woman in the market." "Very right, child. What have I for dinner to-day?" "Don't you know, sir, that you bid me lay by the blade-bone to broil?" "'Tis so, very right, child; go away.—My Lord, do you hear that? Andrew Marvell's dinner is provided; there's your piece of paper. I want it not. I know the

sort of kindness you intended. I live here to serve my constituents; the ministry may seek men for their purpose: *I am not one.*"¹

Marvell was a man of few words anywhere; but it is a mistake that he never addressed the House. I place below references to the Parliamentary Reports that will guide to Speeches made by him, and to one odd incident that makes us stare in reading.² I recall attention to one magnanimous short speech in behalf of his venerable friend John Milton—over whom (with 'Paradise Lost' yet unwritten), be it remembered, there lay still the shadow of the gallows or the block—from whom 'fines' were sought. I prefer even to it the fine aside in the 'Rehearsal.'

'J. M. was and is a man of great learning and sharpness of wit as any man. It was his misfortune, living in a tumultuous time, to be tossed on the wrong side; and he writ, *flagrante bello*, certain dangerous treatises of no other nature than that which I mentioned to you, writ by your own father, only with this difference, that your father's, which I have by me, was written with the same design, but with much less wit or judgment. At his Majesty's happy return J. M. did partake, even as you yourself did, of his regal clemency, and has ever since lived in a most retired silence. It was after that, I well remember it, that being one day at his house, I there first met you accidentally. But there it was, when you, as I told you, wandered up and down Moorfields, astrologising on the duration of his Majesty's government; that you frequented J. M. incessantly, and haunted his house

¹ 'Northern Worthies,' as before: Marvell, vol. i. pp. 87-9. I spare the not very wise or luminous additional remarks, made in forgetfulness that one telling a story in 1754 would naturally use the language of the period.

² Parl. History, vol. iv. pp. 376, 385, 855-8.

day by day. What discourses you there used he is too generous to remember.'

Active and energetic and preoccupied as Marvell was, he found time ('created' it) to think-out his noble, profound, prescient, wise as witty and witty as wise, penetrating and burning Satires and State Poems, as I briefly point out in our next division—The Writings. He was in harness to the last. He had been on a visit to Hull only a few weeks before, on which occasion he had met with the authorities in the Town-hall and talked over town-affairs. Returned to town and to the House again, the correspondence was resumed, and abruptly closed by his death on 18th August 1678.¹ The abruptness is startling as you look at the bold firm hand of the last Letter, and recognise the fulness of life and energy, and the intimations of purposes reaching out into a future he was not to see in Time. Rumours went out that he had been 'poisoned.' The secret is with Him Who knows all and keeps silent. The 'Popish party' and the Court party have enough to bear without this addition. In the judgment of charity we shall relieve them of the terrible suspicion—all the more that such charges were somewhat wildly and loosely made at the period. That there was contemporary suspicion of foul play is proved by the verses on Marvell in the State Poems, which thus stingingly close:

*'But whether Fate or Art untwin'd his thread
Remains in doubt. Fame's lasting Register
Shall leave his name enroll'd as great as theirs
Who in Philippi for their country fell.'*

Vol. i. pp. 122-3.

He had himself written in his own fearless and noble way to a friend in reference to rumours of assassination:

¹ As with the birth-date, the death-date is variously given as 12th, 16th, and 18th; the last is correct (Corporation of Hull Records: Aubrey, *s.n.* who spoke to the man who had dug his grave).

'... Magis occidere metuo quam occidi; non quod vitam tanti æstimem, sed ne imparatus moriar.' He was buried under the pews (as old Aubrey found) in the Church of St. Giles' in the Fields — where rest 'against that day' George Chapman, and James Shirley, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and Richard Penderell of Boscobel, and at his own dying request later, Captain Thompson. It is gracious to know that the Town of Hull 'voted' 50*l.* for the funeral and a 'stone.'¹

Andrew Marvell left a widow, as witness this from Administration Act-Book for 1679 (commencing 1st Jan. 1678-9) of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, under the month of March:

'Andreas Marvell. Decimo nono die em^t Com^a Mariæ Marvell relictæ et Johi Grene Creditori Andree Marvell nup. pæe Sti Egidii in Campis in Com. Midd. Ar. def. hentis &c. ad adstrand. bona iura et cred. dei. def. de bene &c. Jurat.'²

I do not see that it was possible for 'Mary Marvell' to have obtained this 'administration' without satisfying the authorities that she was the widow. Then there is the fact that the Publisher of the folio of 1681, Robert Boulter, was the intimate and confidential friend of George Wither, and Milton, and Marvell, as, in another direction, of John Flavel. He could not be imposed on, and he would not allow another to impose on the world. I cannot say that I dislike the virtuous poverty (albeit a shadow of mystery lies in it) of the great Patriot in an age so venal and so self-seeking.

II. THE WRITINGS.

Compression to the utmost has been the rule (by constraint, not willingly) of our Memorial-Introduction thus

¹ Corpor Records, as before. I am not mindful to tell of the bigot Rector's refusal to allow a monument.

² Verbatim copy sent me by Colonel Chester, as before.

far of *The Life*, and now with even keener reluctance we must leave unsaid very much that it was our wish and intention to have said of *The Writings*. It is inevitable; for we have even already far exceeded our allotted space in every way. We reserve, therefore, for another opportunity in relation to the 'Pleasures of Hope' indulged by us of bringing out his entire *Prose*, a critical examination of the whole of Marvell's books regarded as:

1. The utterance of his opinions and convictions on matters that are of ever-enduring interest and value within ecclesiastico-political discussions, and as such revealing how very far ahead of his age he was.

2. Furnishing examples of literary power and moral earnestness in controversy unmatched contemporaneously or since, especially in asserting on the one hand civil and religious freedom in opinion, conclusion, action, and conscience; and, on the other, presenting such use of high thought, reaching o' times into far-reaching speculations, irony, sarcasm, wit, humour, as only Bacon and Sir Thomas Browne in the first, and Dean Swift earlier, and Sydney Smith and Charles Lamb later, in the others, yield us in kind.

3. Leading to the sources of those legislative and social changes and ameliorations that have so sweetened the breath of all classes, but for which we are too apt to assume a credit that does not belong to us or the century. In all directions I think it is not difficult to trace the formative influence for good of Marvell and his compeers.

Meanwhile passing all these, in respect of the *Prose* I must content myself with a bibliographical annotated list:

- I. *The Rehearsal Transpros'd; or Animadversions upon a late Book, Intituled, A PREFACE shewing What Grounds there are of Fears and Jealousies of Popery.* The second Impression, with Additions and Amendments. *London*, Printed by J. D. for the Assigns of *John Calvin* and *Theo-*

dore Beza, at the sign of the *King's Indulgence*, on the South-side the *Lake-Lemane*; and sold by *N. Ponder* in *Chancery Lane*, 1672. 12mo.

Collation: Title-page, and on verso 'An Advertisement' as follows: 'This Book having wrought it self thorow many difficulties, it hath newly incountred with that of a Counterfeit Impression in 12mo, under the Title and pretence of the 2d Edition Corrected. Whereas in truth that Impression is so far from having been Corrected, that it doth grossly and frequently corrupt both the Sence and Words of the Coppy. N.P.:' pp. 1-326.

* * The first edition was published only a few months before above '2d Impression.' I have the 'counterfeit' edition (1672) in my collection (title-page and pp. 181): a somewhat mean-looking book certainly. The first edition has not the curious imprint.

A curious reference to the 'Rehearsal' is found in an unlikely place, viz. in an address 'to the Christian Reader,' by the celebrated Rev. Robert M'Ward (of Holland), prefixed to John Brown of Wamphray's 'Christ the Way, the Truth, and the Life,' as follows: 'Nor can I here omit to observe how, when the Devil raised up Parker that monster, to bark and blaspheme, the Lord raised up a Marveil to fight him with his own weapons; who did so cudgel and quell that boasting Bravo, as I know not if he be dead of his wound: but for any thing I know, he hath laid his speech.' The pun on Marvell's name as a 'marveil' is endlessly played on in the numerous 'Answers,' but in an opposite way.

II. The Rehearsall Transpros'd: The Second Part. Occasioned by Two Letters: The first Printed, by a nameless Author, Intituled, A Reproof. &c. The Second Letter left for me at a Friends House, Dated Nov. 3, 1673. Subscribed J. G. and concluding with these words: If thou darest to Print or Publish any Lie or Libel against Doc-

tor *Parker*, By the Eternal God I will cut thy Throat. Answered by ANDREW MARVELL. London, *Printed for Nathanael Ponder at the Peacock in Chancery Lane near Fleet-Street*, 1673. 12mo.

Collation: Fly-leaf, on verso a quotation from 'Re-proof,' p. 67; title-page; and pp. 1-414.

III. Mr. Smirke, or the Divine in Mode; being certain Annotations upon the Animadversions of The Naked Truth, Together with a Short Historical Essay concerning General Councils, Creeds and Impositions in Matters of Religion. By Andreas Rivetus, Junior. Anagr. Res Nuda Veritas. 1676. 4to.

* * The 'Essay' was reprinted separately in 1680 and in 1687 (4to), and in 1689 (8vo); the texts vary very considerably. Of 'Mr. Smirke' the original edition appeared in 1674 (4to). Captain Thompson gives an interesting exchange of Letters between Bishop Croft and Marvell on their respective books: the originals at Lambeth [vol. i. pp. xxxi.-v.].

IV. An Account of the Growth of Popery and arbitrary Government in England; more particularly from the long Prorogation of Parliament of Nov. 1675, ending the 15th of Feb. 1676, till the last meeting of Parliament the 16th of July 1677. London, 1678, folio. Various editions, and reprinted in the State Tracts.

* * A reward of 100*l.* was offered in the Gazette for the discovery of the author; and Marvell in one of his Letters makes genial allusion to this.

V. Flagellum Parliamentarium; being sarcastic Notices of nearly 200 Members of the first Parliament after the Restoration, A.D. 1661 to 1678. London, 1827, 8vo. Edited by Sir Harris Nicolas from a contemporary ms. in the British Museum.

* * This was originally published as 'A seasonable Argument to perswade all the Grand Juries in England

to petition for a New Parliament. Or a List of the Principal Labourers in the great Design of Popery and Arbitrary Power; who have betrayed their Country to the Conspirators, and bargained with them to maintain a standing Army in England, under the command of the bigotted Popish D—, who by the assistance of the L. L.'s Scotch Army, the Forces in Ireland, and those in France, hopes to bring all back to Rome. Amsterdam, Printed in the year MDCLXXVII.' Another copy occurs in Addl. MS. No. 4106, in the Museum.

VI. Remarks upon a late Disingenuous Discourse, writ by one T. D. under the pretence De Causa Dei, and of Answering Mr. John Howe's Letter and Postscript of God's Prescience, &c. Affirming, as the Protestant Doctrine, That God doth by Efficacious Influence universally move and Determine Men to all their Actions, even to those that are most Wicked. By a Protestant. London, Printed and are to be sold by *Christopher Hussey*, at the *Flower-de-luce* in *Little-Brittain*. 1678. 8vo.

Collation: Imprimatur; title-page; and pp. 1-155; on verso, Errata. Dr. Calamy (Account, *s. n.*) is the authority (a sufficient one) for assigning this unaccountably scarce tractate to Marvell. We have one of only three known copies.

VII. A Seasonable Question and an Usefull Answer; contained in an Exchange of a Letter between a Parliament-Man in Cornwall and A Bencher of the Temple, London. 1676.

VIII. A translation of SÆTONIUS (1677) is assigned to Marvell in a contemporary hand in the Bodleian copy. More of these elsewhere, and of others.

Of the books and pamphlets rather than 'Answers' to these Writings of Marvell, I have in my possession half-a-dozen at least; and it were not unprofitable, as certainly most entertaining, to cull specimens of the unequal Controversy — unequal in that it is brain against sawdust,

conviction against selfishness, genius against stupidity, a scholar against pretenders, a gentleman against billingsgate, and a true man and Christian against mere officialism, albeit even the gross Hickeringill is infinitely above Parker, Turner, and the dignitaries. Anthony a-Wood—who ever and anon and half-unconsciously betrays a curious liking for Marvell in spite of his bitter prejudices—sums up the verdict truly in these words on the main controversy: ‘It was generally thought, nay even by many of those who were otherwise favourers of Parker’s cause, that he (Parker), through a too loose and unwary handling of the debate (tho’ in a brave, flourishing, and lofty style), laid himself too open to the severe strokes of his sneering adversary, and that the odds and victory lay on Marvell’s side:’ and one is pleased to read on: ‘However it was, it wrought this good effect upon our author, that for ever after it broke down somewhat of his high spirit; insomuch that tho’ Marvell in a 2d Part replied upon our author’s Reproof, yet he judged it more prudent rather to lay down the cudgels than to enter the lists again with an untowardly combatant so hugely well vers’d and experienc’d in the then but newly refin’d art (tho’ much in mode and fashion almost ever since) of sportive and jeering buffoonery.’¹ More specifically Swift has said emphatically, ‘A great genius...*we still read Marvell.*’ Bishop Burnet and even the ‘merry monarch’ himself relished his fecund wit, if they cared not for his opinions and inconsistent and brilliant advocacy of them.²

¹ Athenæ Oxon.

² The Earl of Rochester thus alludes to the controversy in lines that MARVELL would relish:

‘List’ning, I found the Cob of all this Rabble
Pert Bayes with his Importance comfortable,
He being rais’d to an Arch-Deaconry,
By trampling on Religion and Liberty;
Was grown so great, and lookt too Fat and Jolly
To be disturb’d with Care and Melancholy,
Tho’ Marvel had enough expos’d his Folly.’

Parker

Turning to the Poems, our first duty is to give reasons for devoting a section of our edition to 'Unauthenticated Poems.' Those assigned to Marvell before and in Captain Thompson's quartos are these:

Hodge's Vision from the Monument :
 Oceana and Britannia :
 Royal Resolutions.

We would look at these successively. First of all, 'Hodge's Vision from the Monument' is clearly not Marvell's from its allusions. Throughout the poem rings with righteous indignation against James Duke of York, for his falsity to Coleman—a thing notorious and found in many lampoons and in Burnet. Well! Edward Coleman, secretary to the Duke of York, was only accused by Oates and arrested 30th September 1678, convicted 27th November and executed 3d December, while it was at the last the words were spoken by him that are referred to in the poem. Marvell died 12th August 1678, *i. e.* before the earliest of these dates. Again: when could these lines have been written?

'With one consent we all her death desire,

Who durst her husband's and her king's conspire:' (ll. 99-100.)

except after the middle of November 1678, when Oates and Bedloe grew, as Evelyn says, 'so presumptuous as to accuse the queen of intending to poison the king.' At no previous time had such a charge been raised, nor at any time could this have been said that the people 'with one consent her death desired,' except then when the Nation was maddened with fear and bereft of sense by the ever-multiplying accusations and rumours. Once more, it was only in such times of 'diluted insanity,' as Thomas Carlyle has put it, that parliament could have been accused of subserviency or of truckling to James. So far from that, it was listening in a very Hodge-like fashion to Oates' and Bedloe's wildest words, and crowd-

ing the prisons. Farther, the word '*proviso*' gives a post-Marvell date, inasmuch as the parliament, in their fear of Popish plots, passed the bill excluding Roman Catholics from either house, only on 30th November 1678; and then, at the personal entreaty of the Duke of York, who begged it with tears, inserted the '*proviso*' (carried by two votes) that it should not apply to his Highness. Hence, says the present poem,

'None else would promote James with so much zeal,
Who by *proviso* hopes the crown to steal,' (ll. 109-110.)

All is in accord too with the evident design to fan the popular frenzy. Finally, Edwards, the lord mayor thus named,

'If then ye stay till Edwards orders give,'

was in office from 9th November 1678 to 9th November 1679. These are evidences each independent of the other against the Marvell authorship. The first were enough, but I have added the others to show that the chronology is *post hac* all through, and that the Coleman reference is no mere insertion. 'Hodge's Vision' must have been written in or shortly after November 1678; for the accusation against the queen soon fell through; and while in the poem Danby is spoken of as in power, he was impeached in December 1678 and dismissed March 1679.

'Oceana and Britannia' is proved to be post-Marvell in like manner. Towards the close of the often-prorogued 'Pension Parliament,' prolonged as it had been for fifteen years, came, as we have found, Titus Oates and the popish plots; and when the members of Charles's third parliament were being elected, the opposers of the court made use of these popish plots to excite the country to return members of their party, and with such success that 'the patriots' came into power. A bill of attainder was passed against the Earl of Danby (Osborne), the *habeas corpus* act, and in the Commons the bill of exclusion, by which

the crown was to descend to the next Protestant heir. In fine, the temper of the times and the tone of this poem of 'Oceana and Britannia' agree with the declaration of Shaftesbury, then President of the Council, that 'popery and slavery, like two sisters, go hand in hand, and sometimes one goes first and sometimes the other; but where-soever the one enters, the other is always following close behind.' Only in the poem Liberty and the Protestant Religion are mother and daughter. With this date agree the two opening lines of Oceana's second speech, and the twice-rescued and the birth twice expected refer to the two forenamed dangers. Danby also in 'Oceana and Britannia,' as contrasted with 'Hodge's Vision,' is represented not in person but in portrait with Hyde, as one that has passed away (line 137). All these simple matters-of-fact give 1679 as the date of the poem; and so—need it be pointed out?—show that Marvell could not possibly have been its author. Apart from his name being one to 'con-jure with,' it is just possible that it was prefixed in a confused remembrance of his unquestioned satire of 'Britannia and Raleigh.' It may be well to note that the filling-in of Monmouth, in the British-Museum copy opposite ll. 182-3, is disproved by the whole facts of his life. William indubitably was intended, though he is somewhat awkwardly described. Then subsidiarily Seroggs, chief-justice, is pilloried; but while he was made chief-justice in May 1678, he did not become famous till the Popish-plot trials, nor did he become thus infamous in the eyes of those who opposed James and Popery until he turned against Oates and sided with the court, as abundantly evidenced in Bp. Burnet (*s. n.*). Another lesser non-Marvell mark of date is the line (l. 26),

'At Oxford plots to act Agathocles.'

The editors in their annotation here show that they have not understood the classical reference. Agathocles the

base-born potter became tyrant of Syracuse, and James is so described in reference to that scandal which made him the son of Jermyn and to his supposed desire to supplant Charles. The 'plots' at Oxford can only refer to the parliament that met there in 1681, which Charles hoped would prove more subservient and less swayed by the 'No Popery' cry, and not bring in again the bill of exclusion; in all which, as matter of history, he was deceived in his expectations and so dissolved the parliament. Farther: this poem satirises those whom Marvell praised on the whole, as Littleton, Seymour, and Garraway. The date of 'Oceana and Britannia' is all but certainly between February and March 1681; and this harmonises with the date, 'last martyr's day,' viz. 30th January, as the time of the prophetic dream.

'Royal Resolutions'—so often quoted as peculiarly Marvellian in its wit—when critically examined shows too late allusions for his authorship. Looking at st. xi. the 'prorogation' there referred to receives its significance only as applying to that of the parliament prorogued in the middle of 1679. The words, 'shall have an end,' in their straightforward and natural sense apply only to an actual end or dissolution. Well! This did not occur with the Long Parliament till 24th January 1679. Again: in st. iv. about the Duke of York, there were murmurs against him, and Marvell joined in them, but there was no 'sending away' nor any 'quick recal' during Marvell's lifetime. It was not until the madness of the popular mind, already repeatedly brought out, that Charles commanded James to retire from the council, *i. e.* in November or December 1678, and it was not until 1679, during the fierceness and more than murmurings at the election of the members of the new House of Commons, the king ordered or persuaded the duke to retire to Brussels. His return from thence, without leave, while the king was ill and Monmouth intriguing for the succession, was not until

August (1679), when he was sent as Lord High Commissioner to Scotland. Again, st. viii. and ix. can refer only to Osborne Earl of Danby. His undistinguished birth was a common sarcasm against him, as is shown by many contemporary lampoons. He by one means or another ruled parliament and had his own way. He was pardoned by the king prior to trial after impeachment for treason, the king taking the great seal into his own hands and himself offering it to the parliament. This last act was, as in the poem, highly resented by the Commons and its validity successfully opposed. There is no other man in whom these marks combine—the advancement, the ruling of parliament, the treason, the king's pardon under his own hand, and the outcry against it. But the impeachment of Danby was commenced only in January 1679, and the king's pardon not known until the meeting of the new parliament in March 1679. The case then stands thus: st. ii. viii. and ix. cannot be Marvell's; and unless these be regarded as interpolations by another—very improbable—'Royal Resolutions' must be withdrawn, and probably belongs to about September 1679, or fully a year subsequent to Marvell's death.

At first blush the severe lines on Thomas May's death seem to be non-Marvellian; but I venture to assume that in the first part of this Memorial-Introduction it is shown that while profound in his admiration and unreserved in his acceptance of Cromwell as the administrator of the Commonwealth, who made England great among the nations, Marvell had strong loyalty to monarchy in the ideal. Moreover the renegade and purely self-seeking republicanism of May and his evil living were offensive to the high-souled poet. And then it must be remembered that the sentiments (*i. e.* the Royalism) are put into the mouth of Ben Jonson. I have no difficulty in accepting the poem as Marvell's, seeing it was printed in the folio of 1681; a volume everywhere attesting that the pre-

fatory note is true, viz. that its contents were faithfully printed from the papers of Marvell.

I include the short Latin poem to Christina among Marvell's, because nowhere does Milton claim it, while it is notorious that the illustrious poet was sensitively careful to assert his authorship of the most trivial thing that really had proceeded from him. It is only one of several kindred; and as no date is given, I see nothing to preclude its having been composed by Marvell previous to Christina's resignation in 1654, precisely as his verse-letter to Dr. Ingelo, his couplet on Cromwell's portrait, and his fine salutation of Oliver St. John. In Gildon's 'Chorus Poetarum' (1694) it is translated as by 'Mr. Marvell.' It too is found in the folio of 1681. I might grant that the mere existence of a copy in Marvell's handwriting were no evidence of authorship, if other evidence had been forthcoming against it, but there is none whatever.

The claim put in by Captain Thompson for Marvell as having written the well-known 'Songs of Zion,' called paraphrases, commencing :

'The spacious firmament on high,'

and 'When all Thy mercies, O my God,' and 'When Israel freed from Pharaoh's hand,' and also the celebrated ballad of 'William and Margaret,' cannot be sustained. As matter of fact, it went by default at the time the claim was originally made, seeing that, challenged to produce the ms. book alleged to contain these pieces, IT NEVER WAS PRODUCED, and seems to have been destroyed. I have no idea that Captain Thompson meant to impose; but from his own account it is clear, that while the ms. volume evidently contained many of Marvell's own poems—and for three of the greatest (one being the Horatian Ode) we are indebted to it—it is yet clear that subsequent, and long subsequent, to Marvell some other Scribe had turned the vacant leaves into an Album or Commonplace Book.

There was just that amount of mystification in Addison's original publication of his Hymns, and, indeed, of Dr. Watts' also ('When Israel,' &c.), to lend a verisimilitude to the allegation. But it is mere verisimilitude. As Addison's, the two Hymns were afterwards openly and avowedly published; and Dr. Watts included his in his own Collection. So that the Marvell authorship is out of the question. E. Paxton Hood is incorrect and incautious in his account of the ms.; and altogether it is surprising any critic of insight should have sustained the unsupported claim.¹

I have placed those Poems first published by Captain Thompson among the genuine pieces, wherever he has stated that the originals, in Marvell's own handwriting, were before him. He was familiar with his handwriting from the Hull mss., and, with all his indiscrimination and rashness, could hardly be mistaken herein. Others that he does not definitely tell us were in the Poet's holograph I put among the Unauthenticated Poems, as judging that they lack the characteristics of Marvell. Even if these had been distinctly affirmed to have been in Marvell's handwriting, I should have queried them for extrinsic and intrinsic reasons. It would not do to assert authorship from the mere existence of a copy in a given handwriting; for at that time such satiric poems mainly circulated in ms. Pepys is found copying 'Last Instructions to a Painter' with sad acknowledgment of its truth. It is not worth while examining these Unauthenticated Poems farther.

The Poetry of Marvell can afford the largest deductions from it. It is ludicrous to argue that he was incapable of writing what Addison and Watts did. He had more genius and poetic afflatus in one cell of his compact

¹ See the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' vol. xlvi. pp. 356, 401, 559, and vol. lvii. p. 72; also Nichols' 'Literary Anecdotes,' vol. ii. p. 450. Mallet was a contemptible scoundrel, but he certainly was the writer of 'William and Margaret,' and other quick poetry.

brain than the pair of them altogether, regarded as Poets. Wherever you turn, you are struck with the spontaneity, the melody, the subtle suggestiveness, the underlying wealth, of these Poems. I am not prepared to defend all that is in the Satires. There is coarseness, there is fierceness, there is mercilessness—as, for example, against Clarendon (and yet Agar Ellis's 'Historical Legends,' 1827, leave dark spots still)—there is disregard of others in the vehement resolve to smite crashingly down high-seated offenders. Marvell, as a Satirist, was not beyond the influences of his age. Engaged in conflict with the brutal and the vile, the false and the treacherous, he is himself occasionally brutal and indiscriminate. Yet in the wickedest Satire you have the unmistakable insignia of a true and noble soul fighting for true, noble, patriotic ends, and impelled by a lofty motive. His 'Last Instructions' and 'Advice to a Painter' we cannot enlarge upon, or trace out their dates and relation to kindred poems assigned to Denham and Waller—and as these come up in Pepys and elsewhere—as we had intended. But if the reader will study these, and 'Britannia and Raleigh' (specially tempting to detailed examination), and the 'Dialogue between Two Horses,' he will discover that at his worst, and much more at his best, Marvell, in his *morale* as a Satirist, breathes another atmosphere from Dryden and Oldham and Cleveland. He had a word of praise for Rochester as a Satirist; but Marvell to Rochester is as his own Fawn to a Satyr. His 'Character of Holland' is unique in its exaggerate ludicrousness. It is curious to compare it with Butler's short poem on the same subject, which, indeed, might have been rejected lines of Marvell's 'Character.' I should have liked to have given Butler's little satire; but every one has his Poems, and I must leave the reader to turn to it.

Neither am I blind to the superficial fault of running a conceit to seed (weed-seeds). This is his one artifi-

ciality, and is a reflex of the same artificiality in the Gardens of his day that he condemned. And yet beneath the conceit, when you come to look lovingly and lingeringly, you find that it is sprung out of a vital thought or emotion or fancy, precisely as the clipped and shapen (misshapen) yews were really rooted in the rich mould, and really nurtured by celestial influences. This holds also of his various Epitaphs, which, while they have in them conceits, are nevertheless full of real sympathy and tenderness. (The figure of Noah's 'dove' going out of the Ark he uses to symbolise the forthgoing of a young soul in its whiteness; and we take it to our heart at once.¹)

Fundamentally, the Poetry of Marvell is genuine as a bird's singing, or the singing of the brook on its gleaming way under the leafage. There is the breath and fragrance of inviolate Nature in every page of the 'Poems of the Country' and 'Poems of Imagination and Love,' and in 'Poems of Friendship' and State Poems such THINKING and aspiration as were worthy of their greatest themes; and I am here remembering, and wish it to be remembered, that John Milton and Oliver Cromwell and Blake are celebrated by him.

My space is long gone; I will allow the Archbishop of Dublin (Trench) and Dr. George Macdonald to speak of separate poems. Says the former, in his 'Household Book of English Poetry,' of 'Eyes and Tears:' 'I have obtained room for these lines by excluding another very beautiful poem by the same author, his *Song of the Emigrants in Bermuda*. To this I was moved in part by the fact that the *Song* has found its way into many modern collections,—these lines, so far as I know, into none,—in

¹ I had translated the whole of these Latin Epitaphs, as well as certain Verses on the Louvre and other things in Paris, which, given in the folio of 1681, I rather judge to have been transcribed by him, not composed. I must reserve these and other things, as Mason's allusions to our Worthy and others' references, for after use.

part by my conviction that we have here a poem which, though less popular than the *Song*, is of a still higher mood. If, after this praise, these lines should, at the first perusal, disappoint a thoughtful reader, I would ask him to read them a second time, and, if needful, a third. Sooner or later they will reveal the depth and riches of meaning which, under their unpretending forms, he concealed' (p. 394). Again, of the 'Horatian Ode on the Return of Cromwell from Ireland' his Grace has this: 'Marvell showed how well he understood what he was giving to the world in this ode—one of the least known but among the grandest which the English language possesses—when he called it "Horatian." In its whole treatment it reminds us of the highest to which the greatest Latin Artist in lyrical poetry did, when at his best, attain. To one unacquainted with Horace, this ode, not perhaps so perfect as his are in form, and with occasional obscurities of expression which Horace would not have left, will give a truer notion of the kind of greatness which he achieved than, so far as I know, could from any other poem in the language be obtained' (pp. 398-9).¹

Dr. Macdonald in 'Antiphon' starts with an unneeded depreciation of Cowley, against whom evidently he has

¹ I am glad to be able to strengthen the high testimony of his Grace by a quotation from Professor Lowell's charming 'Among my Books' (London, 1870): 'Marvell's "Horatian Ode," the most truly classic in our language, is worthy of its theme' (p. 18). I cannot withhold what follows: 'The same poet's Elegy, in parts noble, and everywhere humanly tender, is worth more than all Carlyle's biography as a witness to the gentler qualities of the hero, and of the deep affection that stalwart nature could inspire in hearts of truly masculine temper. As it is little known, a few verses of it may be quoted to show the difference between grief that thinks of its object and grief that thinks of its rhymes (*e.g.* Dryden) [ll. 227-40 and 247-260 quoted]. 'Such verses might not satisfy Lindley Murray, but they are of that higher mood which satisfies the heart' (pp. 18-19).

formed a prejudice that hides from him the remarkable thought, power, and occasional music of his poetry, and regrets that Marvell 'writes so little;' but remembers that 'his life was as diligent as it was honourable,' and introduces into his grand chorus of sacred praise 'On a Drop of Dew' (also in the 'Household Book'), remarking: 'Surely a lovely fancy of resemblance, exquisitely wrought out; an instance of the lighter play of the mystical mind, which yet shadows forth truth' (p. 249); and he closes with the 'Coronet' and these words: 'A true sacrifice of worship, if not a garland of praise! The disciple would have his works tried by the fire, not only that the gold and the precious stones may emerge relucant, but that the wood and hay and stubble may perish. The will of God alone, not what we may have effected, deserves our care. In the perishing of our deeds they fall at His feet; in our willing their loss we crown His head' (p. 250).

That Marvell intended something greater, or at least larger, in verse than he achieved, is trenchantly announced in his 'First Anniversary of the Government under his Highness the Lord Protector' (ll. 117-122):

'Unhappy princes, ignorantly bred,
By malice some, by error more misled!
*If gracious Heaven to my life give length,
Leisure to time, and to my weakness strength,
Then shall I one with graver accents shake
Your regal sloth, and your long slumbers wake.'*

The Writer of an article on Marvell in 'Cornhill'—more than once used by us—ends his cultured and fine-toned criticism of the Man and his Poetry thus: 'The late Mr. Tupling, the most erudite of London bibliopoles, used to add to the description of a copy of Marvell's poems, in one of his quaint annotated catalogues of old books, "Few know how great the poetry here is." "Great" is not exactly the word, but it is at least genuine' (p. 40). We must agree with Mr. Tupling. To us 'great' is the

exact word for all who by 'great' mean quality rather than quantity. We should like to have a fireside chat with our 'Cornhill' friend (whose temporary anonymous we respect) as to his definition of 'great' *in re* Poetry. His 'not exactly' we interpret as indicative of wavering, and feel sure that it would not be hard to persuade him that he wavered to the wrong side in this instance. Granted to him, as he says, that Marvell 'makes little pretension to depth or sublimity' (p. 40). There is no 'pretension' at all; but there is depth, and there is sublimity. 'Depth' as of the great Sea, pellucid but profound, as in 'The Garden,' the 'Coronet,' 'Eyes and Tears,' 'Drop of Dew,' 'The Gallery,' 'To his coy Mistress,' 'Daphnis and Chloe,' 'Thyrsis and Dorinda.' 'Sublimity' as of the calm mountains reaching up into the azure, as in all those just named (unexpected often, as in that magnificent vision of 'Time's winged chariot,' and the 'deserts vast of Eternity' in 'To his coy Mistress'), and in the State Poems and Poems of Friendship. You take up an apparently slight thing, as 'Amatas and Thestylis making Hay-ropes,' and you read and listen; and, lo, as the shell picked up on the shore placed to the ear murmurs of the thundrous sea, you find imprisoned in this idyl grandeur in simplicity. So with all the 'Mower' set, which evidently William Allingham had echoing in his memory when he wrote his 'Mower' songs. I adhere to 'great' as *the* word for Marvell's Poetry, as it is the word for Horace as above Virgil, though in amount so unequal. I adhere to 'great' as applied to his Poetry, because only 'great' sufficiently marks the perfectness of it; and perfectness in whatever only genius can do is worthy of the much-abused word. You get insight into the 'greatness' of The Greatest as truly by a discovery of universal man's incapacity to form so much as one blade of grass, or a moth's wing, or the veining of a pebble, as to create a world. The bigger is not a bit more possible or impossible than the tiniest. Even so I have

yet to find the Poet, ancient or modern or living, who has given us more perfect workmanship or more precious material, poetically, than Marvell in everything he has attempted; and I have to ask production of the same kind of work done by another superior, or the same work in kind by another who is not admittedly a man of genius. We need, I fear, to revise our use of words, and to humble ourselves for their unconsecrate misapplication to mere bulk and loudness. Marvell is 'great' too in himself. Perhaps 'Cornhill' is right, and perhaps wrong, in his idea that Donne was imitated in 'Flecknoe;' and in our Notes and Illustrations I point out reminiscences of that extraordinary and miserably-misunderstood Poet—had designed indeed their quotation and elucidation—and you come on evident and studied echoes of his friend Milton—also pointed out in the Notes and Illustrations, and also intended to have been produced in full. But it is astonishing how original in his out-look and up-look, and in-look and round-look, our Poet is. (A 'Prelate of the Wood'—as he finely calls himself—he loved Nature with the passion of Shelley, combined with the clarified eye of Wordsworth, and saw another light of imagination than even they saw—that delicate illumination born of a heart of love reaching out to the great Heart of Love, whereby, in another sense than Donne meant and found the Cross, is discerned everywhere the yearning in man and in Nature for the final deliverance.)

Finally, I would have the reader look, and look again, at the Portrait of Marvell by Hannemann, as engraved by Alais for us for the first time. Held by a Mr. Holdforth, of an old Roman Catholic Yorkshire family, from the time of Marvell, it is a tribute to him that, in the face of his stern words on 'Popery,' it was reverently transmitted from generation to generation, its present owner purchasing it at the final sale of the whole family-establishment. It is as a piece of art, I am assured by capable

judges, very fine—in colour worthy of Tintoretto ; and its whole aspect, and ‘*brown*’ hair and ‘*roundish*’ face (as Aubrey described him), correspond with what we would count on. Another portrait, now in possession of E. S. Wilson, Esq. F.S.A., is strikingly like this, as is, I am informed, a third, owned by a Hull Banker. That in the British Museum is evidently of the same man, and is a noble Face ; while the engraving by Cook in Dove-Coleridge’s ‘*Life*’ (1832) is faithful to all save a touch of hauteur on the lip awaiting. Captain Thompson presented a copy of this portrait to the citizens of Hull ; and the truly impressive statue in marble in its Town-hall is modelled after it. The portrait in Captain Thompson’s edition of the Works has something of the features—aged somewhat—but must have been a daub in the original. Many other Portraits, real or alleged, have been exhibited for Marvell. Two (exclusive of ours) have been photographed. One, in possession of E. H. Reynard, Esq., of Sunderlandwick, Driffeld, is of a very remarkable head, by Jasper Smith (1655) ; but on inquiring I could not get anything authenticating it. Contrariwise, found that it had severally been designated Richard Cromwell, Best, a local celebrity, and Marvell. The other it is simply impossible that it ever has been a portrait of Marvell, being long, thin, and mindless. The engraved heads of Marvell—some good, others wretched—are very numerous.

I have repeated that our Portrait is engraved for the first time. I do so notwithstanding the woodcut (as a piece of workmanship well done) from the photograph given by the Religious Tract Society in their volume of ‘*British Heroes and Worthies*.’ In not a single feature or lineament does it correspond to the original ; and the expression is totally different. The hair falls in a different way on the shoulders. Even in the dress (ours shows only the head) there is fancy throughout. No one looking at the painting would ever recognise the woodcut as intended

for a reproduction of it. I do not mind characterising such dealing with a great man's portrait. Falsification in this seems to me to belong to the same category with falsification in words.

The Portrait now furnished will bear hour-long pondering. There is intellect in every atom of it. There is nobleness in it. There is purity in it. There is the sensitiveness of the Poet, and yet the firmness of the Statesman, in the beautifully-moulded mouth and chin. The eyes are globes of 'dewy light,' such as Collins gives to Pity. The forehead is steep and bulged and declarative; the entire Face that of no common man—such a Face as gives reality to Spenser's idea, which cannot too often be remembered:

'Every spirit as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and is more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight.
For of the soul the body form doth take:
For soul is form, and doth the body make.'

And so I close our Memorial-Introduction to the 'Life' and the 'Writings' as an instalment of what I hope to do for Marvell. The closer you get to him, the more you love him, and the more you recognise in him one of the 'great' Englishmen:

'Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, uneduc'd, unterrify'd,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal—
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single.'

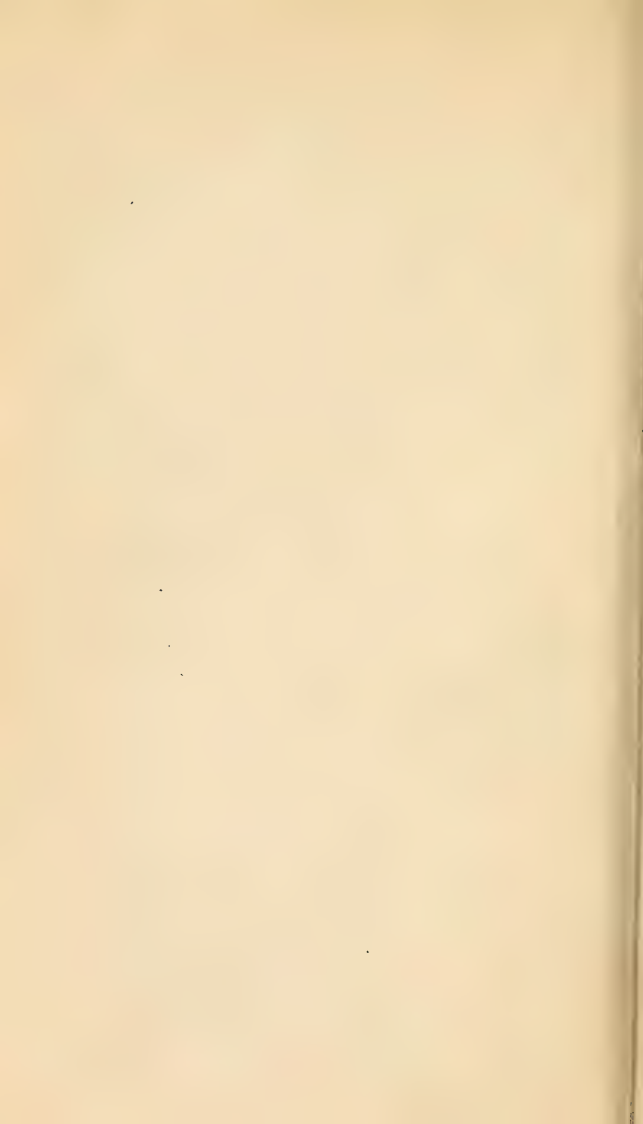
All honour to Wordsworth that in one of his most Miltonic sonnets he remembered Marvell:

'Great men have been among us; hands that penn'd
And tongues that utter'd wisdom, better none:
The later Sydney, MARVELL, Harrington.'

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

I.

POEMS OF THE COUNTRY.





UPON THE HILL AND GROVE AT BILL-
BOROW.

TO THE LORD FAIRFAX.¹

SEE how the archèd Earth does here
Rise in a perfect hemisphere !
The stiffest compass could not strike
A line more circular and like ;
Nor softest pensel draw a brow 5
So equal as this hill does bow ;
It seems as for a model laid,
And that the World by it was made.
Here learn, ye mountains more unjust,
Which to abrupter greatness thrust ; 10
That do, with your hook-shoulder'd height,
The Earth deform, and heaven fright ;

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 73-75), where it is divided into ten stanzas of eight lines each ; an arrangement that does not commend itself here, though in other pieces we adopt it for reasons given. In our quarto edition we give a portrait of LORD FAIRFAX (on which see our Preface). In Notes and Illustrations at close of this poem, as throughout, the reader will find help toward understanding allusions and obscurities. G.

For whose excrescence, ill design'd,
 Nature must a new center find ;
 Learn here those humble steps to tread, 15
 Which to securer glory lead.
 See what a soft access, and wide,
 Lyes open to its grassy side ;
 Nor with the rugged path deterrs
 The feet of breathless travellers ; 20
 See then how courteous it ascends,
 And all the way it rises, bends ;
 Nor for it self the height does gain,
 But only strives to raise the plain ;
 Yet thus it all the field commands, 25
 And in unenvy'd greatness stands,
 Discerning further than the cliff
 Of heaven-daring Teneriff.
 How glad the weary seamen hast, haste
 When they salute it from the mast ! 30
 By night, the northern star their way
 Directs, and this no less by day.
 Upon its crest, this mountain grave,
 A plum of aged trees does wave ; plume
No hostile hand durst ere invade, 35
With impious steel, the sacred shade ;
 For something alwaies did appear
 Of the GREAT MASTER's terrour there,
 And men could hear his armour still,
 Ratling through all the Grove and Hill. 40

Fear of the MASTER, and respect
 Of the great Nymph, did it protect ;
 VERA, the nymph, that him inspir'd,
 To whom he often here retir'd,
 And on these okes engrav'd her name ;— 45
 Such wounds alone these woods became :
 But ere he well the barks could part,
 'Twas writ already in their heart ;
 For they ('tis credible) have sense,
 As we, of love and reverence, 50
 And underneath the courser rind
 The Genius of the house do bind.
 Hence they successes seem to know,
 And in their lord's advancement grow ;
 But in no memory were seen, 55
 As under this, so streight and green ;
 Yet now no further strive to shoot,
 Contented, if they fix their root ;
 Nor to the winds' uncertain gust
 Their prudent heads too far intrust ; 60
 Onely sometimes a flutt'ring breez
 Discourses with the breathing trees ;
 Which in their modest whispers name
 Those acts that swell'd the cheeks of Fame.
 'Much other groves,' say they, 'then these, than 65
 And other hills, him once did please ;
 Through groves of pikes he thunder'd then,
 And mountains rais'd of dying men ;

For all the civic garlands due
 To him, our branches are but few ; 70
 Nor are our trunks enough to bear
 The trophies of one fertile year.
 'Tis true, ye trees, nor ever spoke
 More certain oracles in oak ;
 But peace, if you his favour prize ! 75
 That courage its own praises flies :
 Therefore to your obscurer seats,
 From his own brightness he retreats ;
 Nor he the hills, without the groves,
 Nor height, but with retirement, loves. 80

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading : '*Upon the Hill and Grove at Billborow.*' Marvell's spelling (= Bill barrow or Barrow hill from its shape) is according to the pronunciation, the later being BILBROUGH and Bilboro : I have had full and indeed elaborate details, with plans &c. &c. of this and other family-seats and possessions of the Fairfaxes sent me by CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM, Esq. F.S.A., author of '*A Life of the Great Lord Fairfax, Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Parliament of England*' (8vo, 1870 : Macmillan). I regret that, albeit extremely interesting as supplementary to the '*Life*,' their extent forbids my use of them as annotation on the poems of our Worthy—the present and the next—relating to Bilbrough and vicinity. Suffice it to state here that authentic data carry us back to Bilbrough as held *in capite* by a RALPH PAGANELL, one of the followers of William the Conqueror, and establish the closest connection of the Church with the Benedictine Abbey of St. Martin Marmostier in Touraine and the Church of the Trinity in Micklegate, York. From Edward III. to Edward VI., through Nortons, Beckwiths and others, we reach the Fairfaxes in Sir William Fairfax of Steeton,

grandson of Sir Guy Fairfax the Judge—the latter having built himself an embattled house on his manor of Steeton, which is only separated from Bilbrough by the York road. More specifically and as directly elucidating Marvell's poems (as above), the old manor-house of Bilbrough—to which the 'Hill and Grove' were attached as belonging to the estate—stood in the street of Bilbrough village, and a part of the wall is probably to be found in a cottage on the site. It was in this Manor-house, Thomas first Lord Fairfax was born in 1560. But by his Will, dated March 3, 1557, Sir William Fairfax of Steeton, who bought Bilbrough, left all his property not settled by any previous deed to his younger son Gabriel; except Bilbrough, Rigton, and lands in Acaster.

Gabriel Fairfax dying in 1581 was succeeded at Steeton by his son Sir William, who was knighted by Queen Elizabeth in 1562. Sir William undertook extensive repairs and additions at Steeton Hall in 1595-6, and lived at Nunappleton—of which more onward—in the mean while. He placed a stone slab over the hall-door, on which was carved a coat-of-arms—Fairfax and Thwaites quarterly, impaling Curwen and Brun quarterly, with a scroll beneath bearing the date 'Anno 1595,' and the Fairfax motto 'Fare Faceto.' Sir William died in July 1603, and was succeeded by his son Sir Philip.

There had long been a feud between the descendants of Gabriel and those of his elder brother Thomas of Denton and Nunappleton, touching the right to the tithes and manor of Bilbrough. It were wearying as well as irrelevant to narrate the many family-suits and controversies. At last Lord Sheffield, then President of the North, with a view to effecting a reconciliation between the two branches of this important Yorkshire family, arranged a marriage between the heads of the two branches, Sir Ferdinando son of Sir Thomas of Denton, and Sir Philip son of Sir William of Steeton, and his two daughters Mary and Frances. By a deed dated April 1st, 1609, Sir Philip Fairfax of Steeton confirmed to Sir Thomas of Denton all the rights to the tithes, manor and estate of Bilbrough. Sir Philip also sold Bolton Percy to his cousin, and died at the early age of 27, in July 1613, leaving six very young children to the care of their mother, who followed her husband in less than two years. But the grandmother—Sir William's widow—who then took charge of the little orphans, survived until 1624. Their aunt Mary, with her husband Sir Ferdinando Fairfax, also

appears to have passed some of her time at Steeton; for her daughter Dorothy (afterwards Mrs. Hutton) was born there on June 4th, 1617, and Lady Mary Fairfax died in childbirth at Steeton on June 4th, 1619.

After this transfer of Bilbrough to the Denton branch of the Fairfaxes, its history is traced through wills and family-settlements—all which I must leave to the very learned DR. DRYASDUST. Summarily the Lord Fairfax, owner of Bilbrough and the patron-friend of MARVELL (as seen in our Memorial-Introduction), was THOMAS, 3d lord, the 'Great Lord Fairfax,' son of the foregoing Ferdinando and Mary, daughter of EDWARD SHEFFIELD, LORD MULGRAVE—of whom more in the sequel. Bilbrough hill, with its noble clump of trees ('The Grove'), was a favourite resort—as celebrated in these poems—of the illustrious General of the Parliament, during his retirement at Nun-appleton. Hither he would ride many times in the week, from his noble mansion away in the low ground near the banks of the Wharfe, gazing from within the overarching 'Grove' upon that plain of York where he had fought and conquered in many battles. He died at Nunappleton Nov. 12th, 1671.

The after-story of BILBROUGH is a strangely-chequered one, as Mr. Markham's ample details show; but I may not enter on it. The one memorable thing in these days is, that the Church holds the tomb of the 'Great LORD FAIRFAX:' and it is to be hoped that among the many reparations and restorations going on, the shrine of that 'tomb' will not be overlooked. (Consult Mr. Markham's 'Life,' as before, s.n.)

Lines 3-4. See our Memorial-Introduction ('Writings') for parallel in DONNE.

Line 10, '*... thrust:*' v. act. or rather reflective, thrust [yourselves].

Line 11, '*That do . . .*' Misprinted in 1726, 1772, Thompson 1776, and all save our text of 1681, '*Which do*'—very harsh, as following the '*which*' of preceding line. '*Hook-shoulder'd*' = hooked, *uncus*, or *aduncus*, as '*that hook-nosed fellow of Rome*' (Shakespeare, 2 H. IV. iv. 3) was an aquiline-nosed fellow. So *hook-shoulder'd* Bilborow describes the smooth curves of the round-shouldered or barrow-shaped bill or hill, in contrast with the more abrupt and angular shape of other hills.

Lines 17-28. Cf. the Latin poem onward, '*In duos montes*

Amosclivium et Bilboreum . . . Farfacio,' which follows this, with a translation.

Line 28, '*heaven-daring Teneriff.*' See a splendid amplification of this in the great celebration of BLAKE'S Victory 'in the Bay of Sanctacruze in the Island of Teneriffe.'

Lines 29-30, '*How glad the weary seamen hast.*' 'On Bilbrough hill, 145 feet above the sea, there was then a great clump of trees, which was a landmark for ships going up the Humber, the land rising very gradually from the Wharfe at Nunappleton, and being crowned by this conical grassy hill, with its leafy tuft.' (MARKHAM'S Life of the Great Lord Fairfax, as before, p. 58: DRAKE.)

Line 35, '*durst ere.*' Misprinted 'does e'er' in 1726, 1772, 1776, and all save our text (1681).

Line 38, '*Great Master,*' viz. Thomas, 3d Lord Fairfax—and thus Marvell anticipated the modern biographer's adjective.

Line 43, '*Vera, the nymph,* that him inspir'd.' 'Vera' is the Latinised form of 'Vere' (as in the quaint old lines on JOSEPH FLETCHER the 'sweet Singer,' of the 'Perfect-cursed-blessed man,' and 'Christe's Bloodie Sweat:' our edition, p. xxvi.), denoting Anne Vere, 4th daughter of Lord Vere (on whom consult Markham, as before). See MARKHAM (as before), pp. 20 *et alibi*, for full notices of her.

Line 54, '*Under this*'=under this lord.

„ 64, '*that swell'd.*' Misprinted as before 'which.'

„ 74, '*oracles in oak,*' *e.g.* the oaks of Dodona.

„ 77, '*seats.*' As pointed out in our Preface, the American edition (1857) badly misprints 'feats,' which is helplessly continued in the London reprint of 1870. G.



EPIGRAMMA IN DUOS MONTES, AMOS-
CLIVIUM ET BILBOREUM.

FARFACIO.¹

CERNIS ut ingenti distinguant limite campum
Montes Amosclivî Bilboreique juga !
Ille stat indomitus turritis undique saxis :
Cingit huic lætum fraxinus alta caput.
Illi petra minax rigidis cervicibus horret : 5
Huic quatiunt virides lenia colla jubas.
Fulcit Atlanteo rupes ea vertice cœlos :
Collis at hic humeros subjicit Herculeos.
Hic, ceu carceribus, visum sylvâque coercet :
Ille oculos alter dum, quasi meta, trahit. 10
Ille giganteum surgit ceu Pelion Ossa :
Hic agit, ut Pindi culmine, nympha choris.
Erectus, præceps, salebrosus, et arduus, ille :
Acclivis, placidus, mollis, amœnus, hic est.
Ac similis domino coit Natura sub uno ; 15
Farfaciâque tremunt sub ditione pares.
Dumque triumphantî terras perlabitur axe,

¹ As this poem has the same subject as the preceding, it is thought well to give it in the group of Fairfacian celebrations in this place. Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (p. 72), which is our text ; but see Notes and Illustrations at its close. G.

Præteriens æquâ stringit utrumque rota.
 Asper in adversos, facilis cedentibus idem ;
 Ut credas montes extimulâsse suos. 20
 Hi sunt Alcidæ Borealis nempe columnæ,
 Quas medio scindit vallis opaca freto.
 An potius, longe sic prona cacumina nutant
 Parnassus capiant esse, Maria, tuus !

NOTES.

1726 and after-editions omit the word 'Epigramma' in the heading. Epigram, like Elegy, was then, as earlier, loosely used. I accept 'Amosclivium' from 1726 instead of 'Amosclivum.' I reject the correction of 1726 in l. 4 of 'Huic lætum cingit' (as since printed). Marvell wrote, as in 1681, thus : 'Cingit hū | ic læ | tum' I accept 'Ac similis' of 1726 in l. 15 for 'Dissimilis' of 1681. In l. 17, American edition and the reprint of 1870 misprint 'terros.' For the verse-rendering that follows of this little poem, I am indebted to my excellent friend Rev. J. H. Clark, M.A., of West Dereham. G.

EPIGRAM ON THE TWO MOUNTAINS OF
 AMOS-CLIFF AND BILBOROUGH.

TO FAIRFAX.

TRANSLATION BY REV. J. H. CLARK, M.A.

BEHOLD how Almas-cliff and Bilborough's brow
 Mark with broad bound the spacious plain below !
 Dauntless, on that, the rocky turrets frown,
 This, the tall ash adorns with lightsome crown ;
 There, the rough rocks in terrors grim are dress'd, 5

But here, the smooth hill waves a verdant crest ;
 Yon height, like Atlas, seems to prop the skies,
 But this, 'neath his Herculean shoulders lies ;
 This, as a cell or grove, contracts the gaze,
 That, as a goal, his head from far displays ; 10
 There, Pelion on Ossa heaves amain,
 Here, some sweet nymph of Pindus leads her train.
 The steep, the rough, the difficult, are there ;
 Here all is sloping, gentle, soft and fair.
 But Nature doth both characters display 15
 In Fairfax, whom with awe they both obey,
 And, as his car rolls by, alike do feel
 The impartial touch of his triumphant wheel.
 Stern to the foe, and mild to him that yields,
 His habits drawn from his paternal fields ; 20
 Here, with a woody strait between, one sees
 The Pillars (in the North) of Hercules ;
 Or rather, since their bow'd tops thus agree,
 Let them, Maria, thy Parnassus be !

NOTES.

The Translator gives Altrias-cliff, as it is usually spelled. In a History of Knaresborough, &c. (N.D., but 1832? 7th edit. printed by William Langdale there) we read of Altrias-cliff as follows: 'A group of rocks on a high hill about five miles south-west of Harrogate, which appear at a distance like some stupendous fabric tumbled into ruins. . . . The surrounding country seen from this lofty hill affords a prospect scarcely to be equalled. On one side are sterile and bleak mountains, covered with ling; on the other side, the contrast being as great as possible, is a delightful view of Wharfe-dale, through

which that fine river rolls in a broad and rapid stream. . . . At the foot of Almas-cliff is a small village called Rigton. . . . The manor of Rigton, of which this rock is the boundary on one side, was granted by Hugh de Lechley to the monks of Fountains Abbey. . . . At the dissolution of Fountains Abbey, this manor continued in the crown till the year 1556, when it was sold to Sir William Fairfax for 226*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* It continued in this family till 1716.' Almas-cliff is = altar-cliff: *al*, a rock or cliff, *mias* an altar (Shaw's Celtic Dict. *s.v.*). Rock basins and other supposed remains of Druidical worship are described as being found here. In line 24, Maria is Mary Fairfax, daughter of the 'Great Lord Fairfax,' to whom Marvell was tutor. See Notes and Illustrations to preceding and succeeding poems. Cf. this poem with the opening one, 'Upon the Hill and Grove at Billborow,' especially ll. 5-33 *et alibi*. G.

UPON APPLETON HOUSE.¹

TO MY LORD FAIRFAX.

WITHIN this sober frame expect
 Work of no forrain architect;
 That unto caves the quarries drew,
 And forrests did to pastures hew;
 Who, of his great design in pain, 5
 Did for a model vault his brain;
 Whose columns should so high be rais'd,
 To arch the brows which on them gaz'd.

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 76-103), where, as in the first poem, it is divided into stanzas of eight lines each, making eighty-seven. In our quarto edition we give an illustration of Appleton House. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.

Why should, of all things, man, unrul'd,
 Such unproportion'd dwellings build? 10
 The beasts are by their dennis exprest,
 And birds contrive an equal nest;
 The low-roof'd tortoises do dwell
 In cases fit of tortoise-shell:
 No creature loves an empty space; 15
 Their bodies measure out their place.
 But he, superfluously spread,
 Demands more room alive than dead; than
 And in his hollow palace goes,
 Where winds, as he, themselves may lose. 20
 What need of all this marble crust,
 T' impark the wanton mole of dust,
 That thinks by breadth the world t' unite,
 Though the first builders fail'd in height? Babel
 But all things are composèd here, 25
 Like Nature, orderly, and near;
 In which we the dimensions find
 Of that more sober age and mind,
 When larger-sizèd men did stoop
 To enter at a narrow loop; 30
 As practising, in doors so strait,
 To strain themselves through Heaven's gate.
 And surely, when the after-age
 Shall hither come in pilgrimage,
 These sacred places to adore, 35
 By VERE and FAIRFAX trod before,

Men will dispute how their extent
 Within such dwarfish confines went ;
 And some will smile at this, as well
 As Romulus, his bee-like cell. 40

Humility alone designs
 Those short but admirable lines,
 By which, ungirt and unconstrain'd,
 Things greater are in less contain'd.
 Let others vainly strive t' immure confine 45
 The circle in the quadrature !
 These holy mathematics can
 In ev'ry figure equal man.

Yet thus the laden house does sweat,
 And scarce indures the Master great : 50
 But, where he comes, the swelling Hall
 Stirs, and the Square grows spherical ;
 More by his magnitude distrest

Then he is by its straitness prest ; than
 And too officiously it slights, 55
 That in it self, which him delights,
 So Honour better lowness bears,

Then that, unwonted greatness wears ; than
 Height with a certain grace does bend,
 But low things clownishly ascend, 60

And yet what need there here excuse,
 Where ev'ry thing does answer use ?
 Where Neatness nothing can condemn, Purity
 Nor Pride invent what to condemn ?

A stately frontispiece of poor 65
 Adorns without the open door ;
 Nor less the rooms within commends
 Daily new furniture of friends.
 The house was built upon the place,
 Only as for a mark of grace, 70
 And for an inn to entertain
 Its lord awhile, but not remain.

Him Bishop's-Hill or Denton may,
 Or Bilbrough, better hold then they : than
 But Nature here hath been so free, 75
 As if she said : Leave this to me.
 Art would more neatly have defac'd
 What she had laid so sweetly wast waste
 In fragrant gardens, shaddy woods,
 Deep meadows, and transparent floods. 80

While, with slow eyes, we these survey,
 And on each pleasant footstep stay,
 We opportunly may relate
 The progress of this House's fate.

A nunnery first gave it birth 85
 (For virgin buildings oft brought forth),
 And all that neighbour-ruine shows
 + The quarries whence this dwelling rose.
 Near to this gloomy cloyster's gates
 There dwelt the blooming virgin THWATES ; 90
 Fair beyond measure, and an heir
 Which might Deformity make fair ;

And oft she spent the Summer suns
Discoursing with the suttler nunns ; (subtle
Whence, in these words, one to her weav'd 95
(As 'twere by chance) thoughts long conceiv'd :
' Within this holy leisure we
Live innocently, as you see.
These walls restrain the world without,
But hedge our liberty about ; 100
These bars inclose that wider den
Of those wild creatures callèd men ;
The cloyster outward shuts its gates,
And, from us, locks on them the grates.
Here we, in shining armour white, 105
Like virgin Amazons do fight,
And our chaste lamps we hourly trim,
Lest the Great Bridegroom find them dim.
Our orient breaths perfumèd are
With incense of incessant pray'r ; 110
And holy-water of our tears
Most strangely our complexion clears ;
Not tears of grief, but such as those
With which calm Pleasure overflows ;
Or Pity, when we look on you 115
That live without this happy vow.
How should we grieve that must be seen,
Each one a spouse, and each a queen ;
And you in heaven hence behold
Our brighter robes and crowns of gold ! 120

When we have prayèd all our beads,
 Some one the Holy Legend reads ; ✕
 While all the rest with needles paint
 The face and graces of the saint ;
 But what the linnen can't receive, 125
 They in their lives do interweave.
 This work, the saints best represents ;
 That, serves for altar's ornaments.
 But much it to our work would add,
 If here your hand, your face, we had : 130
 By it we would our Lady touch ;
 Yet thus she you resembles much.
 Some of your features, as we sow'd, sewed
 Through every shrine should be bestow'd,
 And in one beauty we would take 135
 Enough a thousand saints to make.
 And (for I dare not quench the fire
 That me does for your good inspire)
 'Twere sacrilege a man t' admit
 To holy things, for heaven fit. 140
 I see the angels, in a crown
 On you the lillies show'ring down ;
 And round about you, glory breaks,
 That something more than human speaks. than
 All beauty, when at such a height, 145
 Is so already consecrate.
 FAIRFAX I know, and long ere this
 Have mark'd the youth, and what he is ;

But can he such a rival seem,
 For whom you heav'n should disesteem? 150
 Ah, no! and 'twould more honour prove
 He your devoto were, then love. than
 Here live belovèd and obeyed,
 Each one your sister, each your maid;
 And, if our rule seem strictly pend, penned 155
 The rule it self to you shall bend.
 Our Abbess too, now far in age,
 Doth your succession near presage.
 How soft the yoke on us would lye,
 Might such fair hands as yours it tye! 160
 Your voice, the sweetest of the quire,
 Shall draw heav'n nearer, raise us higher;
 And your example, if our head,
 Will soon us to perfection lead.
 Those virtues to us all so dear, 165
 Will straight grow sanctity when here;
 And that, once sprung, increase so fast,
 'Till miracles it work at last.
 Nor is our order yet so nice,
 Delight, to banish as a vice: 170
 Here Pleasure Piety doth meet,
 One perfecting the other sweet;
 So through the mortal fruit we boyl
 The sugar's uncorrupting oyl,
 And that which perisht while we pull, 175
 Is thus preservèd clear and full.

For such indeed are all our arts,
 Still handling Nature's finest parts :
 Flow'rs dress the altars ; for the clothes

—The sea-born amber we compose ; 180
 Balms for the griv'd we draw ; and pasts grieved
 We mold as baits for curious tasts.
 What need is here of man ? unless
 These as sweet sins we should confess.
 Each night among us to your side 185
 Appoint a fresh and virgin bride ;
 Whom, if our Lord at midnight find,
 Yet neither should be left behind !
 Where you may lye as chaste in bed,
 As pearls together billeted ; 190
 All night embracing, arm in arm,
 Like chrystal pure, with cotton warm.
 But what is this to all the store
 Of joys you see, and may make more ?
 Try but awhile, if you be wise : 195
 The tryal neither costs nor tyes.'

Now, FAIRFAX, seek her promis'd faith ;
 —Religion, that, dispensèd hath
 Which she henceforward does begin ;
 The Nun's smooth tongue has suckt her in. 200
 Oft, though he knew it was in vain,
 Yet would he valiantly complain :
 ' Is this that sanctity so great,
 An art by which you finely'r cheat ?

Hypocrite witches, hence avant, avaunt 205

Who, though in prison, yet inchant !

Death only can such theeves make fast,

As rob, though in the dungeon cast.

Were there but, when this House was made,

One stone that a just hand had laid, 210

It must have fall'n upon her head

Who first thee from thy faith misled.

And yet, how well soever ment, meant

With them 'twould soon grow fraudulent ;

For like themselves they alter all, 215

And vice infects the very wall ;

But sure those buildings last not long, moulded

Founded by Folly, kept by Wrong.

I know what fruit their gardens yield,

When they it think by night conceal'd. 220

Fly from their vices : 'tis thy state

Not thee, that they would consecrate.

Fly from their ruine : how I fear,

Though guiltless, lest thou perish there !

What should he do ? He would respect 225

Religion, but not right neglect :

For first, religion taught him right,

And dazled not, but clear'd his sight.

Sometimes, resolv'd, his sword he draws,

But reverenceth then the laws ; 230

For Justice still that Courage led,

First from a judge, then souldier bred. Sir Guy Fairfax, the Judge.

Small honour would be in the storm :
The Court him grants the lawful form,
Which licensed either peace or force, 235
To hinder the unjust divorce.
Yet still the nuns his right debarr'd,
Standing upon their holy guard.
Ill-counsell'd women, do you know
Whom you resist, or what you do? 240
Is not this he, whose offspring fierce
Shall fight through all the universe ;
And with successive valour try
France, Poland, either Germany ;
Till one, as long since prophecy'd, 245
His horse through conquer'd Britain ride ?
Yet, against Fate, his spouse they kept,
And the great race would intercept.
Some to the breach, against their foes,
Their wooden saints in vain oppose ; 250
Another bolder, stands at push,
With their old holy-water brush,
While the disjointed Abbess threads
The gingling chain-shot of her beads ;
But their lowd'st cannon were their lungs, 255
And sharpest weapons were their tongues.
But, waving these aside like flies,
Young FAIRFAX through the wall does rise.
Then th' unfrequented vault appear'd,
And superstitions, vainly fear'd ; 260

The relicks false were set to view ;
Only the jewels there were true,
And truly bright and holy THWATES,
That weeping at the altar waites.
But the glad youth away her bears, 265
And to the nuns bequeaths her tears,
Who guiltily their prize bemoan,
Like gypsies who a child hath stoln.
Thenceforth (as, when the enchantment ends,
The castle vanishes or rends) 270
The wasting cloister, with the rest,
Was, in one instant, dispossesst.
At the demolishing, this seat,
To FAIRFAX fell, as by escheat ;
And what both nuns and Founders will'd, 275
'Tis likely better thus fulfill'd.
For if the virgin prov'd not theirs,
The cloyster yet remainèd hers ;
Though many a nun there made her vow,
'Twas no Religious House till now. 280
From that blest bed the heroe came
Whom France and Poland yet does fame ;
Who, when retirèd here to peace, —
His warlike studies could not cease ;
But laid these gardens out in sport 285
In the just figure of a fort ;
And with five bastions it did fence,
As aiming one for ev'ry sense.

When in the east the morning ray
Hangs out the colours of the Day, 290

The bee through these known allies hums, alleys
Beating the dian with its drumms.

Then flow'rs their drowsie ey lids raise,
Their silken ensigns each displayes,
And dries its pan yet dank with dew, 295
And fills its flask with odours new.

These, as their Governour goes by,

In fragrant volleys they let fly;

And to salute their Governess

Again as great a charge they press : 300

None for the virgin Nymph ; for she

Seems with the flow'rs a flow'r to be.

And think so still ! though not compare

With breath so sweet, or cheek so faire !

Well shot, ye firemen ! O how sweet 305

And round your equal fires do meet ;

Whose shrill report no ear can tell,

But ecchoes to the eye and smell.

See how the flow'rs, as at parade,

Under their colours stand displaid ; 310

Each regiment in order grows,

That of the tulip, pinke, and rose.

But when the vigilant patroul

Of stars walk round about the pole,

Their leaves, which to the stalks are curl'd, 315

Seem to their staves the ensigns furl'd.

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and

→
ofiation

Then in some flowr's belovèd hut,
 Each bee, as sentinèl, is shut,
 And sleeps so too, but if once stir'd,
 She runs you through, nor asks the word. 320

O thou, that dear and happy Isle,
 The garden of the world erewhile,
 Thou Paradise of the four seas,
 Which heaven planted us to please,
 But, to exclude the world, did guard 325
 With watry, if not flaming sword,—
 What luckless apple did we tast,
 To make us mortal, and thee wast? waste

Unhappy! shall we never more
 That sweet militia restore, 330

When gardens only had their towrs, *next*
 And all the garrisons were flowrs, *life and*
of nature

When roses only arms might bear,
 And men did rosie garlands wear?
 Tulips, in several colours barr'd, 335

Were then the Switzers of our Guard;
 The gardiner had the souldier's place,
 And his more gentle forts did trace;

The nursery of all things green
 Was then the only magazeen; 340

The Winter quarters were the stoves,
 Where he the tender plants removes.
 But War all this doth overgrow:

We ord'nance plant, and powder sow.

And yet there walks one on the sod, England 345
 Who, had it pleasèd him and God, Freed
 Might once have made our gardens spring,
 Fresh as his own, and flourishing.
 But he preferr'd to the Cinque Ports,
 These five imaginary forts ; 350
 And, in those half-dry trenches, spann'd
 Pow'r which the ocean might command.
 For he did, with his utmost skill,
 Ambition weed, but conscience till :
 Conscience, that heaven-nursèd plant, 355
 Which most our earthly gardens want.
 A prickling leaf it bears, and such
 As that which shrinks at ev'ry touch,
 But flowers eternal, and divine,
 That in the crowns of saints do shine. 360
 The sight does from these bastions ply,
 Th' invisible artillery,
 And at proud Cawood Castle seems
 To point the battery of its beams ;
 As if it quarrell'd in the seat, 365
 Th' ambition of its prelate great,
 But ore the meads below it plays,
 Or innocently seems to gaze.
 And now to the abyss I pass
 Of that unfathomable grass, 370
 Where men like grasshoppers appear,
 But grasshoppers are gyants there :

They, in their squeaking laugh, contemn
 Us as we walk more low then them, than
 And from the precipices tall 375
 Of the green spires, to us do call.
 To see men through this meadow dive,
 We wonder how they rise alive ;
 As, under water, none does know
 Whether he fall through it or go, 380
 But, as the marriners that sound,
 And show upon their lead the ground,
 They bring up flow'rs so to be seen,
 And prove they've at the bottom been.
 No scene, that turns with engines strange, 385
 Does oftner then these meadows change ; than
 For when the sun the grass hath vext,
 The tawny mowers enter next ;
 Who seem like Israelites to be,
 Walking on foot through a green sea. 390
 To them the grassy deeps divide,
 And crowd a lane to either side.
 With whistling sithe and elbow strong scythe
 These massacre the grass along ;
 While one, unknowing, carves the rail, land-rail 395
 Whose yet unfeather'd quills her fail ;
 The edge all bloody from its breast
 He draws, and does his stroke detest ;
 Fearing the flesh, untimely mow'd, ✕
 To him a fate as black forebode. 400

But bloody Thestylis, that waites
To bring the mowing camp their cates,
Greedy as kites, has trust it up,
And forthwith means on it to sup ;
When on another quick she lights, 405
And cries, ' He call'd us Israelites ;
But now, to make his saying true,
Rails rain for quails, for manna dew.'
Unhappy birds ! what does it boot
To build below the grasse's root ; 410
When lowness is unsafe as hight,
And chance o'retakes what 'scapeth spight ?
And now your orphan parents' call
Sounds your untimely funeral ;
Death-trumpets creak in such a note, 415
And 'tis the sourdine in their throat.
Or sooner hatch, or higher build ;
The mower now commands the field,
In whose new traverse seemeth wrought
A camp of battail newly fought ; 420
Where, as the meads with hay, the plain
Lyes quilted ore with bodies slain :
The women that with forks it fling,
Do represent the pillaging.
And now the careless victors play, 425
Dancing the triumphs of the hay ;
Where every mower's wholesome heat
Smells like an ALEXANDER's sweat,

Their females, fragrant as the mead
 Which they in fairy circles tread : *snick* 430
 When at their dances' end they kiss,
 Their new-made hay not sweeter is.

When, after this, 'tis pil'd in cocks,
 Like a calm sea it shews the rocks,
 We wondring in the river near 435
 How boats among them safely steer :
 Or, like the desert Memphis' sand,
 Short pyramids of hay do stand ;
 And such the Roman camps do rise
 In hills for soldiers' obsequies. 440

This scene, again withdrawing, brings
 A new and empty face of things ;
 A levell'd space, as smooth and plain,
 As cloths for LILLY stretcht to stain. ✓

The world when first created, sure 445
 Was such a table rase and pure ;
 Or rather such is the Toril,
 Ere the bulls enter at Madril ;
 For to this naked equal flat,
 Which levellers take pattern at, 450
 The villagers in common chase
 Their cattle, which it closer rase ;
 And what below the sith increast
 Is pinch't yet nearer by the beast.
 Such, in the painted world, appear'd 455
Davenant, with th' universal heard.

- They seem within the polisht grass
 - A landskip drawn in looking-glass ;
 And shrunk in the huge pasture, show
 As spots, so shap'd, on faces do ; 460
 Such fleas, ere they approach the eye,
 In multiplying glasses lye.
 They feed so wide, so slowly move,
 As constellations do above.
 Then, to conclude these pleasant acts, 465
 Denton sets ope its cataracts ;
 And makes the meadow truly be
 (What it but seem'd before) a sea ;
 For, jealous of its lord's long stay,
 It trys t' invite him thus away. 470
 The river in it self is drown'd,
 And isl's the astonisht cattle round.

Let others tell the paradox,
 How eels now bellow in the ox ;
 How horses at their tails do kick, 475
 Turn'd, as they hang, to leeches quick ;
 How boats can over bridges sail,
 And fishes to the stables scale ;
 How salmons trespassing are found,
 And pikes are taken in the pound ; 480
 But I, retiring from the flood,
 Take sanctuary in the wood ;
 And, while it lasts, myself imbark
 In this yet green, yet growing ark ;

Where the first carpenter might best
 Fit timber for his keel have prest; 485
 And where all creatures might have shares,
 Although in armies, not in paires.
 The double wood, of ancient stocks,
 Link'd in so thick an union locks, 490
 It like two pedigrees appears,
 On one hand FAIRFAX, th' other VERES :
 Of whom though many fell in war,
 Yet more to heaven shooting are :
 And, as they Nature's cradle deckt, 495
 Will, in green age, her hearse expect.
 When first the eye this forrest sees,
 It seems indeed as wood, not trees ; —
 As if their neighbourhood so old
 To one great trunk them all did mold. mould 500
 There the huge bulk takes place, as ment meant
 To thrust up a fifth element ;
 And stretches still so closely wedg'd,
 As if the night within were hedg'd. —
 Dark all without, it knits ; within 505
 It opens passable and thin ; *numery*
 And in as loose an order grows,
 As the Corinthean porticoes.
 The arching boughs unite between
 The columnes of the temple green ; 510
 And underneath the wingèd quires
 Echo about their tunèd fires.

Thorn
The nightingale does here make choice
To sing the tryals of her voice ;

Low shrubs she sits in, and ~~adorns~~ 515

— With musick high the squatted thorns ;

w But highest oakes stoop down to hear,

And listning elders prick the ear ;

The thorn, lest it should hurt her, draws
Within the skin its shrunkn claws. 520

But I have for my musick found

A sadder, yet more pleasing sound ;

The (stock-doves, whose fair necks are grac'd

With nuptial rings, their ensigns chast ;

Yet always, for some cause unknown, 525

Sad pair, unto the elms they moan :

O why should such a couple mourn,

That in so equal flames do burn !

Then as I careless on the bed careless

Of gelid strawberryes do tread, 530

And through the hazles thick espy

The hatching throistle's shining eye ;

The heron, from the ashe's top,

The eldest of its young lets drop,

As if it stork-like did pretend 535

That tribute to its lord to send.

But most the hewel's wonders are,

Who here has the holtfelster's care ;

He walks still upright from the root,

Meas'ring the timber with his foot ; 540

And all the way, to keep it clean,
 Doth from the bark the wood-moths glean ;
 He, with his beak, examines well
 Which fit to stand, and which to fell ;

The good he numbers up, and hacks 545

As if he mark'd them with the ax ; axe

But where he, tinkling with his beak,

Does find the hollow oak to speak,

That for his building he designs,

And through the tainted side he mines. 550

Who could have thought the tallest oak
 Should fall by such a feeble strok ? *11 P.*

Nor would it, had the tree not fed

A traitor-worm, within it bred ;

(As first our flesh, corrupt within, 555

Tempts impotent and bashful Sin ;)

And yet that worm triumphs not long,

But serves to feed the hewel's young,

While the oake seems to fall content,

Viewing the treason's punishment. 560

Thus, I, easie philosopher, *NB*

Among the birds and trees confer ; *↓*

And little now to make me wants

Or of the fowles, or of the plants :

Give me but wings as they, and I 565

Streight floting on the air shall fly ; floating

Or turn me but, and you shall see

I was but an inverted tree.

Already I begin to call
 In their most learned original, 570
 And, where I language want, my signs
 The bird upon the bough divines ;
 And more attentive there doth sit
 Then if she were with lime-twigs knit. than
 No leaf does tremble in the wind, 575
 Which I returning cannot find.
 Out of these scatter'd Sibyls' leaves,
 Strange prophecies my phancy weaves.
 And in one history consumes,
 Like Mexique paintings, all the plumes : 580
 What Rome, Greece, Palestine, ere said,
 I in this light Mosaick read.
 Thrice happy he, who, not mistook,
 Hath read in Nature's mystick book !
 And see, how Chance's better wit 585
 Could with a mask my studies hit ;
 The oak-leaves me embroyder all,
 Between which caterpillars crawl ;
 And ivy, with familiar trails,
 Me licks and clasps, and curls and hales. 590
 Under this antick cope I move,
 Like some great prelate of the grove ;
 Then, languishing with ease, I toss
 On pallets swoln of velvet moss ;
 While the wind, cooling through the boughs, 595
 Flatters with air my panting brows.

Thanks for my rest, ye mossy banks,
 And unto you, cool zephyrs, thanks,
 Who, as my hair, my thoughts too shed,
 And winnow from the chaff my head ! 600

How safe, methinks, and strong, behind
 These trees, have I incamped my mind ;
 Where Beauty, aiming at the heart, *Truth*
 Bends in some tree its useless dart, ?
 And where the world no certain shot 605
 Can make, or me it toucheth not,
 But I on it securely play,
 And gaul its horsemen all the day.

Bind me, ye woodbines, in your 'twines,
 Curl me about, ye gadding vines, ✓ 610
 And oh so close your circles lace,
 That I may never leave this place :
 But, lest your fetters prove too weak,
 Ere I your silken bondage break,
 Do you, O brambles, chain me too, > 615
 And, courteous briars, nail me through ! °

Here in the morning tye my chain,
 Where the two woods have made a lane ;
 While, like a guard on either side,
 The trees before their lord divide ; 620
 This, like a long and equal thread,
 Betwixt two labyrinths does lead.
 But, where the floods did lately drown,
 There, at the ev'ning, stake me down ;

For now the waves are fal'n and dry'd, 625
And now the meadows fresher dy'd,
Whose grass, with moister colour dasht,
Seems as green silks but newly washt.

No serpent new, nor crocodile,
Remains behind our little Nile ; 630

Unless it self you will mistake,
Among these meads the only snake.
See in what wanton harmless folds,
It ev'rywhere the meadow holds,
And its yet muddy back doth lick, 635

'Till as a chrystal mirrour slick,
Where all things gaze themselves, and doubt
If they be in it, or without ;
And for his shade which therein shines,
Narcissus-like, the sun too pines. 640

Oh what a pleasure 'tis to hedge
My temples here with heavy sedge ;
Abandoning my lazy side,
Stretcht as a bank unto the tide ;
Or to suspend my sliding foot 645

On th' osier's undermin'd root,
And in its branches tough to hang,
While at my lines the fishes twang !
But now away my hooks, my quills,
And angles, idle utensils ! 650

The young MARIA walks to-night :
Hide, trifling youth, thy pleasures slight :

'Twere shame that such judicious eyes
Should with such toys a man surprise ;

She that already is the law

655

Of all her sex, her age's aw.

awe

See how loose Nature, in respect

To her, it self doth recollect ;

And every thing so whisht and fine,

Starts, forthwith, into its bonne mine.

660

The sun himself of her aware,

Seems to descend with greater care ;

And, lest she see him go to bed,

In blushing clouds conceales his head.

So when the shadows laid asleep,

665

From underneath these banks do creep,

And on the river, as it flows,

With eben shuts begin to close,

The modest halcyon comes in sight,

king-fisher

Flying betwixt the day and night ;

670

And such a horror calm and dumb,

Admiring Nature does benum ;

The viscous air, wheres'ere she fly,

Follows and sucks her azure dy ;

dye

The gellying stream compacts below,

675

If it might fix her shadows so ;

The stupid fishes hang, as plain

As flies in chrystal overt'ane ;

And men the silent scene assist, *W W W*

Charm'd with the saphir-wingèd mist.

680

MARIA such, and so doth hush
 The world, and through the ev'ning rush.
 No new-born comet such a train
 Draws through the skie, nor star new-slain.
 For streight those giddy rockets fail, 685
 Which from the putrid earth exhale,
 But by her flames, in heaven try'd,
 Nature is wholly vitrifi'd.
 'Tis she, that to these gardens gave
 That wondrous beauty which they have ; 690
 She straightness on the woods bestows ;
 To her the meadow sweetness owes ;
 Nothing could make the river be
 So chrystal pure, but only she,
 She yet more pure, sweet, streight, and fair 695
 Than gardens, woods, meads, rivers are.
 Therefore what first she on them spent,
 They gradually again present ;
 The meadow, carpets where to tread,
 The garden, flow'rs to crown her head, 700
 And for a glass the limpid brook,
 Where she may all her beautyes look ;
 But, since she would not have them seen,
 The wood about her draws a skreen.
 For she, to higher beauties rais'd, 705
 Disdains to be for lesser prais'd.
 She counts her beauty to converse
 In all the languages as hers ;

Nor yet in those her self imployes,
But for the wisdome not the noyse ; 710
Nor yet that wisdome would affect,
But as 'tis heaven's dialect.

Blest Nymph ! that couldst so soon prevent
Those trains by youth against thee meant ;

Tears (watry shot that pierce the mind) ; 715

And sighs (Love's cannon charg'd with wind) ;

True praise (that breaks through all defence) ;

And feign'd complying Innocence ;

But knowing where this ambush lay,

She 'scap'd the safe, but roughest way. 720

This 'tis to have been from the first

In a domestick heaven nurst ;

Under the discipline severe

Of FAIRFAX and the starry VERE ;

Where not one object can come nigh 725

But pure, and spotless as the eye ;

And goodness doth it self intail

On females, if there want a male.

Go now, fond sex, that on your face
Do all your useless study place,

Nor once at Vice your brows dare knit,

Lest the smooth forehead wrinkled sit :

Yet your own face shall at you grin,

Through the black-bag of your skin ;

When knowledge only could have fill'd, 735

And Virtue all those furrows till'd.

Truth
seen in
730
beauty
face

Hence she with graces more divine
Supplies beyond her sex the line; — ?
And, like a sprig of misleto,
On the Fairfacian oak does grow ; 740
Whence, for some universal good,
The priest shall cut the sacred bud ;
While her glad parents most rejoice
And make their destiny their choice.
Mean time, ye fields, springs, bushes, flow'rs, 745
Where yet she leads her studious hours ;
(Till Fate her worthily translates
And find a FAIRFAX for our THWAITES,)
Employ the means you have by her,
And in your kind your selves preferr ; 750
That, as all virgins she preceds,
i So you all woods, streams, gardens, meads.
For you Thessalian Tempe's seat
Shall now be scorn'd as obsolete ;
Aranjeuz, as less, disdain'd ; 755
The Bel-Retiro, as constrain'd ;
But name not the Idalian grove,
For 'twas the seat of wanton love ;
Nor e'en the dead's Elysian Fields ;
Yet not to them your beauty yields. 760
'Tis not what once it was, the world,
But a rude heap together hurl'd,
All negligently overthrown,
Gulfes, deserts, precipices, stone :

Your lesser world contains the same, 765
But in more decent order tame;
You, Heaven's center, Nature's lap;
And Paradise's only map.

And now the salmon-fishers moist,
Their leathern boats begin to hoist; 770
And, like Antipodes in shoes,
Have shod their heads in their canoos.
How tortoise-like, but not so slow,
These rational amphibii go !
Let's in ; for the dark hemisphere 775
Does now like one of them appear.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading, 'Upon Appleton House.' More fully 'Nunappleton,' on which I gladly avail myself of MARKHAM'S 'Life' (as before), as follows : 'A noteworthy story attaches to the marriage of this second Sir William Fairfax. In the lowland, some four miles away from Steeton, near the junction of the rivers Ouse and Wharfe, stood the very small but very ancient Cistercian nunnery of Appleton, which was then presided over by the last abbess, the LADY ANNA LANGTON. A young lady named ISABELLA THWAITES, who was an orphan and a great heiress, had been placed under the guardianship of the Nunappleton abbess. She had been allowed to hunt and to visit friends in the neighbourhood, and she and young William Fairfax loved each other. But the scheming abbess had other views for her young ward ; she forbade the Fairfax lover to approach the nunnery, and confined fair Isabel within its walls. At last an order was ob-

tained from higher authorities to release the girl, but even then it was necessary to make a forcible entry into the nunnery, and Isabel was carried off in triumph to be married to young Fairfax at Bolton Percy church in 1518 (Marvell's Works, Drake's York, Thoresby, Fairfax Correspondence). This was a fortunate and most auspicious union; and from it descended all the statesmen and warriors, scholars and poets, who rendered famous the ancient house of Fairfax. Long afterwards, when the family was less prosperous, there was an old Yorkshire saying among the common people which referred to this marriage:

"Fairfax shall regain
The glory that has fled,
When Steeton once again,
Nunappleton shall wed."

Isabel Thwaites brought to her husband the estates of Denton and Askwith in beautiful Wharfe-dale, and those of Bishop-hill and Davy Hall within the walls of York.

'Sir William Fairfax of Steeton lived for many years with his beautiful Isabel, and was a very influential knight in Yorkshire. He joined the Pilgrimage of Grace, yet long afterwards Henry VIII. addressed him as his "trusty and well-beloved knight" (Froude's History of England). It was a remarkable retribution that Nunappleton, where fair Isabel had been so ill-used by the abbess, should at the Reformation have been granted to the Fairfaxes. On December 5, 1542, the same hard unfeeling Anna Langton had to surrender her nunnery to Thomas and Guy, the young sons of Sir William and Isabel, who pulled down the religious buildings, and erected a house out of part of the materials. An old stone, with "Guido Fairfax" carved upon it, now forms part of the bridge over the stream that flows into the Wharfe at Nunappleton' (pp. 3-4). It will be seen that MARVELL touches all the points of this story and others, with no little daintiness.

Line 5, '*pain*:' the reference is to the throes of travail, as when Minerva was born of Jupiter.

Line 22, '*mole of dust*.' Mole = unformed mass, having allusion to the mola [carnea], Fr. mole, a false conception, 'a moon-calf or tympany' [wholly different from tympany as at present used] or shapeless and lifeless lump of flesh formed within the womb. See Cotgrave, *s. v.* mole, &c., and Holland's Pliny, viii. c. 15 (Nares, *s. v.* moon-calf). Cf. also Southwell (our

edition, p. 92), as follows: 'the mole of Nature's rust' (At Home in Heaven).

Line 36, 'VERE and FAIRFAX,' i.e. HORACE, brother of the renowned General SIR FRANCIS VERE, and inferentially all the Veres as visitors of Lady Fairfax (= Anna Vere). Fairfax, as before. (On both see Markham, *s. n.*)

Line 40, 'Romulus, his bee-like cell.' Misprinted in all the editions (as before), except our text (1681), 'Romulus's.' 'Cell:' Serv. on Virgil, *Æneid*, i. 274: Plut. Romulus, 27: Ovid. *Fast.* iii. 54. The Caffre huts of S. Africa are exactly like a beehive, and the *tugurium* in which the Roman brothers passed their early life was apparently deemed by Marvell to have been of the same shape and character. It was made of any light material at hand '*sine operculo*,' the entrance excepted. As shown by its materials and its name, *quasi a tecto, ut toga*, like *καλύβη* from *καλύβω*, it was small, and the materials and a passage in COLUMELLA (*s. v.*) show that it was round and conical. As a scholar the comparison was inevitable to Marvell. But the main thing before him probably was an allusion to the size of the *tugurium*, as covering and holding its inhabitant (Romulus) straitly as its waxen cell does the young newly-hatched bee.

Line 63, 'Neatness.' I have placed 'Purity' in the margin, after the early and contemporary meaning, *e.g.* 'neat dove' and 'ermine.' But is it 'neat' = neat but not gaudy? Cf. relative note on line 77.

Line 64, 'invent' = find out, discover, as the substantive in the *Invention* of the Cross.

Lines 67-8. Usually these two lines are reversed: I adhere to our text (1681), and also read 'Nor' for 'No.'

Lines 73-74. 'Bishop's Hill, or Denton, or Bilbrough.' On these see preceding notes incidentally, and MARKHAM (as before), *s. n.*

Lines 77-78. 'Neatly What she waste.' From 'what' is parenthetical or displaced either from beginning or end. What she [Nature] had laid so sweetly waste, Art would more 'neatly' have defaced in fragrant gardens, &c. It is an instance at once of the ambiguous position of clauses and of the ambiguous use of pronouns so common in our older writers.

Line 85 *et seq.* See introduction to the Notes on this poem.

Line 90, ' . . . Thwates' = Isabella Thwaites, as before.

Line 107, 'Great Bridgroom:' St. Matthew xxv. 8.

Lines 117-119. Our text (1681) has enabled us to correct a corruption here of all the other editions. They misread nonsensically (line 117),

'How should we grieve must we be seen.'

and (line 119), '*Who can . . .*' I have not hesitated to correct another evident misprint of 'can' for 'you'—this suggested to me by DR. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON, one of many like services.

Line 147, '*Fairfax* I know . . .' See introductory Note to this poem.

Line 152, '*Devoto Love.*' Italicize and Spanish = devotee. Love = lover.

Line 180, '*sea-born amber*' = ambergris, then spelled (as onward) at full amber-greece or -greece, but in French as two words *amber gris*. It was considered one of the varieties of amber. Cotgrave enumerates '*Ambre blanc* [query—a variety of ambergris?].—*Ambre crud*, as it is before it is polished and made transparent (by the fat of a sucking pig).—*Ambre gris*, Amber-greece, or gray amber (the best kind of amber), used for perfumes.—*Ambre noir*, the worst kind of amber [jet, or in which jet was included], usually mingled with aloes, storax, and such-like aromaticall simples for Pomander chains [*Poma ambræ*].—*Ambre de Paternostres*, bead amber, the ordinary yellow amber.' 'The gloves are right, sir; you shall bury them in a muck-hill, a draught, seven years, and take them out and wash them, they shall still retain their first scent; true Spanish, there's *ambre in the umbre*.' [That is, as GIFFORD explains it, ambergris in the dye used in preparing the Spanish leather.] (BEN JONSON, *Cynthia's Revels*, act v. sc. 2). So Donne, 'musk and amber.' So in MILTON (*Par. Regained*, ii. 344), '*amber'd*' = scented with ambergris, on which see Bp. Newton's Note.

Line 198, '*Religion, that, dispensèd hath.*' = Religion hath dispensed with that [her plighted faith to FAIRFAX] which as religious faith the damsel henceforward begins.

Line 216, '*vice infects the very wall.*' Cf. Leviticus, chap. xiv.

Line 240, '*you do.*' Another unfortunate misprint of the American edition, repeated by the London reprint of 1870, is '*to do.*'

Line 245, '*one, as long since prophecied.*' Does MARVELL

here apply to Fairfax the prophecy of THOMAS THE RHYMER or other, which was supposed to point to James I.? It may be there was some family tradition of such a prophetic kind, but I do not see it noticed in Markham, as before. If we read 'on' (=onward) for 'one,' the reference would be continuous to Fairfax, as 'he' or 'his offspring fierce.' The wars of 'France, Poland, Germany' (line 244) saw some of the greatest achievements of the Veres and Fairfaxes (Markham, *s. v.*).

Line 253, '*disjointed* Abbess.' I can only suppose she is called '*disjointed*' because she was '*far in age*' (line 157), near her death, and tottering through rheumatism.

Line 268, '*hath stoln.*' I adhere to '*hath*' of our text (1681), spite of '*have*' in 1726 edit. See our remarks on this with verb in singular, though the antecedent be a plural, in our SOUTHWELL. The cases of the kind are so frequent as to show it to have been an established rule with collective noun or pronoun.

Line 271, '*wasting cloister.*' Life being wasted by celibacy and seclusion, as especially shown in the altered state of the bright Thwaites. Parolles says it is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity.

Line 282, '*Whom France and Poland yet does fame.*' It will be remembered that Milton addressed one of his great Sonnets '*To my Lord Fairfax,*' commencing,

'FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise.'

Line 285, '*... laid these gardens out in sport.*' In our 4to edition a view of Nunappleton is given (p. 2). Markham has a fine chapter (exxx.) on Fairfax at Nunappleton; but he does not seem to have been aware of the 'sport' in the old gardens.

Line 292, 'beating the *dian*.' *Dian*, Fr. *diane*, the reveillé or rouse. Continuing the simile (line 295), 'pan' is borrowed from the 'pan' of the musket-lock, and 'flask' (line 296) from the soldier's powder-horn.

Line 293 *et seq.* N. Hookes has a quaint parallel—earlier than Marvell—with this.

TO AMANDA WALKING IN THE GARDEN.

And now what monarch would not gard'ner be,
My faire Amanda's stately gate to see? gait
How her feet tempt! how soft and light she treads,
Fearing to wake the flowers from their beds!
Yet from their sweet green pillows ev'ry where
They start and gaze about to see my Faire;

Look at yon flower yonder, how it growes
 Sensibly! how it opes its leaves and blowes,
 Puts its best Easter clothes on, neat and gay!
 Amanda's presence makes it holy-day:
 Look how on tip-toe that faire lillie stands
 To look on thee, and court thy whiter hands
 To gather it! I saw in yonder croud
 That tulip-bed, of which Dame Flora's proud,
 A short dwarfe flower did enlarge its stalk,
 And shoot an inch to see Amanda walk;
 Nay, look, my Fairest, look how fast they grow!
 Into a scaffold method spring! as though
 Riding to Parl'ament were to be seen
 In pomp and state some royal am'rous queen:
 The gravel'd walks, though ev'n as a die,
 Lest some loose pebble should offensive lie,
 Quilt themselves o're with downie mosse for thee,
 The walls are hang'd with blossom'd tapestrie;
 To hide her nakednesse when look't upon,
 The maiden fig-tree puts Eve's apron on;
 The broad-leav'd sycamore and ev'ry tree
 Shakes like the trembling aspe, and bends to thee,
 And each leaf proudly strives with fresher aire
 To fan the curled tresses of thy hair;
 Nay, and the bee too, with his wealthie thigh,
 Mistakes his hive, and to thy lips doth flie;
 Willing to treasure up his honey there,
 Where honey-combs so sweet and plenty are:
 Look how that pretty modest columbine
 Hangs down its head to view those feet of thine
 See the fond motion of the straw-berrie,
 Creeping on th' earth to go along with thee!
 The lovely violet makes after too,
 Unwilling yet, my Dear, to part with you;
 The knot-grasse and the dazies catch thy toes,
 To kisse my Faire one's feet before she goes;
 All court and wish me lay Amanda down,
 And give my Dear a new green flower'd gown.
 Come, let me kisse thee falling, kisse at rise,
 Thou in the Garden, I in Paradise.

From 'Amanda, a Sacrifice to an unknown Goddess,' &c. (1653). By N. H[ookes], of Trinity Coliege, Cambridge, pp. 42-44.

Line 303, 'not *compare*.' Latinate=compar, equal. There is also an ellipse requiring [ye are].

Lines 321-25, 'Oh thou that dear and happy Isle,' &c. This reminds one of John of Gaunt's well-known strophe to England in Richard II.

Line 323, 'four seas.' Cf. Genesis ii. 10. The 'four seas' of Britain was an acknowledged phrase, and is used by Marvell also in 'Dialogue' (l. 36), and 'Last Instructions' (l. 714).

Line 326, 'flaming sword.' Cf. Genesis iii.

.. 336, 'Switzers.' There are many such allusions to

the mercenary troops obtained then and since from Switzerland, Germany, and the Continent generally, in contemporaries, *e. g.* in Beaumont and Fletcher :

‘Or was it not
Some place of gain, as clerk to the great band
Of marrowbones, that people call the *Switzers*,
Men made of buff and sarcanet?’

The Noble Gentleman, act iii. sc. 1.

On which Dyce annotates (vol. x. 146), ‘*i. e.* Swiss guards, attendant upon royalty ; they are often mentioned by our early writers, and were maintained in various courts of Europe in comparatively recent times.’ Visitors to Lucerne will remember the noble lion-monument sculptured out of the living rock to commemorate one worthy incident in their history.

Line 350, ‘*He preferr’d to the Cinque Ports.*’ The allusion is to Fairfax’s retirement as Commander-in-chief, and from Walmer Castle as the residence attached to the ‘Cinque Ports.’

Line 351, ‘*spann’d*’ = limited to a span. But see poem on Milton’s *Paradise Lost* (line 17), and our note.

Line 360, ‘*That in . . .*’ Again 1726, and all the after-editions, misread ‘Which’ for Marvell’s usual ‘That.’

Line 363, ‘*Cawood Castle.*’ A residence in ancient times of the Archbishops of York, a few miles south of Bilbrough. See MARKHAM (as before), pp. 59, 67, 112.

Line 365, ‘*its prelate.*’ The American edition and its reprint of 1870 misprint ‘his.’ The Archbishop of York, as a ‘prelate’ dwelling in a lordly castle ; not any particular archbishop is intended. But the renowned Welshman, Archbishop WILLIAMS, played a somewhat ignoble part at ‘Cawood Castle.’ Cf. Markham, as before.

Line 371, ‘*Where men like grasshoppers.*’ This, as explained below, is because the grasshoppers were perched on the tops of the luxuriant grass-spires.

Lines 379-80, ‘*As under water, none does know,*’ &c. Is there a (somewhat far-fetched) reference here to the fact, that in swimming under water one can hardly keep at the same distance from the surface, but generally in the attempt to keep below inclines downwards?

Line 381, ‘*that sound.*’ As before, I adhere to the ‘that’ of 1681, in preference to the ‘who’ of 1726 and of after-editions.

Line 395, ‘*rail.*’ As noted in the margin, this is the ‘land-

rail, a common field-bird. ALLINGHAM introduces it into his 'Twilight Pond:' ' . . . slowly calls the Rail "Crake-crake," from meadow-flats beyond' (Boston ed. 1861, p. 213).

Line 400, '*a fate as black forebode*.' I have not met with this superstition among Folk-lore.

Line 401, '*bloody Thestylis*.' A favourite name with Marvell, who introduces it in his vivid series of poems on the Mower.

Lines 405-8, '*he call'd us Israelites*,' &c. Cf. Exodus xvi. 13; Numbers xi. 31-2; Ps. cv. 40.

Line 415, '*'tis the sourdine*.' Fr. from *sourdin*, deafish; 'A Sourdēt, the little pipe or tenon put into the mouth of a trumpet, to make it sound low; also a Sordine, or a kind of hoarse or low-sounding trumpet.' COTGRAVE. Marvell occasionally affects French terms.

Line 428, '*an Alexander's sweat*.' Turning to old North's Plutarch (Life of Alexander), we find this: 'I remember I read also in the Commentaries of Aristoxenus that his skin had a marvellous good savour, and that his breath was very sweete: insomuch that his body had so sweete a smell of it selfe, that all the apparell he wore next unto his body took thereof a passing delightful savour, as it had been perfumed.' So too the biographer of Cujas, a celebrated lawyer, says: ' . . . that his perspiration exhaled an agreeable smell, which he used to inform his friends he had in common with Alexander the Great.' (*Cur. of Lit. Anec.*)

Lines 434-5, '*Like a calm sea it*,' &c. Marvell's constructions are sometimes odd. This is very colloquial, for the first 'it' is the hay, the second the meadow.

Line 444, '*LILLY*.' 1726 edition annotates here, 'an eminent cloth-dyer.'

Line 446, '*rase*.' As an adjective is not in the dictionaries, &c.

Lines 447-8, '*Toril . . . Madril*.' *Toril* — the arena of the bull-fights. Curiously enough, as an English word, it means 'a horse,' and 'a worthless woman,' as in Wright, *s. v.* *Madril* is Madrid, and the 'il' is not used through stress of the rhyme, being found in Beaumont and Fletcher (Dyce's ed. *s. v.*, Index to Notes in vol. xi.) in prose: also in their contemporaries, *e.g.* in Love's Cure (act. ii. sc. 1): 'a famous courtezan of his, lately come from Madril;' on which Dyce's note is, 'This form of the name (which occurs again in the present work) was very common: see, for instance, Middleton and Rowley's Spanish Gipsy'

(Middleton's Works, iv. 104, 118, &c. ed. Dyce). So the first folio. The second folio is 'Madrid,' and so the modern editions (ix. 129): 'I would have you go to Madril' (Fair Maid of the Inn, act iv. sc. 2; x. 77). The Rogue, or Life of Guzman de Alfarache, translated by Dr. Diego Peude-Ser in 1633, as might be expected, always has Madrid. MINSHET's Spanish Dictionary gives Cosso [cursus, It. corso], a place for bull-baiting; but as he also gives Toril, an ox-stall, Marvell must either have used it wrongly as — the bull-arena (as we have explained above), or it must have been the particular name of the Cosso of Madrid at the time. I learn from Señor Gayangos that bull-fights were formerly held at the Plaza mayor (principal square), and not in a regular plaza de toros. Doubtless the form Madril was derived from the euphonic change in Madrileño, a native of Madrid.

Line 451, '*chase*.' Owners do not '*chase*' their cattle in the usual sense in which the word is used, nor could cattle so chased '*rase* the grass' (line 452). Neither can I think that Marvell so used it through stress of rhyme. Rather it seems to me to be a verb founded on the territorial chace, meaning that the owners in common make the Common a '*chace*' for their cattle. In this sense the gloss is pasture or feed. See Horatian Ode on Cromwell's Return from Ireland, l. 51, and relative note.

Line 439, '*rise*:' causative=make to rise. A reference to the tumuli or barrows.

Line 449, '*equal*'=even, level: Latinate.

„ 452, '*rase*'=crop.

„ 456, '*Davenant*.' I cannot find a village or town or place named Davenant. Could it have been the name of the '*keeper*' of the '*flocks and herds*' of the neighbourhood, who had been introduced into some painting? I do not see how it can refer to Davenant the dramatist.

Line 465, '*Denton sets ope its cataracts*.' Cf. ll. 73-4, and related notes.

Line 472, '*isl's*.' Is this verb-form a coinage by Marvell? He has it several times.

Lines 474-6. The poet is referring jocularly to the results of the inundation. He had seen or heard of leeches being thus attached to horses' tails, and it is possible that there may have been some such local and traditional or later tale of an ox having swallowed an eel, and bellowing therefrom. It is a part of

folk-lore that hairs of a horse's tail placed in water will become eels.

Line 478, '*scale*' = climb as by a ladder (*scala*).

„ 488, '*paires*.' Cf. Genesis vi. 19; vii. 15.

„ 502, '*fifth* element,' viz. 'wood,' it being so massed and vast.

Line 516, '*squatted* thorns.' This is an excellent though somewhat licentious example of the use of the participle in -ed with the sense of 'in the state of,' because it is derived from that use, and goes beyond it, so as to express the natural state of a form. A parallel to this use of '*squatted*' is found in PEPYS, who calls the Duchess of Albemarle 'an ill-looking woman,' where we less forcibly would say 'ill-looking.'

Line 535, 'As if it stork-like did pretend,' &c. A far-transmitted 'Vulgar Error.'

Line 537, '*hewel's*' = hewhole, a common name for the wood-pecker, the bird undoubtedly meant here. Doubtless 'hole' is a corruption, through a vulgar and false etymology, of -el. See Notes and Queries, 4th S. vi. p. 547; and onward, line 558.

Line 538, '*holtfelster's*.' Holthauer is a German name for both a wood-hewer and a wood-pecker: and 'hewel' (as above) is probably from the same root. Holtfelster or 'selter' I have not met with elsewhere; but as holt is a wood, and as the rest seems to contain the root sell, and as 'selt' is given by Halliwell as Northern for sold (so *Scotticè*), I suspect that he is here the forester, whose duty it was to examine and mark the wood for felling and sale. Yet '*beak*,' in line 543, would indicate a 'bird,' i. e. the wood-pecker: only if 'hewel' (line 537) be the wood-pecker, the '*holtfelster*' (line 538), also a wood-pecker, in such case takes care of itself. The American edition and its reprint misread '*holtselster's*.' See Notes and Queries, as in preceding Note.

Line 545, '*the* axe.' I prefer our text's (1681) 'the' to 'an' of the American edition and its reprint of 1870.

Line 580, '*Mexique* paintings, *all the plumes*.' Once famous paintings, made of feathers. Dr. Powell, in his '*Humane Industry*' (1661), has a quaint chapter on these feather-paintings.

Line 582, '*Mosaick*.' I retain the capital in Mosaick, as a kind of equivoque was probably intended.

Line 586, '*mask*' = masquing habit.

Line 591, '*antick cope.*' The American edition and its reprint of 1870 oddly misprint '*Attic.*'

Line 610, '*gadding vines.*' From Lycidas. See our Memorial-Introduction ('*Writings*').

Line 629, '*No serpent new.*' Query, in contrast with the '*old serpent*' of Holy Scripture? But on the belief here alluded to, cf. Shakespeare's worm or serpent of Nile [asp], and Ant. and Cl. ii. 7:

Lep. [*drunk*] You've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Line 636, '*slick.*' This form of sleek, which in a derivative sense is now an '*Americanism*,' is still used in various parts of England (Halliwell), and is found as *slyke* in the Prompt. Parv., as *slike* in the Romaunt of the Rose (Halliwell, *s. v.*), and in its present spelling in the folio edition of Ben Jonson in one of his earlier plays (1st volume), and in other authors.

Line 642, '*heavy.*' I suspect a misprint here for '*leavy*' = leafy. Yet it may be an allusion to the bending of the sedge under its own (heavy) weight; specially is it represented as drooping and dank on the brows of river-gods.

Line 651, '*Maria.*' Mary, daughter of the '*Great Lord Fairfax.*' She was born at Bishophill on July 30th, 1638. Marvell was her tutor. See our Memorial-Introduction, and Markham (as before), *s. n.*

Line 659, '*whisht:*' in 1726 '*whish'd,*' in 1772 '*wish'd,*' in 1776 '*wish'd,*' and in American edition and its reprint of 1870 still more blunderingly '*washed.*' It is=hushed.

Line 660, '*Starts forthwith into its bonne mine.*' 1726, 1772, 1776, and all the editions, spoil this line by misprinting '*into*' as '*it to,*' and disjoining '*forthwith*' as '*forth with.*' In reading, the accent must be thrown on the first, and not, as we do, on the second syllable; and so the line becomes both regular and rhythmical.

Line 668, '*ebon shuts*'=ebony, *not ebon*=ivory. It is the dark shadows of evening that are closing over the river, that of the trees and higher banks. Flying '*betwixt air and water*' (The Gallery, ll. 35-6), now in these shadows, now in the unshadowed part, the kingfisher flies '*'twixt day and night.*' '*Ebon*' is an epithet of night from Marlowe to Gay. Various of our Fuller's '*Worthies*' show ebon, however, as=ivory.

Line 738, 'supplies . . . the *line*.' As in VAUGHAN (our edition, i. 84 *et alibi*), this is another puzzling use of 'line.' Is it=boundary? (*i. e.* as fixed by the measuring-*line*.) The simile was a common one in those times, viz. of a sphere or orbit. Hamlet is a star out of Ophelia's sphere, &c. But besides the word, there is difficulty in the construction. 'Supplies' is without an expressed accusative, and it would seem that 'graces' is to be understood as taken out of 'with graces more divine;' while 'beyond her sex the line' seems to be a curious appositive construction, equivalent to beyond the sex *its* line, and meaning beyond the limits of her sex.

Line 755, 'Aranjeuz' (=Aranjuez). A town and favourite and beautiful royal residence, about thirty miles from Madrid, whither the Court moved from Easter till the end of June. The biographic interest of this and kindred allusions is shown in our Memorial-Introduction. Marvell was a resident in Spain.

Line 756, 'Bel Retiro.' Properly Buen-Retiro, another royal residence near Madrid, built by the Duke de Olivarez about the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Lines 761-2. 1726 and the after-editions read

"Tis not, as once appear'd, the world,
A heap confus'd together hurl'd.'

There may be a shade of obscurity in our text (1691): but I prefer it. See Memorial-Introduction ('Writings') for parallel from Scott.

Line 763, 'overthrown.' 1726 and all others poorly read 'overgrown.'

Line 765, 'world.' Before and during Marvell's time it was a favourite idea to liken man to a microcosm, or world in little: and this gave rise to many conceits, and a title to various books, as of Peter Heylin's, and to one of Nabbes' plays. Fletcher's 'Purple Island' is a magnificent expansion of the same thought.
G.



THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE
DEATH OF HER FAWN.¹

THE wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my faun, and it will dye.
Ungentle men ! they cannot thrive
Who killed thee. Thou neer didst alive
Them any harm : alas ! nor cou'd 5
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'me sure I never wisht them ill ;
Nor do I for all this, nor will :
But, if my simple pray'rs may yet
Prevail with heaven to forget 10
Thy murder, I will joyn my tears,
Rather then fail. But, O my fears ! than
It cannot dye so. Heaven's king
Keeps register of every thing ;
And nothing may we use in vain : 15
Even beasts must be with justice slain ;
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 14-17). See our Memorial - Introduction ('Writings') for critical remarks and parallels, and Notes and Illustrations at its close. G.

In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart, 20
Yet could they not be clean ; their stain
Is dy'd in such a purple grain.

There is not such another in
The world, to offer for their sin.

Inconstant SYLVIO, when yet 25
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning (I remember well),
Ty'd in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me : nay, and I know
What he said then ; I'me sure I do : 30
Said he, ' Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a faun to hunt his dear.'
But SYLVIO soon had me beguil'd ;
This waxèd tame, while he grew wild,
And quite regardless of my smart, 35
Left me his faun, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set my self to play
My solitary time away,
With this ; and, very well content,
Could so mine idle life have spent ; 40
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart ; and did invite
Me to its game : it seem'd to bless
It self in me ; how could I less
Than love it ? O, I cannot be 45
Unkind t' a beast that loveth me.

Had it liv'd long, I do not know
 Whether it too might have done so
 As SYLVIO did ; his gifts might be
 Perhaps as false, or more, than he ; 50
 But I am sure, for aught that I
 Could in so short a time espie,
 Thy love was far more better then than
 The love of false and cruel men.

With sweetest milk and sugar, first 55
 I it at my own fingers nurst ;
 And as it grew, so every day
 It wax'd more white and sweet than they.
 It had so sweet a breath ! And oft
 I blusht to see its foot more soft, 60
 And white (shall I say then my hand ?), than
 Nay, any ladie's of the Land.

It is a wond'rous thing how fleet
 'Twas on those little silver feet ;
 With what a pretty skipping grace 65
 It oft would challenge me the race ;
 And when 't had left me far away,
 'Twould stay, and run again, and stay ;
 For it was nimbler much than hindes,
 And trod as if on the four winds. 70

I have a garden of my own,
 But so with roses overgrown,
 And lillies, that you would it guess
 To be a little wilderness ;

And all the Spring time of the year 75
It onely lovèd to be there.

Among the beds of lillies, I
Have sought it oft, where it should lye,
Yet could not, till it self would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes ; 80
For, in the flaxen lillies' shade,
It like a bank of lillies laid.

Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips ev'n seem'd to bleed ;
And then to me 'twould boldly trip, 85
And print those roses on my lip.

But all its chief delight was still only
On roses thus it self to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lillies cold : 90
Had it liv'd long, it would have been
Lillies without, roses within.

O help ! O help ! I see it faint
And dye as calmly as a saint :
See how it weeps ! the tears do come 95
Sad, slowly dropping, like a gumme.
So weeps the wounded balsome ; so
The holy frankincense doth flow ;
The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such amber tears as these. 100

I in a golden vial will
Keep these two crystal tears ; and fill

It till it doth o'reflow with mine ;

Then place it in DIANA'S shrine.

Now my sweet faun is vanish'd to 105

Whether the swans and turtles go ; Whither

In fair Elizium to endure,

With milk-white lambs, and ermins pure.

O do not run too fast : for I

Will but bespeak thy grave, and dye. 110

First, my unhappy statue shall

Be cut in marble ; and withal,

Let it be weeping too ; but there

The engraver sure his art may spare ;

For I so truly thee bemoane, 115

That I shall weep, though I be stone,

Until my tears, still dropping, wear

My breast, themselves engraving there ;

Then at my feet shalt thou be laid,

Of purest alabaster made ; 120

For I would have thine image be

White as I can, though not as thee.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

See our Memorial-Introduction for a modern version of this exquisite poem : and for the sentiment of ll. 13-15, one of the most remarkable of WILLIAM BLAKE'S minor pieces, there also given.

Line 13 = It cannot die and its murder be forgotten.

„ 17, 'deodands' = become forfeits to God. For technical explanation see Cowell's Law Dictionary, *s. v.* Deodands were

not abolished until our own time (1846), by 9 and 10 Victoria, cap. 62.

Lines 55-6, '*With sweetest milk,*' &c. That is, by dipping the fingers into the milk and sugar, and giving them to the fawn to suck.

Line 70. Our text (1681) inadvertently drops 'the.'

„ 97-100, '*So weeps,*' &c. A classical commonplace from Martial to RICHARD CRASHAW. G.

HORTUS.¹

QUISNAM adeo, mortale genus ! præcordia versat ?
 Heu palmæ laurique furor, vel simplicis herbæ !
 Arbor ut indomitos ornet vix una labores,
 Tempora nec foliis præcingat tota malignis ;
 Dum simul implexi, tranquillæ adserta quietis, 5
 Omnigeni coëunt flores integraque sylva.

Alma Quies, teneo te ! et se, germana Quietis,
 Simplicitas ! vos ergo diu per templa, per urbes
 Quæsivi, regum perque alta palatia, frustra :
 Sed vos hortorum per opaca silentia, longe 10
 Celârant plantæ virides et concolor umbra.

O ! mihi si vestros liceat violâsse recessus,
 Erranti, lasso, et vitæ melioris anhelo,

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 51-2) ; and the same remark applies to Hortus as to Ros in the superior accuracy of the earlier as compared with the 1726 and after-editions. See our Preface. Marvell's own Translation (or Interpretation) follows. G.

Municipem servate novum ; votoque potitum,
Frondosæ cives optate in florea regna. 15

Me quoque, vos Musæ, et te, conscie, testor, Apollo,
Non armenta juvant hominum Circique boatus,
Mugitusve Fori : sed me penetralia Veris,
Horroresque trahunt muti, et consortia sola.

Virginæ quem non suspendit gratia formæ ? 20
Quam, candore nives vincentum, ostrumque rubore,
Vestra tamen viridis superet (me iudice) virtus.
Nec foliis certare comæ, nec brachia ramis,
Nec possint tremulos voces æquare susurros.

Ah ! quoties sævos vidi (quis credat ?) amantes, 25
Sculpentes dominæ potiori in cortice nomen !
Nec puduit truncis inscribere vulnera sacris.
Ast ego, si vestras unquam temeravero stirpes,
Nulla Neæra, Chloe, Faustina, Corynna, legetur ;
In proprio sed quæque libro signabitur arbos. 30
O charæ Platanus, Cyparissus, Populus, Ulmus !

Hic Amor, exutis crepidatus inambulat alis,
Enerves arcus et stridula tela reponens,
Invertitque faces, nec se cupit usque timeri ;
Aut exporrectus jacet, indormitque pharetræ ; 35
Non auditurus, quanquam Cytherea vocârit ;
Nequitias referunt nec somnia vana priores.

Lætantur Superi, defervescente tyranno,
Et licet experti toties Nymphasque Deasque,
Arbore nunc melius potiuntur quisque cupita. 40
Jupiter annosam, neglecta conjuge, quercum

Deperit ; haud alia doluit sic pellice Juno.
 Lemniacum temerant vestigia nulla cubile,
 Nec Veneris Mavors meminit, si Fraxinus absit.
 Formosæ pressit Daphnes vestigia Phœbus,
 Ut fieret laurus ; sed nil quæsiverat ultra.
 Capripes et peteret quod Pan Syringa fugacem,
 Hoc erat, ut calamum posset reperire sonorum.

45

Desunt multa.

Nec tu, opifex horti, grato sine carmine abibis ;
 Qui brevibus plantis, et læto flore, notâsti
 Crescentes horas, atque intervalla diei.
 Sol ibi candidior fragrantia signa pererrat ;
 Proque truci Tauro, stricto pro forcipe Caneri,
 Securis violæque rosæque allabitur umbris.
 Sedula quin et apis, mellito intenta labori,
 Horologo sua pensa thymo signare videtur.
 Temporis O suaves lapsus ! O otia sana !
 O herbis dignæ numerari et floribus horæ !

50

55

NOTES.

Line 10. 1726 corrects an obvious misprint in 1681 of 'hortorum ;' but in the next line errs in reading 'celârunt' for 'celârant,' and line 17, 'Circire' for 'que : ' line 31, I have corrected the usual misprint 'ulnus : ' the American edition and its London reprint are lavish of commas. G.



THE GARDEN.¹

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bayes ;
And their uncessant labours see
('rown'd from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade 5
Does prudently their toyles upbraid ;
While all the flow'rs and trees do close,
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear ! 10
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busie companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow ;
Society is all but rude only or merely 15
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So am'rous as this lovely green.

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 48-51), where it is divided into nine eight-lined stanzas, and we preserve the arrangement. The Latin original precedes this. G.

Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name : 20
Little, alas ! they know or heed,
How far these beauties her's exceed !
Fair trees ! wheres'eer your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passions' heat, 25
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race ;
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow ; 30
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wond'rous life is this I lead !
Ripe apples drop about my head ;
The luscious clusters of the vine 35
Upon my mouth do crush their wine ;
The nectaren and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach ;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insнар'd with flow'rs, I fall on grass. 40

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness :
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find ;

Yet it creates—transcending these— 45
Far other worlds and other seas ;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root, 50
Casting the bodie's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide :
There, like a bird it sits, and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings ;
And, till prepar'd for longer flight, 55
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
While man there walk'd without a mate :
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet ! 60
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there :
Two paradises 'twere in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardner drew 65
Of flow'rs and herbs this dial new ;
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiack run,
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we ! 70

How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd but with herbs and flow'rs !

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 7. I accept this line from 1726 in preference to 1681, which reads haltingly 'While all flow'rs and all trees do close.'

Lines 33-40. These lines have been quaintly and richly illustrated in the following work: 'A Dream Book.' E. V. B. 1870 (4to, Lond.).

Line 63. Our text 'twere' is preferable to 'are' of 1726 and after-editions.

Lines 65-72. *Flower-dial*. Mrs. Hemans in her 'Dial of Flowers,' and Charlotte Smith in her 'Horologe of the Field,' have amplified the imagery of Marvell here. Linnaeus formed a dial of forty-six flowers, and Loudon has given a list of well-known flowers, with their respective periods of unfolding and folding in this climate, for the purpose of assisting those who might wish to form a floral dial, and to which Miss Pratt has attached the English names. I give examples of the former as communicated by Mr. T. J. Buckton, the classical scholar, to Notes and Queries (3d S. vi. p. 215), who, under the mistaken idea of Marvell having been born at Hull, speaks of him as his 'fellow townsman.'

	Opens A.M.	Shuts P.M.
Goat's-beard	3.5	9.10
Late-flowering Dandelion	4.0	12.1
Alpine Hawk's-head	4.5	12.0
Naked-stalked Poppy	5.0	7.0
Field Bindweed	5.6	4.5
Field Marigold	9.0	3.0
Chickweed	9.10	9.10

See farther in N. and Q. as above. G.



THE MOWER, AGAINST GARDENS.¹

LUXURIOUS man, to bring his vice in use,
Did after him the world seduce,
And from the fields the flow'rs and plants allure,
Where Nature was most plain and pure.
He first enclos'd within the gardens square 5
A dead and standing pool of air ;
And a more luscious earth for them did knead,
Which stupefi'd them while it fed.
The pink grew then as double as his mind ;
The nutriment did change the kind. 10
With strange perfumes he did the roses taint ;
And flow'rs themselves were taught to paint.
The tulip, white, did for complexion seek,
And learn'd to interline its cheek ;
Its onion-root they then so high did hold, 15
That one was for a meadow sold :
Another world was search'd through oceans new,
To find the marvel of Peru ;
And yet these rarities might be allow'd
To man, that sov'raign thing and proud ; 20

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 40-1). G.

Had he not dealt between the bark and tree,
 Forbidden mixtures there to see.
 No plant now knew the stock from which it came ;
 He grafts upon the wild the tame :
 That the uncertain and adult'rate fruit 25
 Might put the palate in dispute.
 His green seraglio has its eunuchs too,
 Lest any tyrant him outdoe;
 And in the cherry he does Nature vex,
 To procreate without a sex. 30
 'Tis all enforc'd, the fountain and the grot ;
 While the sweet fields do lye forgot,
 Where willing Nature does to all dispence
 A wild and fragrant innocence,
 And fauns and fairyes do the meadows till 35
 More by their presence than their skill. than
 Their statues, polish'd by some ancient hand,
 May to adorn the gardens stand ;
 But, howso'ere the figures do excel,
 The Gods themselves with us do dwell. 40

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 7, '*for them.*' 1726 and after-editions misprint '*from them.*'

Line 12, '*paint.*' Cf. Shakespeare (*Winter's Tale*, iv. 4) :

Perdita. For I have heard it said
 There is an art which in their piedness shares
 With great creating Nature.

Line 15, '*onion-root.*' 1776 ed. misprinted '*union.*' which

has been blindly repeated by the American editor and the reprint of 1870. Onion is a depreciatory epithet and a true one. I forget who the learned Englishman was who, for the purpose of examining it, sliced a strange-looking onion bulb that he found lying about in his Dutch friend's house, and had to pay heavily for his destruction of a Prince of Orange or some such rarity of the Tulipmaniacs.

Line 18, '*marvel* of Peru.' 1726, 1772, 1776 misprint '*marble*,' which again has been helplessly continued by the American editor and the reprint of 1870. '*Mirabilia Peruviana or Admirabilis Planta. . . . The meruaile of Peru, or the meruaile of the world. From West Indies.*' Synonyms given by Parkinson in his *Paradisus Terrestris*, 1629.

Line 21, '*between the bark and tree.*' This seems to have been a favourite phrase with MARVELL. It has the ring of a proverb. I am not sure that I exactly see its meaning when I hazard that it is=*over-curious*, after the sad example of Genesis iii. 6; or, to put it less seriously, the boy ripping open his pair o' bellows to 'see' the wind. Is '*between wind and water*' a parallel? and does the allusion spring from the kind of grafting called budding, after a phrase of the day? Perhaps Marvell here intended to express both the art of budding and the meaning of the saying (whatever that may be) in one phrase.

Lines 29-30. I do not know the garden-process to which this refers. On this group of 'Mower' poems see our Memorial-Introduction ('Writings'), with parallel from WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. G.

DAMON THE MOWER.¹

HEARK how the mower DAMON sung,
With love of Juliana stung!
While every thing did seem to paint
The scene more fit for his complaint:

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 41-44), where it is divided into eleven eight-lined stanzas, which I adopt. G.

Like her fair eyes, the day was fair, 5
 But scorching like his am'rous care ;
Sharp, like his sythe, his sorrow was,
 And withered, like his hopes, the grass.

Oh what unusual heats are here,
 Which thus our sun-burn'd meadows fear ! 10
 The grasshopper its pipe gives ore,
 And hamstring'd frogs can dance no more ;
 But in the brook the green frog wades,
 And grasshoppers seek out the shades ;
 Only the snake, that kept within, 15
 Now glitters in its second skin.

This heat the sun could never raise,
 Nor dog-star so inflames the dayes ;
 It from an higher beauty grow'th,
 Which burns the fields and mower both ; 20
 Which made the dog, and makes the sun dog-star
 Hotter than his own Phaeton ; than
 Not July causeth these extremes,
 But Juliana's scorching beams.

Tell me where I may pass the fires 25
 Of the hot day, or hot desires ;
 To what cool cave shall I descend,
 Or to what gelid fountain bend ?
 Alas ! I look for ease in vain,
 When remedies themselves complain, 30

No moisture but my tears do rest,
Nor cold but in her icy breast.

How long wilt thou, fair shepherdess,
Esteem me and my presents less?
To thee the harmless snake I bring, 35
Disarmèd of its teeth and sting;
To thee chameleons, changing hue,
And oak-leaves tipt with hony dew;
Yet thou ungrateful hast not sought
Nor what they are, nor who them brought. 40

I am the mower DAMON, known
Through all the meadows I have mown.
On me the Morn her dew distills
Before her darling daffadils,
And, if at noon my toil me heat, 45
The Sun himself licks off my sweat;
While, going home, the ev'ning sweet
In cowslip-water bathes my feet.

What, though the piping shepherd stock
The plains with an unnum'ed flock, 50
This sithe of mine discovers wide
More ground than all his sheep do hide. than
With this the golden fleece I shear
Of all these closes ev'ry year,
And though in wooll more poor than they, than 55
Yet I am richer far in hay.

Nor am I so deform'd to sight,
If in my sithe I lookèd right ;
In which I see my picture done,
As in a crescent moon the sun. 60
The deathless fairyes take me oft
To lead them in their dances soft ;
And when I tune myself to sing,
About me they contract their ring.

How happy might I still have mow'd, 65
Had not Love here his thistle sow'd !
But now I all the day complain,
Joining my labour to my pain ;
And with my sythe cut down the grass, scythe
Yet still my grief is where it was ; 70
But, when the iron blunter grows,
Sighing I whet my sythe and woes.

While thus he drew his elbow round,
Depopulating all the ground,
And, with his whistling sythe, does cut 75
Each stroke between the earth and root,
The edgèd stele by careless chance,
Did into his own ankle glance ;
And there among the grass fell down,
By his own sythe the mower mown. 80

Alas ! said he, these hurts are slight
To those that dye by Love's despight.

With shepherd's-purse, and clown's all-heal,
 The blood I stanch and wound I seal.
 Only for him no cure is found, 85
 Whom Juliana's eyes do wound :
 'Tis Death alone that this must do ;
 For, Death, thou art a Mower too.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 13, '*But in the brook.*' Frogs injured by the sultry heat, and, like one hamstrung, unable to jump. '*But in the brook*' = only in the brook. Cf. ll. 31-2 = except.

Line 21, '*dog.*' As marked in the margin = dog-star. Elliptical for made the dog, *i. e.* dog-star [hotter].

Line 31, '*do rest.*' The plural '*do*' may be explained on the principle of the nearest noun, or of '*moisture*' being considered a collective : or perhaps on the supposition of an ellipse = no moisture [does], only my tears do rest.

Line 54, '*closes*' = enclosed fields or sheep-runs, as distinguished from unenclosed or common ground. Cf. cathedral *close*.

Line 64, '*[Fairies] ring.*' It might be rewarding to trace the use of this belief in our poetry, *e.g.* Shakespeare, *Tempest*, v. 1 ; *Midsum. N. Dream*, ii. 1 : Drayton's *Quest of Cynthia* : Browne's *Brit. part. i. 2* : Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*, &c. 1864, p. 56 [*Aylmer's Field*]. Cf. also Hone's *Year-Book*, 1534 : Brand, as before, ii. 480-1 : *Notes and Queries*, 2d S. ii. 338 ; iv. 414, 497 ; viii. 484 ; 4th S. iv. 132. A living Poet thus introduces the superstition :

'The dark green rings where fairies sit and sup,
 Crushing the violet-dew in the acorn-cup.'

Bailey's *Festus*, 1852, p. 325.

Line 83, '*shepherd's-purse and clown's all-heal.*' The former is *Capsella bursa pastoris* ; the latter, in Cole's *English Dictionary*, 1708, is called Clown's wound-wort. See some notes on mistletoe = all-heal, in N. and Q. 3d S. vii. by Dr. William Bell : also Dr. Prior's *Popular Names of British Plants*. Con-

cerning *Bursa pastoris*, and its power to heal recent wounds, see Lonicerus, Hist. Nat. 1551, p. 139. Gerarde's name for a species of Glidewort or Ironwort is Clown's All-Heal or 'Clown's Wound-Wort;' so called because a countryman healed himself with it of a scythe-cut in the leg, and so 'famoused it to all posterity.' It is one of the vulnerary herbs *Siderites*, and called by Parkinson *Siderites Anglica strumosa radice*. G.

THE MOWER TO THE GLOW-WORMS.¹

I.

YE living lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the Summer-night,
Her matchless songs does meditate ;

II.

Ye country comets, that portend
No war nor prince's funeral,
Shining unto no higher end
Then to presage the grass's fall ; than

III.

Ye glo-worms, whose officious flame
To wandring mowers shows the way,
That in the night have lost their aim,
And after foolish fires do stray ;

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 44-5). G.

IV.

Your courteous lights in vain you wast,
 Since Juliana here is come ;
 For she my mind hath so displac'd,
 That I shall never find my home.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

St. ii. line 1, 'comets.' Comets were vulgarly imagined, in the words of Shakespeare anent skyey portents, to 'foretell fearful changes, and the death or fall of princes.'

Line 3, '*higher*.' 1726 and after-editions misread 'other.'

St. iii. line 1, '*officious*' = office-doing, or as nearly as may be 'dutiful,' the *osus* form having been affected by the writers of the time, though rather dropped in its full sense, at least by us. G.

THE MOWER'S SONG.¹

I.

My mind was once the true survey
 Of all these medows fresh and gay ;
 And in the greenness of the grass
 Did see its hopes as in a glass ;
 When Juliana came, and she,
 What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 45-6). G.

II.

But these, while I with sorrow pine,
Grew more luxuriant still and fine ;
That not one blade of grass you spy'd,
But had a flower on either side ;
When Juliana came, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

III.

Unthankful medows, could you so
A fellowship so true forego,
And in your gawdy May-games meet,
While I lay trodden under feet ?
When Juliana came, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me !

IV.

But what you in compassion ought,
Shall now by my revenge be wrought ;
And flow'rs, and grass, and I, and all,
Will in one common ruine fall ;
For Juliana comes, and she,
What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

V.

And thus, ye medows, which have been
Companions of my thoughts more green,

Shall now the heraldry become
 With which I shall adorn my tomb ;
 For Juliana comes, and she,
 What I do to the grass, does to my thoughts and me.

NOTES.

St. i. line 1, '*survey*' = plot or map. That is, used as the result of surveying, and then as a thing, viz. plot or map, the idea of result being cast off.

St. iii. line 3, '*gawdy*' = gaudy. A Shakesperean touch, where '*gaudy*' combines the two senses, that in which it is at present used, and the other of '*gaudy*' or joyful day. G.

AMETAS AND THESTYLIS MAKING HAY- ROPES.¹

AMETAS.

THINK'ST thou that this love can stand,
 Whilst thou still dost say me nay ?
 Love unpaid does soon disband :
 Love binds love, as hay binds hay.

THESTYLIS.

Think'st thou that this rope would twine, 5
 If we both should turn one way
 Where both parties so combine,
 Neither love will twist, nor hay.

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 46-7). G.

AMETAS.

Thus you vain excuses find,
 Which yourselve and us delay : 10
 And love tyes a woman's mind,
 Looser then with ropes of hay. than

THESTYLIS.

What you cannot constant hope
 Must be taken as you may.

AMETAS.

Then let's both lay by our rope, 15
 And go kiss within the hay.

NOTE.

Line 14, 'as you may:' playing on the proverbial saying used by the Fisherman in *Pericles* (act ii. sc. 1), 'things must be as they may.' G.

ROS.¹

CERNIS, ut Eoi descendat gemmula roris,
 Inque rosas roseo transfluat orta sinu.
 Sollicita flores stant ambitione supini,
 Et certant foliis pellicuisse suis.

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 6-7), which is our text; and see Notes and Illustrations at its close. Marvell's own interpretation follows. G.

Illa tamen patriæ lustrans fastigia sphæræ, 5
Negligit hospitii limina picta novi,
Inque sui nitido conclusa voluminis orbe,
Exprimit ætherei, qua licet, orbis aquas.
En, ut odoratum spernat generosior ostrum,
Vixque premat casto mollia strata pede ; 10
Suspicit at longis distantem obtutibus axem,
Inde et languenti lumine pendet amans.
Tristis, et in liquidum mutata dolore dolorem,
Marcet, uti roseis lacryma fusa genis.
Ut pavet, et motum tremit irrequieta cubile, 15
Et, quoties zephyro fluctuat aura, fugit !
Qualis inexpertam subeat formido puellam,
Sicubi nocte redit incommitata domum,
Sic et in horridulas agitatur gutta procellas,
Dum præ virgineo cuncta pudore timet ; 20
Donec oberrantem radio clemente vaporet,
Inque jubar reducem sol genitale trahat.
Talis, in humano si possit flore videri,
Exul ubi longas mens agit usque moras ?
Hæc quoque natalis meditans convivia cœli, 25
Evertit calices, purpureosque thoros ;
Fontis stilla sacri, lucis scintilla perennis,
Non capitur Tyria veste, vapore Sabæ ;
Tota sed in proprii secedens luminis arcem,
Colligit in gyros se sinuosa breves ; 30
Magnorumque sequens animo convexa deorum,
Sidereum parvo fingit in orbe globum.

Quam bene in aversæ modulum contracta figuræ
 Oppositum mundo claudit ubique latus ;
 Sed bibet in speculum radios ornata rotundum, 35
 Et circumfuso splendet aperta die.
 Qua superos spectat rutilans, obscurior infra,
 Cætera dedignans, ardet amore poli.
 Subsilit, hinc agili poscens discedere motu,
 Undique cœlesti cincta soluta viæ. 40
 Totaque in aëreos extenditur orbita cursus ;
 Hinc punctim carpens, mobile stringit iter.
 Haud aliter mensis exundans manna beatis
 Deserto jacuit stilla gelata solo :
 Stilla gelata solo, sed solibus hausta benignis. 45
 Ad sua, qua cecidit, purior astra redit.

NOTE.

Our text (1681), notwithstanding Cooke's boast of correcting its blunders, is much more accurate here and throughout than that of 1726 and after-editions. See our Preface for examples of the *errata* of 1726 onward, albeit the American edition and its reprint of 1870 add thereto, as shown. G.



ON A DROP OF DEW.¹

SEE how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the Morn
 Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born ;
 Round in itself incloses :
And, in its little globe's extent,
Frames, as it can, its native element.
How it the purple flow'r does slight,
 Scarce touching where it lyes ;
But gazing back upon the skies,
 Shines with a mournful light ;
 Like its own tear :
Because so long divided from the spheer.
 Restless it roules, and unsecure,
 Trembling, lest it grow impure ;
Till the warm sun pittty its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.
 So the soul, that drop, that ray,
Of the clear fountain of eternal day

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 4-5). The Latin original precedes this. G.

(Could it within the human flow'r be seen),
 Rememb'ring still its former height,
 Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green ;
 And, recollecting its own light,
 Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express 25
 The greater heaven in an heaven less :
 In how coy a figure wound,
 Every way it turns away ;
 So the world-excluding round,
 Yet receiving in the day ; 30
 Dark beneath, but bright above,
 Here disdaining, there in love.
 How loose and easie hence to go ;
 How girt and ready to ascend ;
 Moving but on a point below, 35
 It all about does upwards bend.
 Such did the manna's sacred dew destil ;
 White and entire, though congeal'd and chill :
 Congeal'd on Earth ; but does, dissolving, run
 Into the glories of th' almighty sun. 40

NOTES.

Line 5, '*For*' = on account of, with, as I think, the usual sense of comparison included.

Line 27, '*wound*.' It will be noted that Marvell, finding apparently that so long a parallelism was difficult, speaks alternately here of the soul and the dew-drop. 'In how coy . . . away' refers to the soul: 'So the world-excluding . . . in love' is the drop. 'How loose . . . bend' is the soul again, and 'Such did . . . sun' is the drop, this time of manna dew. G.



TRANSLATED FROM SENECA'S TRAGEDY
OF THYESTES.¹

*Stet quicumque volet potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c.*

CHORUS II.

CLIMB at Court, for me, that will,

Tottering Favor's pinnacle ;

All I seek is to lye still :

Settled in some secret nest,

In calm leisure let me rest ;

5

And, far off the public stage,

Pass away my silent age.

Thus, when, without noise, unknown,

I have liv'd out all my span,

I shall dye, without a groan,

10

An old honest countryman.

Who, expos'd to others' eyes,

Into his own heart ne'r prys,

Death to him's a strange surprise.

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (p. 64). See our Memorial-Introduction ('Writings') for comparison with Cowley and others. G.



BERMUDAS.¹

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride,
In th' ocean's bosome unesp'y'd,
From a small boat, that row'd along,
The list'ning winds receiv'd this song :

 ' What should we do but sing His praise, 5
That led us through the wat'ry maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own ?
Where he the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs ; 10
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelat's rage.
He gave us this eternal Spring,
Which here enamells every thing ;
And sends the fowls to us in care, 15
On daily visits through the air ;
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night ;
And does in the pomegranates close,
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows ; 20

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 10-11). See Notes and Illustrations at its close. G.

He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
 And throws the melons at our feet;
 But apples, plants of such a price, {
 No tree could ever bear them twice; } *See...*
 With cedars, chosen by His hand, 25
 From Lebanon, He stores the land;
 And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
 Proclaim the ambergris on shoar.
 He cast (of which we rather boast)
 The Gospel's pearl upon our coast, 30
 And in these rocks for us did frame
 A temple, where to sound His name.
 Oh! let our voice His praise exalt,
 'Till it arrive at Heaven's vault;
 Which, thence (perhaps) rebounding, may 35
 Eccho beyond the Mexique Bay.'
 Thus sung they, in the English boat,
 An holy and a chearful note,
 And all the way, to guide their chime,
 With falling oars they kept the time. 40

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

See our Memorial-Introduction for the historical occasion of this poem, and for other poetical references to BERMUDAS, and also reminiscences of MARVELL in MOORE.

The name BERMUDAS was given in honour of the discoverer of these islands, JUAN BERMUDEZ, in his vessel named 'La Zarza.' OVIEDO, the historian of the Indies, was on board, and he calls BERMUDAS 'the remotest island in the whole world;' meaning, probably, the most distant from any mainland. An

inscription on Spanish Rock is dated 1543. The first native of England known to have set foot on the islands was Henry May in 1593. A quaint account of an early visit to the Bermudas is found in SIL JOURDAN'S 'Wreck of the Sea Adventure.' The 'Sea Adventure' was one of a small fleet of ships which sailed from England in the year 1609 for the colony of Virginia, having on board, among others, Admiral SIR GEORGE SOMERS, after whom the islands were long named 'Somers Isles,' which still we meet with corrupted into 'Summer Isles.' The 'stout Admiral' and his nephew, Captain MATTHEW SOMERS, are intimately associated with the story of Bermudas. To-day, as in Bermudez and Somers' days, and Marvell's, the 'cedar' is the tree of the islands, being found in great size and magnificence. For a most interesting account of the islands in every respect, I refer to 'The Naturalist in Bermuda: a Sketch of the Geology, Zoology, and Botany of that remarkable group of Islands; together with meteorological observations. By J. Matthew Jones, Esq., assisted by Major J. W. Wedderburn and J. L. Hurdis, Esq. 1859' (8vo. Reeves and Turner). The opening lines regard 'Bermudas' as a group of islands. Note that in line 23 apples is = pine-apples. It may be noted, that in the original edition 'fowls' is spelled 'fowl's' (l. 15), and 'shows' as 'show's' (l. 20). Here and elsewhere we have silently corrected various errors in the current texts. G.



II.

POEMS OF IMAGINATION AND LOVE.





THE CORONET.¹

WHEN for the thorns with which I long, too long,
With many a piercing wound,
My Saviour's head have crown'd,
I seek with garlands to redress that wrong :
Through every garden, every mead, 5
I gather flow'rs (my fruits are only flow'rs),
Dismantling all the fragrant towers
That once adorn'd my shepherdesse's head :
And now, when I have summ'd up all my store,
Thinking (so I my self deceive) 10
So rich a chaplet thence to weave
As never yet the King of Glory wore :
Alas ! I find the Serpent old,
That, twining in his speckled breast,
About the flowers disguis'd, does fold 15
With wreaths of fame and interest.
Ah, foolish man, that would'st debase with them,
And mortal glory, Heaven's diadem !
But thou who only could'st the Serpent tame,

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 7-8). See Notes and Illustrations at its close. G.

Either his slipp'ry knots at once untie, 20
 And disintangle all his winding snare ;
 Or shatter too with him my curious frame,
 And let these wither—so that he may die—
 Though set with skill, and chosen out with care : 24
 That they, while Thou on both their spoils dost tread,
 May crown Thy feet, that could not crown Thy head.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 1, '*for* the thorns.' One of the most unfortunate misprints of the American edition and its reprint of 1870 is '*with*' here, following Capt. Thompson's corrupt text of 1776. It is '*for*' accurately in 1726 and 1772.

Line 14, '*That* twining.' 1726 and after-editions drop '*That*,' thereby obscuring the meaning of '*fold*' as=enfold. Or is fold used reflectively as fold [himself]?

Line 22=*curious frame* [of flowers], or [the flowers composing] my curious frame. G.

EYES AND TEARS.¹

How wisely Nature did decree,
 With the same eyes to weep and see !

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 8-10), where it is divided into fourteen four-line stanzas. A Latin stanza, which is added as a foot-note to lines 29-32, has hitherto been overlooked. It is now replaced and translated by us, although indeed ll. 29-32 really give the meaning. See our Memorial-Introduction ('Writings') for the Archbishop of Dublin's remarks on '*Eyes and Tears*.' Notes and Illustrations at close. G.

That, having view'd the object vain,
 They might be ready to complain.
 And, since the self-deluding sight, 5
 In a false angle takes each hight ; height
 These tears, which better measure all,
 Like wat'ry lines and plummets fall.
 Two tears, which Sorrow long did weigh,
 Within the scales of either eye, 10
 And then paid out in equal poise,
 Are the true price of all my joyes.
 What in the world most fair appears,
 Yea, even laughter, turns to tears :
 And all the jewels which we prize, 15
 Melt in these pendants of the eyes.
 I have through every garden been,
 Amongst the red, the white, the green ;
 And yet, from all those flow'rs I saw,
 No hony but these tears could draw. 20
 So the all-seeing sun each day
 Distills the world with chymick ray ;
 But finds the essence only showers,
 Which straight in pity back he powers. pours
 Yet happy they whom Grief doth bless, 25
 That weep the more, and see the less ;
 And, to preserve their sight more true,
 Bath still their eyes in their own dew.
 So Magdalen in tears more wise
 Dissolv'd those captivating eyes, 30

Whose liquid chaines could flowing meet
To fetter her Redeemer's feet.
Not full sailes hasting loaden home,
Nor the chaste lady's pregnant womb,
Nor Cynthia teeming, shows so fair 35
As two eyes swoln with weeping, are.
The sparkling glance that shoots desire,
Drench'd in these waves, does lose its fire.
Yea, oft the Thund'rer pittty takes,
And here the hissing lightning slakes. 40
The incense was to Heaven dear,
Not as a perfume, but a tear ;
And stars show lovely in the night,
But as they seem the tears of Light.
Ope then, mine eyes, your double sluice, 45
And practise so your noblest use ;
For others too can see, or sleep,
But only humane eyes can weep.
Now, like two clouds dissolving, drop,
And at each tear, in distance stop ; 50
Now, like two fountains, trickle down ;
Now, like two floods o'rerun and drown :
Thus let your streams o'erflow your springs,
Till eyes and tears be the same things ;
And each the other's difference bears ; 55
These weeping eyes, those seeing tears.

Magdala, lascivos sic quum dimisit amantes
 Fervidaque in castas lumina solvit aquas ;
 Hæsit in irriguo lacrymarum compede Christus,
 Et tenuit sacros uda catena pedes.

TRANSLATION BY EDITOR.

When from her wanton lovers Magdalen past,
 Her passionate eyes dissolved in sorrow meet,
 That glistening chain of tears held JESUS fast,
 The liquid fetter bound His holy feet.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Lines 5-6, '*And since the self-deluding sight,*' &c. When one stands near the base of a height, it is foreshortened to the eye, and therefore appears less. MARVELL has the same thought in his noble poem '*Upon the Death of his late Highness the Protector*' (ll. 269-70).

Line 11, '*poise.*' See our CRASHAW, *s.v.*, and our Southwell, *s.v.*

Line 41, '*The incense*' The incense gum being a tear from the tree (*Martial et omnes*). See also in the '*Nymph complaining for the Death of her Fawn*' (ll. 95-97).

Line 48, '*only humane eyes can weep.*' A common opinion, but not held by all. In *As You like It* (ii. 1) Shakespeare says that the hunted and wounded stag heaved forth such groans,

'and the big round tears
 Coursed one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase;'

and it has been said that dogs have wept. I have seen a little terrier weep bitterly on the death of its master, and ultimately die broken-hearted. G.



A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE SOUL AND BODY.¹

SOUL.

*O, who shall from this dungeon raise
A soul enslav'd so many wayes?
With bolts of bones, that fetter'd stands
In feet, and manacled in hands;
Here blinded with an eye, and there 5
Deaf with the drumming of an ear;
A soul hung up, as 'twere, in chains
Of nerves, and arteries, and veins;
Tortur'd, besides each other part,
In a vain head, and double heart? 10

BODY.

O, who shall me deliver whole,
From bonds of this tyrannic soul?
Which, stretcht upright, impales me so
That mine own precipice I go;
And warms and moves this needless frame 15
(A fever could but do the same),

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 12-14). See Notes and Illustrations at its close. G.

And, wanting where its spight to try,
Has made me live to let me dye
A body that could never rest
Since this ill spirit it possest. 20

SOUL.

What magick could me thus confine
Within another's grief to pine?
Where, whatsoever it complain,
I feel, that cannot feel, the pain;
And all my care itself employes, 25
That to preserve which me destroys;
Constrain'd not only to indure
Diseases, but, what's worse, the cure;
And, ready oft the port to gain,
Am shipwrackt into health again. 30

BODY.

But Physick yet could never reach
The maladies thou me dost teach;
Whom first the cramp of Hope does tear,
And then the palsie shakes of Fear;
The pestilence of Love does heat, 35
Or Hatred's hidden ulcer eat;
Joy's cheerful madness does perplex,
Or Sorrow's other madness vex;
Which knowledge forces me to know,
And memory will not foregoe; 40

What but a soul could have the wit
 To build me up for sin so fit?
 So architects do square and hew
 Green trees that in the forest grew.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 28, '*what's worse, the cure.*' Have we here the original of the proverbial saying, 'the cure is worse than the disease'?

Line 30, '*shipwrackt into health again.*' This reminds us of Crashaw's Latin epigram on the poor man at the Pool of Bethesda, with its fine antithetic ending. See our edition *in loco*.

See our Memorial-Introduction ('Writings') for parallels with this poem. G.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE RESOLVED SOUL AND CREATED PLEASURE.¹

COURAGE, my soul, now learn to wield
 The weight of thine immortal shield;
 Close on thy head thy helmet bright,
 Ballance thy sword against the fight;
 See where an army, strong as fair,
 With silken banners spread the air!
 Now, if thou bee'st that thing divine,
 In this day's combat let it shine;

5

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 1-4). G.

And show that Nature wants an art
To conquer one resolvèd heart. 10

PLEASURE.

Welcome the creation's guest,
Lord of Earth, and Heaven's heir !
Lay aside that warlike crest,
And of Nature's banquet share ;
Where the souls of fruits and flow'rs 15
Stand prepar'd to heighten yours.

SOUL.

I sup above, and cannot stay,
To bait so long upon the way.

PLEASURE.

On these downy pillows lye,
Whose soft plumes will thither fly : 20
On these roses, strow'd so plain
Lest one leaf thy side should strain.

SOUL.

My gentler rest is on a thought—
Conscious of doing what I ought.

PLEASURE.

If thou bee'st with perfumes pleas'd, 25
Such as oft the gods appeas'd,
Thou in fragrant clouds shalt show,
Like another god below.

SOUL.

A soul that knows not to presume,
Is Heaven's, and its own, perfume.

30

PLEASURE.

Every thing does seem to vie
Which should first attract thine eye :
But since none deserves that grace,
In this crystal view thy face.

SOUL.

When the Creator's skill is priz'd,
The rest is all but earth disguis'd.

35

PLEASURE.

Hark how musick then prepares
For thy stay these charming aires,
Which the posting winds recall,
And suspend the river's fall.

40

SOUL.

Had I but any time to lose,
On this I would it all dispose.
Cease tempter ! None can chain a mind,
Whom this sweet chordage cannot bind.

CHORUS.

Earth cannot show so brave a sight,
As when a single soul does fence
The batteries of alluring Sense,

45

And Heaven views it with delight.

Then persevere ; for still new charges sound,
And if thou overcom'st thou shalt be crown'd. 50

PLEASURE.

All that's costly, fair, and sweet,
Which scatteringly doth shine,
Shall within one beauty meet,
And she be only thine.

SOUL.

If things of sight such heavens be, 55
What heavens are those we cannot see ?

PLEASURE.

Wheresoe're thy foot shall go
The minted gold shall lie,
Till thou purchase all below,
And want new worlds to buy. 60

SOUL.

Wer't not for price who'd value gold ?
And that's worth naught that can be sold.

PLEASURE.

Wilt thou all the glory have
That War or Peace commend ?
Half the world shall be thy slave, 65
The other half thy friend.

SOUL.

What friends, if to myself untrue?
 What slaves, unless I captive you?

PLEASURE.

Thou shalt know each hidden cause,
 And see the future time;
 Try what depth the centre draws,
 And then to heaven climb.

70

SOUL.

None thither mounts by the degree
 Of knowledge, but humility.

CHORUS.

Triúmph, triúmph, victorious soul!
 The world has not one pleasure more:
 The rest does lie beyond the pole,
 And is thine everlasting store.

75

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 22, 'Lest one leaf thy side should strain.' The Sybarite myth, variously told of one who could not recline in full comfort on his downy couch because of the roughness of a single chance-fallen rose-leaf thereon. Pity it wasn't a thorn.

Line 46, '*fence*' = ward off.

Line 61, '*price*' = a mean in purchasing or a purchasing medium. Each line of the reply answers to two of the proffer.

Line 68, 'captive.' SOUTHWELL says:

'O women!

Earth's necessary ills, *captiving* thralls.'

Our edit. pp. 24-50. G.



THE GALLERY.¹

CHLORA, come view my soul, and tell
Whether I have contriv'd it well :
How all its several lodgings lye,
Compos'd into one gallery ;
And the great arras-hangings, made 5
Of various faces, by are laid,
That, for all furniture, you'll find
Only your picture in my mind.

Here thou art painted in the dress
Of an inhumane murtheress ; 10
Examining upon our hearts
(Thy fertile shop of cruel arts)
Engines more keen than ever yet
Adornèd tyrant's cabinet ;
Of which the most tormenting are, 15
Black eyes, red lips, and curled hair.

But, on the other side, th'art drawn,
Like to AURORA in the dawn ;

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 22-24), where it is divided into seven eight-line stanzas, and which arrangement I retain, as the first eight lines are an introduction, and each succeeding eight a separate picture, thus showing an intentional limitation on the part of the author. G.

When in the East she slumb'ring lyes,
And stretches out her milky thighs ; 20
While all the morning quire does sing,
And manna falls and roses spring ;
And, at thy feet, the wooing doves
Sit perfecting their harmless loves.

Like an enchantress here thou show'st, 25
Vexing thy restless lover's ghost ;
And, by a light obscure, dost rave
Over his entrails, in the cave ;
Divining thence, with horrid care,
How long thou shalt continue fair ; 30
And (when inform'd) them throw'st away
To be the greedy vultur's prey.

But, against that, thou sit'st afloat,
Like VENTS in her pearly boat ;
The halcyons, calming all that's nigh, 35
Betwixt the air and water fly ;
Or, if some rowling wave appears,
A mass of ambergris it bears,
Nor blows more wind, than what may well
Convoy the perfume to the smell. 40

These pictures, and a thousand more,
Of thee, my gallery do store,
In all the forms thou can'st invent,
Either to please me, or torment :

For thou alone, to people me, 45
 Art grown a num'rous colony,
 And a collection choicer far
 Than or Whitehall's, or Mantua's were. than

But, of these pictures, and the rest,
 That at the entrance likes me best; 50
 Where the same posture, and the look
 Remains, with which I first was took;
 A tender shepherdess, whose hair
 Hangs loosely playing in the air,
 Transplanting flow'rs from the green hill 55
 To crown her head, and bosome fill.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Lines 7-8. = I have laid aside the old-fashioned arras hangings, [so] that for all furniture you'll find only your portraits.

Line 14, 'Adornèd tyrant's cabinet.' So our text (1681) and 1726. 1772 first misprinted 'Adorn'd a tyrant's cabinet,' and 1776 repeated.

Line 42, '*do store.*' Our text (1681) reads 'dost.' I accept 'do' of 1726 and after-editions.

Line 48, 'Mantua.' The Gonzagas, marquises and dukes of Mantua between 1328 and 1707, were great patrons of Art, and Giulio Romano after his banishment from Rome made it the city of his adoption, and adorned in especial the palace with some of the best paintings of himself and his scholars. 'Whitehall's' remind of the art-treasures of Charles I. G.





YOUNG LOVE.¹

I.

COME, little infant, love me now,
While thine unsuspected years
Clear thine agèd father's brow
From cold jealousie and fears.

II.

Pretty surely 'twere to see
By young Love old Time beguil'd,
While our sportings are as free
As the nurse's with the child.

III.

Common beauties stay fifteen ;
Such as yours should swifter move.
Whose fair blossoms are too green
Yet for lust, but not for love.

IV.

Love as much the snowy lamb,
Or the wanton kid, does prize,
As the lusty bull or ram,
For his morning sacrifice.

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 17-18). G.

V.

Now then love me : Time may take
Thee before thy time away ;
Of this need wee'l virtue make,
And learn love before we may.

VI.

So we win of doubtful Fate,
And, if good to us she meant,
We that good shall antedate,
Or, if ill, that ill prevent.

VII.

Thus as kingdoms, frustrating
Other titles to their crown,
In the cradle crown their king,
So all forrain claims to drown.

VIII.

So to make all rivals vain,
Now I crown thee with my love :
Crown me with thy love again,
And we both shall monarchs prove.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In st. iii. line 1, 'Common beauties stay fifteen,' we have a curious elliptical phrase for 'stay till fifteen' before they love or can be loved. In st. vi. 'prevent' is = anticipate. It was used with (to us) equal quaintness, indeed reversal of

present meaning, by Dryden in his great elegy on Cromwell (st. iv.):

‘Yet ’tis our duty, and our interest too,
Such monuments as we can build to raise;
Lest all the world *prevent* what we should do,
And claim a title in him by their praise.’

Cf. ‘The First Anniversary . . . of Cromwell’ (l. 123). In st. vii. line 1, 1726 and after-editions misprint ‘do’ for ‘as.’ St. viii. reminds of DR. DONNE. See our Memorial-Introduction (‘Writings’). G.

THE DEFINITION OF LOVE.¹

I.

My Love is of a birth as rare
As ’tis, for object, strange and high;
It was begotten by Despair
Upon Impossibility.

II.

Magnanimous Despair alone
Could show me so divine a thing;
Where feeble Hope could ne’r have flown,
But vainly flapt its tinsel wing.

III.

And yet I quickly might arrive
Where my extended soul is fixt;
But Fate does iron wedges drive,
And alwaies crowds it self betwixt.

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 32-3). G.

IV.

For Fate with jealous eye doth see
Two perfect loves, nor lets them close ;
Their union would her ruine be,
And her tyrannick power depose.

V.

And therefore her decrees of steel
Us as the distant poles have plac'd
(Though Love's whole world on us doth wheel),
Not by themselves to be embrac'd,

VI.

Unless the giddy heaven fall,
And Earth some new convulsion tear,
And, us to join, the world should all
Be cramp'd into a planisphere.

VII.

As lines, so loves oblique, may well
Themselves in every angle greet :
But ours, so truly paralel,
Though infinite, can never meet.

VIII.

Therefore the love which us doth bind,
But Fate so enviously debarrs,
Is the conjunction of the mind,
And opposition of the stars.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

St. ii. line 4. '*tinsel* wing:' = spuriously gilded. Curious but accurate, hope being bright and versicolor, but not the reality. Cf. 'The Garden' (ll. 53-7). These lines explain the full meaning of '*tinsel*' as glittering, alluring and versicolor, but unreal.

St. viii. reminds of *DONNE* again. See our Memorial-Introduction ('Writings'). G.

TO HIS COY MISTRESS.¹

HAD we but world enough, and time,
 This coyness, lady, were no crime.
 We would sit down, and think which way
 To walk, and pass our long love's day.
 Thou by the Indian Ganges' side 5
 Should'st rubies find : I by the tide
 Of Humber would complain. I would
 Love you ten years before the Flood,
 And you should, if you please, refuse
 Till the conversion of the Jews ; 10
 My vegetable love should grow
 Vaster then empires and more slow ; than
 An hundred years should go to praise
 Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze ;
 Two hundred to adore each breast, 15
 But thirty thousand to the rest ;

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 19-20). G.

An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate. 20 |

But at my back I alwaies hear
Time's wingèd charriot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lye
Desarts of vast Eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found, 25 |
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My ecchoing song ; then, worms shall try
That long preserv'd virginity ;
And your quaint honour turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust : 30 |
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace. ←

Now therefore, while the youthful hew
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires 35 |
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like am'rous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chapt pow'r. 40 |
Let us roll all our strength, and all
Our sweetness up into one ball ;
And tear our pleasures with rough strife,
Thorough the iron gates of life ;

Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

45

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 7, 'Humber.' See our Memorial-Introduction for MASON's references to this passage in his 'Ode to Independence' (Works, 1811, i. 38-40). Mason was a native of Hull.

Line 40, '*slow-chapt.*' In 1726, 1772, and 1776, '*slow-chap'd.*' In the American edition and its reprint of 1870 '*slow chaped.*' From substantive '*chap,*' the jaw, and cf. also chop and champ = slowly devouring, the -ed form representing *edax rerum*, as in the state or habit of devouring. The meaning is, 'Let us devour Time in our joys, rather than by your coyness languish in his slow-devouring jaws.' G.

THE PICTURE OF LITTLE T. C. IN A
PROSPECT OF FLOWERS.¹

I.

SEE with what simplicity
This nimph begins her golden daies !
In the green grass she loves to lie,
And there with her fair aspect tames
The wilder flow'rs, and gives them names ;
But only with the roses plays,
 And them does tell
What colours best become them, and what smell.

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 33-35). G.

II.

Who can foretel for what high cause, ^{it}
 This darling of the Gods was born? ³
 Yet this is she whose chaster laws ¹
 The wanton Love shall one day fear, ²
 And, under her command severe, ¹
 See his bow broke, and ensigns torn. ¹⁵

Happy who can
 Appease this virtuous enemy of man!

III.


O, then let me in time compound
 And parly with those conquering eyes;
 Ere they have try'd their force to wound:
 Ere with their glancing wheels they drive
 In triumph over hearts that strive,
 And them that yield but more despise:

Let me be laid,
 Where I may see the glories from some shade.

IV.

Mean time, whilst every verdant thing
 It self does at thy beauty charm,
 Reform the errours of the Spring;
 Make that the tulips may have share
 Of sweetness, seeing they are fair;
 And roses of their thorns disarm;

But most procure
 That violets may a longer age endure.



V.

But O, young beauty of the woods,
 Whom Nature courts with fruits and flow'rs,
 Gather the flow'rs, but spare the buds ;
 Lest FLORA, angry at thy crime
 To kill her infants in their prime,
 Should quickly make th' example yours ;
 And ere we see—
 Nip in the blossome—all our hopes and thee.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading: All the editions save our text (1681) drop the important word 'little.' It is a pity the name of the subject of this lovely poem has not come down to us.

St. iii. l. 6, and but (=only) the more despise them that yield.

St. v. l. 7, 'see' = see [them, i.e. our hopes.] G.

THE FAIR SINGER.¹

To make a final conquest of all me,
 Love did compose so sweet an enemy,
 In whom both beauties to my death agree,
 Joyning themselves in fatal harmony ;
 That, while she with her eyes my heart does bind,
 She with her voice might captivate my mind.

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (p. 25). G.

I could have fled from one but singly fair ;
 My disintangled soul itself might save,
 Breaking the curled trammels of her hair ;
 But how should I avoid to be her slave,
 Whose subtile art invisibly can wreath
 My fetters of the very air I breathe ?

It had been easy fighting in some plain,
 Where victory might hang in equal choice ;
 But all resistance against her is vain,
 Who has th' advantage both of eyes and voice ;
 And all my forces needs must be undone,
 She having gainèd both the wind and sun.

NOTE.

N. Hookes in his 'To Amanda, overhearing her sing,' has a grotesquely-quaint anticipation of this poem:

'Heark to the changes of the trembling aire!
 What nightingals do play in consort there!
 See in the clouds the cherubs listen yon,
 Each angel with an ota-cousticon!
 Heark how she shakes the palsie element
 Dwells on that note, as if 'twould ne'er be spent!
 What a sweet fall was there! how she catch't in
 That parting aire, and ran it o're agen!
 In emulation of that dying breath,
 Linnets would straine and sing themselves to death;
 Once more to hear that melting eccho move
 Narcissus-like, who would not die in love?

ear-pipe

Sing on, sweet Chauntresse, soul of melodie;
 Closely attentive to thy harmonie:
 The Heavens check't and stop't their rumbling spheres,
 And all the world turn'd itself into eares;
 But if in silence thy face once appear,
 With all those jewels which are treasur'd there,
 And show that beantie which so farre out-vies
 Thy voice; 'twill quickly change its eares for eyes.'

Amanda, &c. as before [1653], p. 19.

Cf. use of otacousticon as = huge asses' ears in Albumazar, act i. sc. 3. Pepys describes an otacousticon as like a bottle with the bottom out. G.



MOURNING.¹

I.

You, that decipher out the fate
Of humane offsprings from the skies,
What mean these infants which, of late,
Spring from the stars of Chlora's eyes?

II.

Her eyes confus'd, and doubled ore
With tears suspended ere they flow,
Seem bending upwards, to restore
To heaven, whence it came, their woe;

III.

When, molding of the watry sphears,
Slow drops unty themselves away;
As if she with those precious tears
Would strow the ground where Strephon lay.

IV.

Yet some affirm, pretending art,
Her eyes have so her bosome drown'd,
Only to soften, near her heart,
A place to fix another wound.

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 25-6). G.

V.

And, while vain pomp does her restrain
Within her solitary bowr,
She courts her self in am'rous rain,
Herself both Danae and the shower.

VI.

Nay others, bolder, hence esteem
Joy now so much her master grown,
That whatsoever does but seem
Like grief, is from her windows thrown.

VII.

Nor that she payes, while she survives,
To her dead love this tribute due ;
But casts abroad these donatives,
At the installing of a new.

VIII.

How wide they dream ! the Indian slaves,
Who sink for pearl through seas profound,
Would find her tears yet deeper waves,
And not of one the bottom sound.

IX.

I yet my silent judgment keep,
Disputing not what they believe :
But sure as oft as women weep,
It is to be suppos'd they grieve.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

St. i. lines 3-4, 'infants eyes.' MARVELL uses the phrase 'to speculate his own baby in their eyes' in his *Rehearsal Transpos'd* (i. 66). So too QUARLES in his *Emblems* (ii. 4):

'he that daily spies
Twin babies in his mistress' gemini's.'

These farther references to the occurrence of the somewhat peculiar idea will doubtless interest: Tottel's *Miscellany*, 1557 [ARBER'S ed. 1870, p. 163]—given also in Ellis's *Specimens*, 1803, ii. 99: Shakespeare, *Love's Labour Lost*, iv. 1; *Timon of Athens*, i. 2: Drayton, *Ideas*, 2: Donne, the *Ecstasy*: Herrick, repeatedly: Suckling, *Brennoralt*, iv. 1: Cowley, *Cutler of Coleman-street*: Randolph, *Poems*, 1668, p. 86: Fletcher, *Loyal Subjects*, 1647: Massinger, *Renegade*, ii. 4: Pope, *Weeping*: Thomas Moore, *Juvenile Poems*. See also Hone's *Year-Book*, 896: Brand. (ed. Bohn), iii. 47.

St. iii. line 1, *molding*=a modelling or models of those watery spheres, which, as well as elemental spheres, were recognised by the old philosophy. G.

 THE MATCH.¹

I.

NATURE had long a treasure made,
Of all her choicest store;
Fearing, when she should be decay'd,
To beg in vain for more.

II.

Her orientest colours there,
And essences most pure,
With sweetest perfumes hoarded were,
All, as she thought, secure,

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 38-9). G.

III.

She seldom them unlock'd or us'd
But with the nicest care ;
For, with one grain of them diffus'd,
She could the world repair.

IV.

But likeness soon together drew,
What she did separate lay ;
Of which one perfect beauty grew,
And that was CELIA.

V.

Love wisely had of long foreseen
That he must once grow old ;
And therefore stor'd a magazine
To save him from the cold.

VI.

He kept the several cells repleat
With nitre thrice refin'd,
The naphtha's and the sulphur's heat,
And all that burns the mind.

VII.

He fortifi'd the double gate,
And rarely thither came ;
For, with one spark of these, he streight
All Nature could inflame.

VIII.

Till, by vicinity so long.
 A nearer way they sought.
 And, grown magnetically strong.
 Into each other wrought.

IX.

Thus all his fewel did unite
 To make one fire high :
 None ever burn'd so hot, so bright :
 And, CELIA, that am I

X.

So we alone the happy, rest.
 Whilst all the world is poor,
 And have within ourselves possess
 All Love's and Nature's store.

NOTES.

St. ii. line 1. '*doubled ore*' = doubled by suspended eye-like tears. Cf. close of '*Eyes and Tears.*'

St. vii. line 3. '*donatives.*' The Americanism to '*donate*' finds here some precedent.

St. ix. line 3. '*as oft as.*' 1776 misprints '*as oft the:*' followed in the American edition and its reprint of 1879. G.





DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.¹

I.

DAPHNIS must from Chloe part ;
Now is come the dismal hour
That must all his hopes devour,
All his labour, all his art.

II.

Nature, her own sexe's foe,
Long had taught her to be coy ;
But she neither knew t' enjoy.
Nor yet let her lover go.

III.

But, with this sad news, surpriz'd,
Soon she let that niceness fall ;
And would gladly yield to all,
So it had his stay compriz'd.

IV.

Nature so her self does use
To lay by her wonted state,
Lest the world should separate ;
Sudden parting closer glews.

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 27-31). G.

V.

He, well read in all the wayes
By which men their siege maintain,
Knew not, that the fort to gain,
Better 'twas the siege to raise.

VI.

But he came so full possest
With the grief of parting thence,
That he had not so much sence
As to see he might be blest.

VII.

Till Love, in her language, breath'd
Words she never spake before ;
But then legacies no more,
To a dying man bequeath'd.

VIII.

For, alas ! the time was spent ;
Now the latest minut's run,
When poor Daphnis is undone,
Between joy and sorrow rent.

IX.

At that 'Why?' that 'Stay, my dear !'
His disorder'd locks he tare ;
And with rouling eyes did glare,
And his cruel fate forswear.

X.

As the soul of one scarce dead,
With the shrieks of friends aghast,
Looks distracted back in hast,
And then streight again is fled ;

XI.

So did wretched Daphnis look,
Frighting her he lovèd most ;
At the last, this lover's ghost,
Thus his leave resolvèd took :

XII.

' Are my hell and heaven joyn'd,
More to torture him that dies ?
Could departure not suffice,
But that you must then grow kind ?

XIII.

Ah ! my Chloe, how have I
Such a wretched minute found,
When thy favours should me wound
More than all thy cruelty ?

XIV.

So to the condemnèd wight
The delicious cup we fill ;
And allow him all he will,
For his last and short delight.

XV.

But I will not now begin
Such a debt unto my foe ;
Nor to my departure owe
What my presence could not win.

XVI.

Absence is too much alone ;
Better 'tis to go in peace,
Than my losses to increase,
By a late fruition.

XVII.

Why should I enrich my fate ?
'Tis a vanity to wear,
For my executioner,
Jewels of so high a rate.

XVIII.

Rather I away will pine,
In a manly stubbornness,
Than be fatted up express
For the canibal to dine.

XIX.

While this grief does thee disarm,
All th' enjoyment of our love
But the ravishment would prove
Of a body dead while warm ;

XX.

And I parting should appear
Like the gourmand Hebrew dead,
While, with quails and manna fed,
He does through the desert err ;

XXI.

Or the witch that midnight wakes
For the fern, whose magick weed
In one minute casts the seed
And invisible him makes.

XXII.

Gentler times for love are meant :
Who for parting pleasure strain,
Gather roses in the rain,
Wet themselves and spoil their sent. scent

XXIII.

Farewel, therefore, all the fruit
Which I could from Love receive :
Joy will not with Sorrow weave,
Nor will I this grief pollute.

XXIV.

Fate, I come, as dark, as sad,
As thy malice could desire ;
Yet bring with me all the fire,
That Love in his torches had.'

XXV.

At these words away he broke,
 As who long has praying ly'n,
 To his head's-man makes the sign
 And receives the parting stroke.

XXVI.

But hence, virgins all, beware ;
 Last night he with Phlogis slept ;
 This night for Dorinda kept,
 And but rid to take the air.

XXVII.

Yet he does himself excuse ;
 Nor indeed without a cause :
 For, according to the laws,
 Why did Chloë once refuse ?

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

St. xx. ll. 2-4. Cf. Psalm lxxviii. 30.

St. xxi. line 1, 'midnight wakes.' Query 'that midnight' = that at ?

Lines 2-4, '*Fern-seed.*' In an interesting paper entitled 'Staffordshire and American Folk-Lore' in *Notes and Queries* (4th S. vii. p. 91) we have the following on 'Gathering Fern-Seed,' with a quotation of this stanza. 'On midsummer night at 12 o'clock go where the fern grows, draw a circle round you, inscribe the 12 signs of the zodiac, place 12 pewter plates under the fern, *one within the other*, and repeat the following

'In the holy name of Jesus, may I be freed
 From every harm whilst gathering fern-seed !

After repeating this be sure you speak not, or come out of the circle before 1 o'clock; the seed will drop through eleven of the plates, but the twelfth will catch it. Let no person attempt to gather it, for terrible will be the consequences of a failure.'

See farther on the Folk-lore of Fern-seed in Brand's Popular Antiq. (ed. Bohn, i. 314-6): N. and Q. 1st S. v. 172; 3d S. ii. 342; iii. 336: Holland's Pliny: Fletcher's Fair Maid of the Inn: Shakespeare, K. Henry IV. pt. i. act ii. sc. 1. G.

CLORINDA AND DAMON.¹

CLORINDA.

DAMON, come drive thy flocks this way.

DAMON.

No; 'tis too late, they went astray.

CLORINDA.

I have a grassy scutcheon spy'd,
Where Flora blazons all her pride;
The grass I aim to feast thy sheep,
The flow'rs I for thy temples keep.

5

DAMON.

Grass withers, and the flow'rs too fade.

CLORINDA.

Seize the short joyes then, ere they vade:
Seest thou that unfrequented cave?

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 11-12). G.

DAMON.

That den?

CLORINDA.

Love's shrine.

DAMON.

But Virtue's grave.

10

CLORINDA.

In whose cool bosome we may lye,
Safe from the sun.

DAMON.

Not Heaven's eye.

CLORINDA.

Near this, a fountaine's liquid bell
Tinkles within the concave shell.

DAMON.

Might a soul bath there and be clean, bathe 15
Or slake its drought?

CLORINDA.

What is't you mean?

DAMON.

These once had been enticing things,
Clorinda, pastures, caves, and springs.

CLORINDA.

And what late change?

DAMON.

The other day

Pan met me.

CLORINDA.

What did great Pan say?

20

DAMON.

Words that transcend poor shepherd's skill ;
But he ere since my songs does fill,
And his name swells my slender oate.

CLORINDA.

Sweet must Pan sound in Damon's note.

DAMON.

Clorinda's voice might make it sweet.

25

CLORINDA.

Who would not in Pan's praises meet?

CHORUS.

Of Pan the flowry pastures sing,
Caves eccho, and the fountains ring.
Sing then while he doth us inspire ;
For all the world is our Pan's quire.

30

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 5, '*aim*.' The use of the noun in sense of 'intent' is common, and both are due to the (then) constant practice of archery.

Line 8, '*vade*.' Fade . . . *vade*. Richardson is more correct, *s. v. vade*, but is incorrect when, under '*fade*,' he says, 'in our older writers the word is also written with a *v* — *vade*.' So late a glossary as Dyce's is similarly incorrect. This passage where '*fade*' and '*vade*' rhyme, and the two similarly rhymed ones in the *Mirror for Magistrates* and *Spenser*, and the sense in other passages, show that they are not the same word. '*Vade*' was probably suggested by the preëxisting '*fade*,' and formed after its likeness, when the 'illiterate' English language was being raised to the rank of the 'literate,' and when latinate words and classical etymologies were sought for. But as derived directly from *vadere*, its meaning of passing away or perishing is generally stronger than that of *fade*. A faded leaf (as touched by Autumn's fiery finger) and a vaded leaf convey two distinct thoughts, and this difference is exceedingly well expressed in the *Mirror for Magistrates*:

'Beautie's freshest Greene,
When Spring of youth is spent, will *vade*, as it had never been;
The barren fields, which whilom flower'd, as they would never *fade*.
Inrich with Summer's golden gifts, which now been all decay'd.'

And so Shakespeare (*Son.* 54). Nor where he uses '*vade*' can '*fade*' be substituted without injury to the sense and strength of the passage. Hence in *K. Richard II.* (i. 2) the reading of the folios, 'his summer leaves are *vaded*' is to be preferred to the '*faded*' of the quartos, because, as shown by the general sense of the context and by the next line,

'By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe,'

the thought is that they had utterly perished, they and their belongings. It is true that in two instances '*fade*' is used by Shakespeare where there is complete passing away; but this is as the result of gradual decay, and when he intends to bring in the thought of this process before us. Thus in the *Pasionate Pilgrim* he speaks of beauty like

'A shining gloss that *vadeth* suddenly;'

but in the *Tempest*, where the thought, as in *STERLINGE*, clearly refers to clouds dissolving,—all

‘shall dissolve,
And like this unsubstantial pageant *faded*,
Leave not a rack behind.’

So in Hamlet the apparition did not ‘vade,’ as it had to do on the stage, but

‘faded [into thin air,’ shrunk in haste away, (sc. ii.)] at the crowing of the cock.

Another instance of the use of the two words together is ‘Thy form’s divine, no fading vading flower’ (Braithwait’s Strap-pado for the Diuell,’ 1615, p. 53).

Line 14, ‘the concave shell.’ Another Milton-reminiscence. See our Memorial-Introduction (‘Writings’).

Lines 17-18. These two lines are usually reversed; but I adhere to our text (1681). G.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THYRSIS AND DORINDA.¹

DORINDA.

WHEN death shall snatch us from these kids,
And shut up our divided lids,
Tell me, THYRSIS, prethee do,
Whither thou and I must go.

THYRSIS.

To the Elizium.

DORINDA.

Oh, where is’t?

5

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 109-110). G.

THYRSIS.

A chast soul can never mis't.

DORINDA.

I know no way but one ; our home
Is our Elizium.

THYRSIS.

Cast thine eye to yonder skie,
There the milky way doth lye ;
'Tis a sure, but rugged way,
That leads to everlasting day.

10

DORINDA.

There birds may nest, but how can I.
That have no wings, and cannot fly ?

THYRSIS.

Do not sigh (fair nimph), for fire
Hath no wings, yet doth aspire
Till it hit against the pole ;
Heaven's the center of the soul.

15

DORINDA.

But in Elizium how do they
Pass eternity away ?

20

THYRSIS.

O ! ther's neither hope nor fear.
Ther's no wolf, no fox, no bear :

No need of dog to fetch our stray,
Our Lightfoot we may give away ; dog's name
And there, most sweetly, may thine ear 25
Feast with the music of the spear.

DORINDA.

How I my future state,
By silent thinking, antedate ! antedate
I prethee let us spend our time to come,
In talking of Elizium. 30

THYRSIS.

Then I'll go on : there, sheep are full
Of softest grass, and softest wooll ;
There birds sing consorts, garlands grow,
Cool winds do whisper, springs do flow ;
There alwayes is a rising sun, 35
And day is ever but begun ;
Shepheards there bear equal sway,
And every nymph's a Queen of May.

DORINDA.

Ah me ! ah me !

THYRSIS.

Dorinda, why do'st cry ?

DORINDA.

I'm sick, I'm sick, and fain would dye. 40

THYRSIS.

Convince me now that this is true,
By bidding, with mee, all adieu.

DORINDA.

I cannot live without thee, I
Will for thee, much more with thee, dye.

THYRSIS.

Then let us give Corellia charge o' th' sheep. 45
And thou and I'll pick poppies, and them steep
In wine, and drink on't even till we weep;
So shall we smoothly pass away in sleep.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 13, '*nest*.' Verbal use noteworthy for glossary of unusual words.

Line 21, '*O*.' Our text (1681) oddly reads '*Ho*.'

„ 23, '*stray*.' Substantive, a known word—evidently used in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i. 1.

Line 29, '*our time to* come.' I venture to insert [*to*] as henceforward. If it be a four-foot line, we must read '*let's*,' not '*let us*;' but I think if Marvell had meant it for a line of that length, he would have written '*prythee*,' omitting the *y*. Hence I think it a five-foot line, like '*Ah me . . . cry*' below.

Line 41. Our text (1681) misprints '*Convinc't*.'

„ 47. '*In wine*.' Laudanum or opium was then known G.





MUSIC'S EMPIRE.¹

FIRST was the world as one great cymbal made,
Where jarring winds to infant Nature plaid ;
All musick was a solitary sound,
To hollow rocks and murm'ring fountains bound.

Jubal first made the wilder notes agree, 5
And Jubal tunèd Musick's jubilee ;
He call'd the ecchoes from their sullen cell,
And built the organ's city, where they dwell.

Each sought a consort in that lovely place,
And virgin trebles wed the manly base, 10
From whence the progeny of numbers new
Into harmonious colonies withdrew ;

Some to the lute, some to the viol went,
And others chose the cornet eloquent ;
These practising the wind, and those the wire, 15
To sing man's triumphs, or in heaven's choir.

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 47-8), where it is divided into six four-lined stanzas, which arrangement I adhere to, as, like 'The Gallery,' there is a distinct thought as well as separate sentence in each four lines, that cannot be other than intentional. G.

Then Musick, the mosaïque of the air,
 Did of all these a solemn noise prepare,
 With which she gain'd the empire of the ear,
 Including all between the earth and sphere. 20

Victorious sounds ! yet here your homage do
 Unto a gentler conqueror than you ;
 Who, though he flies the musick of his praise,
 Would with you heaven's hallelujahs raise.

NOTE.

Lines 5-6, '*Jubal.*' Genesis iv. 21. Jubal produced a combination of joyful and melodious sounds from notes hitherto separate. G.

THE UNFORTUNATE LOVER.¹

ALAS, how pleasant are their dayes,
 With whom the infant Love yet playes !
 Sorted by pairs, they still are seen
 By fountains cool and shadows green ;
 But soon these flames do lose their light, 5
 Like meteors of a Summer's night ;
 Nor can they to that region climb,
 To make impression upon Time.

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 20-22), where it is divided into eight stanzas of eight lines : and as in preceding, I adhere to the arrangement for reasons already given. G.

'Twas in a shipwrack, when the seas
Rul'd, and the winds did what they please, 10
That my poor lover floting lay,
And, e're brought forth, was cast away;
'Till at the last the master-wave
Upon the rock his mother drave ;
And there she split against the stone, 15
In a Cæsarian section.

The sea him lent these bitter tears,
Which at his eyes he alwaies bears ;
And from the winds the sighs he bore,
Which through his surging breast do roar ; 20
No day he saw but that which breaks
Through frighted clouds in forkèd streaks,
While round the ratling thunder hurl'd,
As at the fun'ral of the world.

While Nature to his birth presents 25
This masque of quarrelling elements ;
A num'rous fleet of corm'rants black,
That sail'd insulting o're the wrack,
Receiv'd into their cruel care
Th' unfortunate and abject heir ; 30
Guardians most fit to entertain
The orphan of the hurricane.

They fed him up with hopes and air,
Which soon digested to despair,

And as one corn'rant fed him, still 35.
Another on his heart did bill ;
Thus, while they famish him and feast,
He both consumèd, and increast ;
And languishèd with doubtful breath,
Th' amphibium of Life and Death. 40

And now, when angry heaven would
Behold a spectacle of blood,
Fortune and he are call'd to play
At sharp, before it, all the day ;
And tyrant Love his brest does ply 45
With all his wing'd artillery,
Whilst he, betwixt the flames and waves,
Like Ajax, the mad tempest braves.

See how he nak'd and fierce does stand,
Cuffing the thunder with one hand ; 50
While with the other he does lock,
And grapple, with the stubborn rock,
From which he with each wave rebounds,
Torn into flames, and ragg'd with wounds ;
And all he saies, a lover drest 55
In his own blood does relish best.

This is the only banneret,
That ever Love created yet ;
Who, though by the malignant starrs.
Forecèd to live in storms and warrs, 60

Yet dying, leaves a perfume here,
 And musick within every ear ;
 And he in story only rules,
 In a field *sable*, a lover *gules*.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The 'Unfortunate Lover' seems a versification of some of the incidents in a tale of romance.

Line 13, '*master-wave*.' Not (*meo judicio*) the mastering or 'ruling' wave, but the largest, highest, and therefore more violent and land-bearing wave. The tenth was supposed to be the greatest, according to Ovid and common belief :

'Qui venit hic fluctus, fluctus supereminet omnes
 Posterior nono est, undecimoque prior ;'

'which notwithstanding,' says Sir Thomas Browne in his *Pseud.* (b. vii. c. 17), 'is evidently false; nor can it be made out by observation, either upon the shoar or the ocean, as we have with diligence explored in both.'

Line 16, '*Cæsarian section*:' borrowed from an operation in midwifery, by which, as some say, Cæsar was preserved.

Line 27, '*fleet of cormorants*.' A nautical phrase applied to a flock of sea and sea-swimming birds. Cf. '*fleet of clouds*' in '*Last Instructions to a Painter*.'

Line 36, '*bill*.' I suspect this is a unique use of the word, from MARVELL'S gardening habits having connected the bird's bill with the action of a 'bill' as implement or weapon. See our Memorial-Introduction.

Line 37, '*famish*.' The meaning is not, they famish him and feast themselves,—but, they famish and feast him.

Line 44, '*At sharp*'=with sharpened not blunted weapons; a metaphor from the tilt-yard. DONNE has the same phrase. See our Memorial-Introduction ('Writings').

Line 64, '*Sable* [=black] . . . *gules*' [=red]. With reference to the latter we have in Beaumont and Fletcher (*Bonduca*, act iv. sc. 1) 'set in *gules* like suns' (vol. v. 62, Dyce). Here and elsewhere MARVELL shows some knowledge of and liking for Heraldry. So too in his Prose. G.



III.

POEMS OF FRIENDSHIP.



TWO SONGS

AT THE MARRIAGE OF THE LORD FAUCONBERG AND THE
LADY MARY CROMWELL.¹

FIRST.

ENDYMION, LUNA, CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Th' astrologer's own eyes are set,
And even wolves the sheep forget ;
Only this shepherd, late and soon,
Upon this hill outwakes the moon.
Hark how he sings, with sad delight, 5
Thorough the clear and silent night !

ENDYMION.

Cynthia, O Cynthia, turn thine ear,
Nor scorn Endymion's complaints to hear !
As we our flocks, so you command
The fleecy clouds with silver wand. 10

CYNTHIA.

If thou a mortal, rather sleep ;
And if a shepherd, watch thy sheep.

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 135-139). G.

ENDYMION.

The shepheard, since he saw thine eyes,
 And sheep, are both thy sacrifice ;
 Nor merits he a mortal's name,
 That burns with an immortal flame.

15

CYNTHIA.

I have enough for me to do,
 Ruling the waves that ebb and flow.

ENDYMION.

Since thou disdain'st not then to share
 On sublunary things thy care ;
 Rather restrain these double seas',
 Mine eyes', uncessant deluges.

20

CYNTHIA.

My wakeful lamp all night must move,
 Securing their repose above.

ENDYMION.

If therefore thy resplendent ray
 Can make a night more bright than day,
 Shine thorough this obscurer brest,
 With shades of deep despair opprest.

25

than

CHORUS.

Courage, Endymion, boldly woo !
 Anchises was a shepheard too ;

30

Yet, is her younger sister laid
Sporting with him in Ida's shade :

And Cynthia, though the strongest,
Seeks but the honour to have held out longest.

ENDYMION.

Here unto Latmos' top I climbe, 35
How far below thine orbe sublime !
O why, as well as eyes to see,
Have I not arms that reach to thee ?

CYNTHIA.

'Tis needless then that I refuse,
Would you but your own reason use. 40

ENDYMION.

Though I so high may not pretend,
It is the same, so you descend.

CYNTHIA.

These stars would say I do them wrong,
Rivals, each one, for thee too strong.

ENDYMION.

These stars are fix'd unto their sphere, 45
And cannot, though they would, come near.
Less Loves set off each other's praise,
While stars eclipse by mixing rayes.

CYNTHIA.

That cave is dark.

ENDYMION.

Then none can spy :
Or shine thou there, and 'tis the sky.

50

CHORUS.

Joy to Endymion !
For he has Cynthia's favour won,
And Jove himself approves
With his serenest influence their loves.
For he did never love to pair
His progeny above the air ;
But to be honest, valiant, wise,
Makes mortals matches fit for deities.

55

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The marriage herein celebrated was that of Mary, third daughter of Oliver Cromwell, as second wife of Thomas Bellasses, second Viscount Falconberg, afterwards Earl of Falconberg. We have this glimpse of her in Pepys : ' Here I saw my Lord Falconbridge, and his lady, my Lady Mary Cromwell, who looks as well as I have known her, and well clad : but when the house [theatre] began to fill, she put on her vizard, and so kept it on all the play ; which of late is become a great fashion among the ladies, which hides their whole face. 12th June 1663' (ii. p. 6). She died 1712. See Carlyle's ' Cromwell,' s. n.

Line 11, '*If thou a mortal . . .*' Ellipse : '*If thou [be] a mortal.*'

Lines 43-4 and 55-6. Does Marvell here refer to Charles's proposition to marry Cromwell's daughter (his eldest), and Cromwell's refusal ? G.

SECOND SONG.

HOBBINOL, PHILLIS, TOMALIN.

HOBBINOL.

Phillis, Tomalin, away !
Never such a merry day,
For the northern shepherd's son
Has Menalcas' daughter won.

PHILLIS.

Stay till I some flow'rs ha' tied 5
In a garland for the bride.

TOMALIN.

If thou would'st a garland bring,
Phillis, you may wait the Spring :
They have chosen such an hour
When she is the only flow'r. 10

PHILLIS.

Let's not then, at least, be seen
Without each a sprig of green.

HOBBINOL.

Fear not ; at Menalcas' hall
There are bayes enough for all.
He, when young as we, did graze, 15
But when old he planted bayes.

TOMALIN.

Here she comes ; but with a look
Far more catching than my hook ; than
'Twas those eyes, I now dare swear,
Led our lambs we knew not where. 20

HOBBINOL.

Not our lambs' own fleeces are
Curl'd so lovely as her hair ;
Nor our sheep new-wash'd can be
Half so white or sweet as she.

PHILLIS.

He so looks as fit to keep 25
Somewhat else than silly sheep. than

HOBBINOL.

Come, let's in some carol new
Pay to Love and them their due.

ALL.

Joy to that happy pair,
Whose hopes united banish our despair. 30
What shepheard could for love pretend,
Whil'st all the nymphs on Damon's choice attend ?
What shepherdess could hope to wed
Before Marina's turn were sped ?

Now lesser beauties may take place, 35
 And meaner virtues come in play,
 While they,
 Looking from high,
 Shall grace
 Our stocks and us with a propitious eye. 40
 But what is most, the gentle swain
 No more shall need of love complain ;
 But Virtue shall be Beautie's hire,
 And those be equal, that have equal fire.
 Marina yields. Who dares be coy? 45
 Or who despair, now Damon does enjoy?
 Joy to that happy pair,
 Whose hopes united banish our despair !

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 5, 'ha' tied.' 1726 and after-editions here and elsewhere misprint 'have.'

Line 43, '*Beautie's hire*'=Beauty's wage or wages. G.





ON PARADISE LOST.¹

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In slender Book his vast Design unfold,
Messiah Crowned, Gods Reconcil'd Decree,
Rebelling Angels, the Forbidden Tree,
Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All; the Argument 5
Held me awhile misdoubting his Intent,
That he would ruine (for I saw him strong)
The sacred Truths to Fable and old Song
(So Sampson groap'd the Temples Posts in spight)
The World o'rewelming to revenge his sight. 10

Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,
I lik'd his Project, the success did fear;
Through that wide Field how he his way should find
O're which lame Faith leads Understanding blind;
Lest he perplex'd the things he would explain, 15
And what was easie he should render vain.

Or if a Work so infinite he spann'd,
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
(Such as disquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excell) 20

¹ Appeared originally in the 1674 edition of the great Epic. Our text is taken from it *verbatim et literatim*. So also with the three poems succeeding, as all were published by Marvell himself. See Notes and Illustrations at close, and various readings from folio of 1681. G.

Might hence presume the whole Creations day
To change in Scenes, and show it in a Play.

Pardon me, Mighty Poet, nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare 25
Within thy Labours to pretend a share.

Thou hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper dost omit :
So that no room is here for Writers left,
But to detect their Ignorance or Theft. 30

That Majesty which through thy Work doth Reign
Draws the Devout, deterring the Profane ;
And things divine thou treatst of in such state
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horreur on us seise, 35

Thou singst with so much gravity and ease ;
And above humane flight dost soar aloft
With Plume so strong, so equal, and so soft :
The Bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing
So never flaggs, but always keeps on Wing. 40

Where couldst thou words of such a compass find ?
Whence furnish such a vast expanse of mind ?
Just Heav'n thee, like Tiresias, to requite
Rewards with Prophesie thy loss of sight.

Well mightst thou scorn thy Readers to allure 45
With tinkling Rhime, of thy own sense secure ;
While the Town-Bayes writes all the while and spells,
And like a Pack-horse tires without his Bells :

Their Fancies like our Bushy-points appear,
 The Poets tag them, we for fashion wear. 50
 I too, transported by the Mode offend,
 And while I meant to Praise thee, mis-commend;
 Thy Verse created like thy theme sublime,
 In Number, Weight, and Measure, needs not Rhime.

A. M.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

See our Memorial-Introduction for the significance of this noble and fearless poem; also for a hitherto overlooked appeal by Marvell in Parliament for MILTON.

Line 47, '*Town-Bayes*.' Is Bayes Bavins anglicised? or is Town-Bayes an ironical name for the Town-laureate, or, as Ben Jonson calls Munday,—the City-poet?

Line 49, 'Bushy-points' = *tagged* laces, sometimes on shoulder, sometimes on shoes (cf. l. 50, 'tag').

Lines 51-2. The original reading is,

'I too transported by the mode. offend,
 And while I meant to praise thee must commend.'

So it has been continuously reprinted from 1674. I had transposed 'commend' of l. 52 to end of l. 51, and 'offend' of l. 51 to end of l. 52. But I accept the emendation 'mis-commend' of Capel Loft in his admirable edition of *Paradise Lost* (Two Books), 1793, 4to. The 'mis-commendation' lay in praising blank verse, and such blank verse, in rhyme. The Earl of Roscommon, with fine cunning, in his tribute to MILTON (*Essay on Transl. Verse*) breaks from rhyme into blank verse.

The folio of 1681 gives these (slight) variations:

Heading: 'On Mr. Milton's *Paradise Lost*:' the 'Mr.' a contemporary memento not to be missed.

Line 9. The parenthesis of this line has either been hitherto overlooked or misplaced.

Line 33, 'treats:' l. 42, 'expense'—perhaps Marvell's own word: l. 45, 'might.' G.



UPON THE DEATH OF THE LORD
HASTINGS.¹

Go, intercept some Fountain in the Vain, vein
Whose Virgin-source yet never steeped the Plain.
Hastings is dead, and we must finde a store
Of tears untoucht, and never wept before.
Go, stand betwixt the Morning and the Flowers ; 5
And, ere they fall, arrest the early Showers.
Hastings is dead ; and we, disconsolate,
With early Tears, must mourn his early Fate.
 Alas, his Vertues did his Death presage :
Needs must he die, that doth out-run his Age. 10
The Phlegmatick and Slow prolongs his day,
And on Times Wheel sticks like a Remora. Time's
What man is he, that hath not Heaven beguil'd,
And is not thence mistaken for a Child?
While those of growth more sudden, and more bold, 15
Are hurried hence, as if already old,
For, there above, They number not as here,
But weigh to man the Geometrick year. year

¹ From 'Musarum Lachrymæ' (1649)—never before included in the Works of MARVELL. The two leaves on which these verses are printed have no signatures or marks of pages, but are inserted after sheet C, and follow page 42. See our Memorial-Introduction. G.

Had he but at this Measure still increast,
 And on the Tree of Life once made a Feast, 20
 As that of Knowledge, what Loves had he given
 To Earth, and then what Jealousies to Heaven !
 But 'tis a Maxime of that State, That none,
 Least He become like Them, taste more then one. *lest than*
 Therefore the Democratick Stars did rise, 25
 And all that Worth from hence did Ostracize.

Yet as some Prince, that, for State Jealousie,
 Secures his neerest and most lov'd Ally ;
 His Thought with richest Triumphs entertains, *shows*
 And in the choicest Pleasures charms his Pains : 30
 So he, not banisht hence, but there confin'd,
 There better recreates his active Minde.

Before the Crystal Palace where he dwells,
 The Armed Angels hold their Carouzels ;
 And underneath, he views the Turnaments 35
 Of all these Sublunary Elements.
 But most he doth th' Eternal Book behold,
 On which the happy Names do stand enroll'd ;
 And gladly there can all his Kindred claim,
 But most rejoyces at his Mothers name. *mother's* 40

The Gods themselves cannot their Joy conceal,
 But draw their veils, and their pure Beams reveal :
 Only they drooping Hymeneus note,
 Who for sad Purple, tears his Saffron-coat :
 And trails his Torches th'row the Starry Hall 45
 Reversèd, at his Darlings Funeral.

And Æsculapius, who, asham'd and stern,
 Himself at once condemneth and Mayern ;
 Like some sad Chymist, who, prepar'd to reap
 The Golden Hærvest, sees his Glasses leap. 50
 For, how Immortal must their Race have stood,
 Had Mayern once been mixed with Hastings blood !
 How sweet and Verdant would these Lawrels be,
 Had they been planted on that Balsam-tree !
 But what could he, good man, although he bruise'd 55
 All Herbs, and them a thousand ways infus'd ?
 All he had try'd, but all in vain, he saw,
 And wept, as we, without Redress or Law.
 For Man (alas) is but the Heavens sport ;
 And Art indeed is Long, but Life is Short. 60

ANDREW MARVEL.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The subject of these and of the other 'numerous tears' of the Volume was Lord Henry Hastings, eldest son of Ferdinando sixth Earl of Huntingdon, by Lucy, daughter and heir of Sir John Davis, of Englefield, Berks, Kt. He died of small-pox in his twentieth year, June 24th, 1649. His character and attainments were lamented in no fewer than ninety-eight Elegies in the volume whence the above is taken—almost equal to the number on *William Cartwright*.

Line 12, *remora*=delay or drag. The sucker-fish *Echeneïs Remora* originates the name. When fixed on the rudder, it was held by the ancients to be able to stay a ship's course. Cf. Pliny, N. H. s. v.

Line 18, *geometrick year*. Cf. First Anniversary, &c. (l. 17), and relative note.

Lines 20-24. Cf. Genesis iii. 1 *et seq.*

Line 28, *Ally*=relative, and frequently so used by old authors. The word also was used to express relationship by consanguinity as well as connection by marriage.

Line 40, *mother's*. See above.

„ 43, *Hymeneus*=Hymen or Marriage. Hymen, instead of putting on sad purple (which is=violet, the old mourning colour), rends his saffron coat. Saffron was the colour of women's dresses on gala or solemn occasions, *e.g.* Iphigenia was sacrificed in saffron robes, and Roman brides wore a saffron-coloured veil. Perhaps a memorial remnant of this still exists in our orange-blossoms.

Line 46, '*reversèd*.' As are lances, pikes, and muskets, &c. at a funeral.

Line 48, *Mayern*—a now-forgotten physician. Lines 51-2 show, as does Hymeneus, some project of marriage between young Hastings and the Mayerns.

Line 50, *golden harvest*=Alchemist and his 'searching' for 'gold.' *Leap*—and break, *i.e.* from the succussion or explosion of the materials within.

See our Memorial-Introduction for notice of this poem. G.

TO HIS NOBLE FRIEND, MR. RICHARD LOVELACE, UPON HIS POEMS.¹

SIR,

Ovr times are much degenerate from those
Which your sweet Muse, which your fair Fortune chose;
And as complexions alter with the Climes,
Our wits have drawne th' infection of our times,

¹ Appeared originally in 'Lucasta: Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, &c.; to which is added Aramantha, a Pastorall. By Richard Lovelace, Esq. 1649,' from which we give it literally. It has hitherto been overlooked by the Editors of Marvell. See our Memorial-Introduction on it. G.

That candid Age no other way could tell 5
To be ingenious, but by speaking well.

Who best could prayse, had then the greatest prayse ;
'Twas more esteemd to give then wear the bayes. than
Modest ambition studi'd only then

To honour not her selfe, but worthy men. 10

These vertues now are banisht out of Towne,
Our Civill Wars have lost the Civicke crowne.
He highest builds, who with most Art destroys,
And against others Fame his owne employs.

I see the envious Caterpillar sit 15
On the faire blossome of each growing wit.

The Ayre's already tainted with the swarms
Of Insects, which against you rise in arms.
Word-peckers, Paper-Rats, Book-scorpions,
Of wit corrupted, the unfashion'd Sons. 20

The barbèd Censurers begin to looke
Like the grim consistory on thy Booke ;
And on each line cast a reforming eye
Severer then the yong Presbytery. than

Till when in vaine they have thee all perus'd, 25
You shall for being faultlesse be accus'd.

Some reading your *Lucasta* will alledge
You wrong'd in her the Houses Priviledge ;
Some that you under sequestration are,
Because you write when going to the Warre ; 30

And one the Book prohibits, because Kent
Their first Petition by the Authour sent.

But when the beauteous Ladies came to know,
 That their deare Lovelace was endanger'd so :
 Lovelace, that thaw'd the most congealèd brest, 35
 He who lov'd best, and them defended best,
 Whose hand so rudely grasps the steely brand,
 Whose hand so gently melts the Ladies hand,
 They all in mutiny, though yet undrest,
 Sally'd, and would in his defence contest. 40
 And one, the loveliest that was yet e're seen,
 Thinking that I too of the rout had been,
 Mine eyes invaded with a female spight
 (She knew what pain 't would be to lose that sight).
 O no, mistake not, I reply'd : for I 45
 In your defence, or in his cause would dy :
 But he, secure of glory and of time,
 Above their envy or mine aid doth clime.
 Him valianst men and fairest Nymphs approve,
 His Booke in them finds Judgement, with you, Love. 50

ANDR. MARVELL.

NOTE.

Lines 22 *et seq.* The Presbyterians when in power had in good though 'stern' Joseph Caryl and others, rigid Licensers of the press. The reference is noticeable in relation to Marvell's after-opinions. See our Memorial-Introduction. G.





TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND DOCTOR WITTY,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE 'POPULAR ERRORS.'¹

SIT further and make room for thine own fame,
Where just desert enrolles thy honour'd name,
The Good Interpreter. Some in this task,
Take off the cypress vail, but leave a mask crepe or
Changing the Latine, but do more obscure crape 5
That sense, in English, which was bright and pure.
So of translators they are authors grown,
For ill translators make the book their own.
Others do strive with words and forcèd phrase
To add such lustre, and so many rayes, 10
That but to make the vessel shining, they
Much of the precious metal rub away.
He is translation's thief that addeth more,
As much as he that taketh from the store
Of the first author. Here he maketh blots, 15
That mends ; and added beauties are but spots.
Cælia whose English doth more richly flow
Then Tagus, purer than dissolvèd snow, than

¹ From the edition of 'Popular Errors,' 1651. See Notes and Illustrations at close, and our Memorial-Introduction. G.

And sweet as are her lips that speak it, she
 Now learns the tongues of France and Italy ; 20
 But she is Cælia still ; no other grace
 But her own smiles commend that lovely face ;
 Her native beauty's not Italianated,
 Nor her chast mind into the French translated ;
 Her thoughts are English, though her speaking wit 25
 With other language doth them fitly fit. featly

Translators, learn of her : but stay, I slide
 Down into Error with the Vulgar tide ;
 Women must not teach here : the Doctor doth
 Stint them to cawdles, almond-milk, and broth : 30
 Now I reform, and surely so will all
 Whose happy eyes on thy translation fall.
 I see the people hastning to thy book,
 Liking themselves the worse the more they look,
 And so disliking, that they nothing see 35
 Now worth the liking, but thy book and thee.
 And (if I judgment have) I censure right,
 For something guides my hand that I must write ;
 You have translation's statutes best fulfil'd,
 That handling neither sully nor would guild. 40

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

See our Memorial-Introduction for notice of Dr. Witty (*passim*), and the Latin poems at end of this volume for an equally noticeable Latin address to him, with our translation of it. His various books are of the oddest, from title-page to 'finis.' Some of them might furnish a new chapter for Disraeli's

'Quarrels of Authors,' *e.g.* Dr. George Tunstall, a Yorkshire gentleman by birth, 'town's physician at Newcastle,' was bold enough to rush into the Scarborough Spaw controversy, and to break a lance with the belligerent Dr. Witty. He began the onset with 'Scarborough Spaw spagyrically anatomized. By Geo. Tonstall, doctor of physick. London, 1670.' This provoked a rejoinder from Witty, to which Tunstall replied with 'A New Year's Gift for Dr. Witty; or the Dissector anatomized. London, 1672.' Witty called his antagonist a mountebank, and the compliment was fully returned. The 'Controversy' originated in Witty's 'Scarborough-Spaw; or a Description of the Nature and Vertues of the Spaw at Scarbrough, Yorkshire. . . . (1667.)' This was later rendered into Latin as 'Fons Scarsburgensis suæ Tractatus de omnis Aquarum generis, &c. (1678.)' See note in Depositions from York Castle, p. 173; and local Histories of Hull. G.

AN EPITAPH UPON ——. ¹

ENOUGH; and leave the rest to Fame;

'Tis to commend her, but to name.

Courtship, which, living, she declin'd,

When dead, to offer were unkind.

Where never any could speak ill,

5

Who would officious praises spill?

Nor can the truest wit, or friend,

Without detracting, her commend;

To say, she liv'd a virgin chaste

In this age loose and all unlac't;

10

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (p. 71). G.

Nor was, when Vice is so allow'd,
Of Virtue or asham'd or proud ;
That her soul was on heaven so bent,
No minute but it came and went ;
That, ready her last debt to pay, 15
She summ'd her life up ev'ry day ;
Modest as morn, as mid-day bright,
Gentle as ev'ning, cool as night ;
'Tis true, but all too weakly said :
'Twas more significant, she's dead. 20

NOTE.

Line 20, 'Twas.' One almost feels disposed to read ' 'Tis ;' but it may refer, and the first words strengthen this view, to the name, followed simply by the word 'obit,' having been made the heading of this epitaph, or to the same as engraved on the stone. G.



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IV.

STATE POEMS.





AN HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S
RETURN FROM IRELAND.¹

THE forward youth that would appeare,
Must now forsake his Muses deare,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing :

'Tis time to leave the books in dust, 5
And oyle th' unusèd armour's rust ;
Removing from the wall
The corselett of the hall.

So restlesse Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace, 10
But through adventurous warre
Urgèd his active starre ;

And, like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
Did thorough his own Side 15
His fiery way divide :

¹ This remarkable poem, perhaps the most original of the whole, was first published by Thompson in his edition of the Works, as noticed in our Preface. It forms one of his Addenda vol. iii. pp. 495-99). See our Memorial-Introduction ('Writings') for the Archbishop of Dublin's fine criticism on this ode ; also Notes and Illustrations at its close. G.

(For 'tis all one to courage high,
 The emulous, or enemy ;
 And with such, to enclose,
 Is more than to oppose ;)

20

Then burning through the aire he went,
 And palaces and temples rent ;
 And Cæsar's head at last
 Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
 The face of angry heaven's flame ;
 And if we would speak true,
 Much to the man is due,

25

Who from his private gardens, where
 He lived reservèd and austere,
 (As if his highest plott
 To plant the bergamott :)

30

Could by industrious valour clime
 To ruin the great work of Time,
 And cast the kingdoms old,
 Into another mold ;

climb

35

mould

Though Justice against Fate complaine,
 And plead the antient rights in vaine.
 But those do hold or breake,
 As men are strong or weake :

40

Nature, that hateth emptinesse,
Allows of penetration lesse,
And therefore must make roome,
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the Civil Warre 45
Where his were not the deepest scarre?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art,

Where, twining subtile fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope 50
That Charles himself might chase
To Caresbrook's narrow case,

That thence the royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorne;
While round the armed bands 55
Did clap their bludy hands.

He nothing common did or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did trye; 60

Nor called the gods, with vulgar spight,
To vindicate his helplesse right;
But bowed his comely head
Downe, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable houre,
Which first assured the forcèd power :
So when they did designe
The capitol's first line,

65

A Bleeding Head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run ;
And yet in that the State
Foresaw its happy fate !

70

And now the Irish are asham'd
To see themselves in one year tam'd :
So much one man can doe
That does both act and know.

75

They can affirme his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest trust.

80

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the Republick's hand—
How fit he is to sway,
That can so well obey !

He to the Commons' feet presents
A kingdom for his first year's rents,
And (what he may) forbears
His fame, to make it theirs :

85

And has his sword and spoils ungirt
 To lay them at the publick's skirt : 90
 So when the falcon high
 Falls heavy from the skigh, sky

She, having kill'd, no more doth search,
 But on the next green bough to perch,
 Where, when he first does lure, 95
 The faulkner has her sure. falconer

—What may not then our Isle presume,
 While victory his crest does plume?
 What may not others feare,
 If thus he crowns each yeare? 100

As Cæsar, he, ere long, to Gaul,
 To Italy an Hannibal,
 And to all States not free,
 Shall clymatérick be. climactéric

The Pict no shelter now shall find Scot 105
 Within his party-colour'd mind,
 But, from this valour sad,
 Shrink underneath the plad— plaid

Happy, if in the tufted brake,
 The English hunter him mistake, 110
 Nor lay his hounds in neere
 The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the Warr's and Fortune's sonne,
March indefatigably on ;

And for the last effect, 115
Still keep the sword erect :

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A pow'r, must it maintain. 120

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 15, 'own Side.' I have printed 'side' with a capital S, to reveal the meaning as=through his own Party. But besides this, line 18 presents an ambiguity at first glance. The construction of lines 17-18 is as follows: The 'emulous,' &c, is all one; and the meaning of line 19, 'enclose' = that it is a greater feat to 'enclose' both emulous and enemies in one's own power, as in a pale, than merely to fight against them. Cf. a somewhat similar thought in First Anniversary, lines 78-88. The State Poems (as before) yield numerous parallel uses of 'side,' *e.g.* in Dryden's great poem on Cromwell's death:

'Each knew that Side must conquer he would own.'

Vol. i. p. 9.

So too in the Duke of Buckingham's Epitaph on Fairfax:

'With as little pride

'As if he had been of his enemy's Side.' *Ib.* p. 125.

Similarly in 'The Observator' (*ib.* p. 180, pt. ii.):

'Disclaim'd their int'rest and renounc'd their Side.'

Also in 'To Julian' (*ib.* vol. ii. p. 135):

'Ell——d, whose pen as nimbly glides
As his good father changes Sides.'

Finally in a 'Satyr' (*ib.* vol. iii. p. 133):

'Conspiring Sunderland still saves the tide,
A knave most useful to the unjustest Side.'

Line 26, 'face.' The American edition and its reprint of 1870 mis-correct into 'force.'

Line 32, '*bergamott*'=a species of pear. This is merely a quaint mode of expressing the planting of orchards and leading a quiet rural life, chosen *metri gratiâ* and from Marvell's own garden-love.

Line 40. There is a curiously-coincident sentence in Cromwell's speech to the Parliament (1654): 'May not this character, this stamp [by providence of himself as Lord Protector] bear equal poise with any hereditary interest that could furnish or hath furnished, in the common law or elsewhere [Marvell's 'Justice'], matter of dispute and trial of learning? . . . I say I do not know why I may not balance this providence, in the sight of God, with any hereditary interest, as a thing less subject to *those cracks and flaws* which that other is necessarily incident to' (Carlyle's *Cromwell in loco*).

Line 42, '*penetration*.' No matter can interpenetrate other matter, or occupy the same space with it—a scholastic axiom.

Lines 51-2, '*chase*' and '*case*.' This (*meo judicio*) determinately proves that '*case*' was a technical hunting-term for the *casa*, house, den, or lair of various animals, and settles the passage in King John which has been so unsettled by, and has so unsettled, the commentators:

Pand. France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue.
A *cased* lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.
Act iii. sc. 1.

Here '*cased*' lion—the original reading—is a lion chased to bay in his '*case*' or lair; when enraged, he defends himself with mortal [= deadly] paw against his pursuers. So also, 'We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we *case* him' (All's Well that ends Well, iii. 6), means, ere we run him to earth. The ordinary explanation is inadmissible, because in the '*sport*' of fox-hunting the fox is not '*cased*,' in the sense of being skinned. I must not rob my admirable friend DR. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON of the merit of these elucidations of '*case*'—one of very many kindred communications from him in the course of the preparation of my Worthies. Yet is '*case*' and '*cas'd*' used as=skin and skinned, *e.g.* in Beaumont and Fletcher (Dyce's edition: notes, iii. 90, and xi. 256).

Line 66, '*forcèd*.' That is, the power forced by fate, neces-

sitated, just as 'of force' meant of necessity, and 'no force' (a phrase still very common in Australia) no necessity, and not 'no matter for that,' as wrongly given by NARES.

Line 69, '*A bleeding head.*' 'Cum in Tarpeio fodientes delubro fundamenta caput humanum invenissent' (Pliny, N. H. xxviii. 4). Cf. also Varro, de L. L. v. 41. Pliny's account of the dodge and defeat of the Tuscan soothsayer in this matter is curious.

Line 87, '*what he may*'=so far as he can.

„ 90, '*publick's skirt.*' A phrase seemingly taken either from the significant Jewish custom of spreading the skirt over the bride, or rather perhaps from that of taking hold of the skirt, in token of placing oneself under the protection of, or in the power of, the superior, as noted in Zechariah viii. 23 and 1 Samuel xv. 27; for, both from the former passage, and from the answer of Samuel, it seems to me that Saul did not do this merely to detain Samuel, but desired to imply that he clung to, or put himself under his and God's protection. This gives great significance too to the yearning wish of the poor woman in the Gospels, that she might so much as 'touch' the 'hem' of the Lord's garments (St. Matthew ix. 21).

Line 94, '*But . . . perch.*' But=except.

„ 104, = a time of danger and change.

„ 107, '*valour sad.*' It is not the Pict (=Highlander), but the valour that is 'sad' or quiet or sober as contrasted with the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* (that lost Dunbar). The Roman valour is thus described by Shakespeare as that which on the battle-morn '*soberly* did mount an arm-gaunt steed,' &c. (Ant. and Cleop. i. 5). Cf. Cromwell's '*sober spirit*' (First Anniversary, line 230). G.





THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY

OF THE GOVERNMENT UNDER HIS HIGHNESS THE LORD
PROTECTOR.¹

LIKE the vain curlings of the watry maze,
Which in smooth streams a sinking weight does does
 raise ;

So man, declining always, disappears
In the weak circles of increasing years ;
And his short tumults of themselves compose, 5
While flowing Time above his head does close.

Cromwel alone, with greater vigour runs
(Sun-like) the stages of succeeding suns :
And still the day which he doth next restore,
Is the just wonder of the day before. 10
Cromwell alone doth with new lustre spring,
And shines the jewell of the yearly ring.

¹ First published, so far as has been traced, as a broad-sheet in 1655. Our text is after that as reprinted in the State Poems, 1707 (vol. iv. pp. 245-256), where it is misassigned in the heading, as follows, to Waller: 'The First Anniversary of the Government under his Highness the Lord Protector: suppos'd to be written by Edmond Waller, of Becconsfield, Esq.; and printed in 1655.' See our Memorial-Introduction ('Writings'). Captain Thompson's text is apparently taken from a ms., but is not so accurate as in the State Poems, as our Notes and Illustrations show. G.

'Tis he the force of scatter'd Time contracts,
 And in one year the work of ages acts ;
 While heavy monarchs make a wide return, 15
 Longer, and more malignant than Saturn ;
 And tho they all, Platonick years should raign,
 In the same posture would be found again.
 Their earthly projects under ground they lay,
 More slow and brittle than the China clay ; 20
 Well may they strive to leave them to their son,
 For one thing never was by one king done.
 Yet some more active, for a frontier town
 Took in by proxie, begs a false renown ;
 Another triumphs at the publick cost, 25
 And will have won, if he no more [have] lost ;
 They fight by others, but in person wrong,
 And only are against their subjects strong ;
 Their other wars are but a feign'd contest,
 This common enemy is still opprest. 30
 If conquerors, on them they turn their might ;
 If conquerèd, on them they wreak their spight ;
 They neither build the temple in their days,
 Nor matter for succeeding founders raise ;
 Nor sacred prophecies consult within, 35
 Much less themselves to perfect them begin ;
 No other care they bear of things above,
 But with astrologers divine of Jove,
 To know how long their planet yet reprieves
 From their deservèd fate their guilty lives. 40

Thus (image-like) an useless time they tell,
And with vain scepter strike the hourly bell ;
Nor more contribute to the state of things,
Than wooden heads unto the viol's strings,
While indefatigable Cromwell hies, 45
And cuts his way still nearer to the skies ;
Learning a musick in the region clear,
To tune this lower to that higher sphere.

So when Amphion did the lute command,
Which the god gave him, with his gentle hand ; 50
The rougher stones, unto his measures hew'd,
Danc'd up in order from the quarry's rude ;
This took a lower, that a higher place,
As he the treble alter'd, or the base ;
No note he struck but a new story lay'd, 55
And the great work ascended while he play'd.
The listning structures he with wonder eye'd,
And still new stops to various time apply'd ;
Now thro the strings a martial rage he throws,
And joyning streight the Theban tow'r arose ; 60
Then as he strokes them with a touch more sweet,
The flocking marbles in a palace meet ;
But for the most he graver notes did try,
Therefore the temples rear'd their columns high :
Thus, e'er he ceas'd, his sacred lute creates 65
Th' harmonious city of the seven gates. Thebes

Such was that wond'rous order and consent,
When Cromwel tun'd the ruling instrument ;

While tedious statesmen many years did hack,
 Framing a liberty that still went back ; 70
 Whose num'rous gorge could swallow in an hour,
 That island which the sea cannot devour :
 Then our Amphion issues out and sings,
 And once he struck, and twice the pow'rful strings.
 The Commonwealth then first together came, 75
 And each one enter'd in the willing frame.

All other matter yields, and may be rul'd,
 But who the minds of stubborn men can build ?
 No quarry bears a stone so hardly wrought,
 Nor with such labour from its center brought : 80
 None to be sunk in the foundation bends,
 Each in the house the highest place contends ;
 And each the hand that lays him will direct,
 And some fall back upon the architect ;
 Yet all, compos'd by his attractive song, 85
 Into the animated city throng.

The Commonwealth does thro their centers all
 Draw the circumference of the publick wall ;
 The crossest spirits here do take their part,
 Fastning the contignation which they thwart : 90
 And they whose nature leads them to divide,
 Uphold, this one, and that the other side ;
 But the most equal still sustain the height,
 And they, as pillars, keep the work upright ;
 While the resistance of opposèd minds, 95
 The fabrick, as with arches, stronger binds,

Which, on the basis of a senate free,
Knit by the roof's protecting weight, agree.

When for his foot he thus a place had found,
He hurls e'er since, the world about him round ; 100
And in his sev'ral aspects, like a star,
Here shines in peace, and thither shoots a warr :
While by his beams observing princes steer,
And wisely court the influence they fear.

O, would they rather, by his pattern wonn, 105
Kiss the approaching, nor yet angry sonn ;
And in their numbred footsteps humbly tread
The path where holy oracles do lead !

How might they under such a captain raise
The great designs kept for the latter days ! 110

But mad with reason, so miscall'd, of State,
They know them not, and what they know not, hate.
Hence, still they sing Hosanna to the Whore, Rome
And, her whom they should massacre, adore :

But Indians, whom they should convert, subdue, 115
Nor teach, but traffick with, or burn the Jew.

Unhappy princes, ignorantly bred,
By malice some, by error more misled !

If gracious Heaven to my life give length,
Leisure to time, and to my weakness strength, 120

Then shall I once with graver accents shake
Your regal sloth, and your long slumbers wake ;
Like the shrill huntsman that prevents the East,
Winding his horn to kings that chase the beast.

Till then my Muse shall hollow far behind, 125
 Angelick Cromwel, who outwings the wind,
 And in dark nights, and in cold days, alone
 Pursues the monster thorow every throne,
 Which shrinking to her Roman den impure,
 Gnashes her goary teeth ;—nor there secure. 130

Hence oft I think, if in some happy hour
 High grace should meet in one with highest pow'r,
 And then a seasonable people still
 Should bend to his, as he to Heaven's will,
 What we might hope, what wonderful effect 135
 From such a wish'd conjuncture might reflect !
 Sure, the mysterious work, where none withstand,
 Would forthwith finish under such a hand ;
 Foreshortned Time its useless course would stay
 And soon precipitate the latest day : 140
 But a thick cloud about that morning lies,
 And intercepts the beams to mortal eyes ;
 That 'tis the most which we determine can,
 If these the times, then this must be the man ;
 And well he therefore dos, and well has guest, ^{does} guessed 145
 Who in his age has always forward prest ;
 And knowing not where Heaven's choice may light,
 Girds yet his sword, and ready stands to fight.
 But men, alas ! as if they nothing car'd,
 Look on, all unconcern'd, or unprepar'd ; 150
 And starrs still fall, and still the dragon's tail
 Swinges the volumes of its horrid flail ;

For the great Justice that did first suspend
The world by sin, does by the same extend.
Hence that blest day still counterpoisèd wastes, 155
The ill delaying, what th' elected hastes ;
Hence, landing, Nature to new seas is tost,
And good designs still with their authors lost.

And thou, great Cromwel, for whose happy birth
A mold was chosen out of better earth,— 160
Whose saint-like mother we did lately see
Live out an age, long as a pedegree ;
That she might seem, could we the fall dispute,
T' have smelt the blossome, and not eat the fruit ;—
Tho none does of more lasting parents grow, 165
Yet never any did them honour so.

Tho thou thine heart from evil still sustain'd,
And always hast thy tongue from fraud refrain'd :
Thou, who so oft thro storms of thundring lead
Hast born securely thine undaunted head ; 170
Thy breast thro ponyarding conspiracies,
Drawn from the sheath of lying prophecies :
The proof beyond all other force or skill,
Our sins endanger, and shall one day kill.
How near they fail'd, and in thy sudden fall, 175
At once essay'd to overturn us all !

Our brutish Fury, struggling to be free,
Hurry'd thy horses, while they hurry'd thee ;
When thou hadst almost quit thy mortal cares,
And soil'd in dust thy crown of silver hairs. 180

Let this one sorrow interweave among
 The other glories of our yearly song ;
 Like skilful looms, which thro the costly thred
 Of purling ore, a shining wave do shed ;
 So shall the tears we on past grief employ, 185
 Still as they trickle, glitter in our joy ;
 So with more modesty we may be true,
 And speak, as of the dead, the praises due ;
 While impious men, deceiv'd with pleasure short.
 On their own hopes shall find the fall retort. 190

But the poor beasts, wanting their noble guide,
 —What could they more?—shrunk guiltily aside :
 First wingèd fear transports them far away,
 And leaden sorrow then their flight did stay.
 See how they each their tow'ring crests abate, 195
 And the green grass and their known mangers hate.
 Nor thro wide nostrils snuff the wanton air,
 Nor their round hoofs or curl'd manes compare :
 With wandring eyes and restless ears they stood.
 And with shrill neighings ask'd him of the wood. 200

Thou, Cromwel, falling, not a stupid tree,
 Or rock so savage, but it mourn'd for thee ;
 And all about was heard a panick groan,
 As if that Nature's self were overthrown.
 It seem'd the earth did from the center tear ; 205
 It seem'd the sun was fal'n out of the sphere ;
 Justice obstructed lay, and reason fool'd ;
 Courage disheartned, and Religion cool'd ;

A dismal silence thro the palace went,
And then loud shrieks the vaulted marbles rent ; 210
Such as the dying chorus sings by turns,
And to deaf seas and ruthless tempests mourns ;
When now they sink, and now the plundering streams,
Break up each deck and rip the oaken seams.

But thee triumphant, hence, the fiery car 215
And fiery steeds had born out of the warr,
From the low world, and thankless men, above
Unto the kingdom blest of peace and love :
We only mourn'd ourselves in thine ascent,
Whom thou hadst left beneath with mantle rent ; 220
For all delight of life thou then didst lose,
When to command thou didst thyself depose ;
Resigning up thy privacy so dear,
To turn the headstrong people's charioteer ;
For to be Cromwel was a greater thing, 225
Than aught below, or yet above, a king :
Therefore thou rather didst thyself depress,
Yielding to rule, because it made thee less.

For, neither didst thou from the first apply
Thy sober spirit unto things too high ; 230
But in thine own field exercisedst long
An healthful mind within a body strong ;
Till at the seventh time, thou in the skies,
As a small cloud, like a man's hand didst rise ;
Then did thick mists and winds the air deform, 235
And down at last thou pour'dst the fertile storm ,

Which to the thirsty land did plenty bring,
But tho forewarn'd, o'ertook and wet the king.

What since he did, an higher force him push'd
Still from behind, and it before him rush'd. 240

Tho undiscern'd among the tumult blind,
Who think those high decrees by man design'd :
'Twas Heaven would not that his pow'r should cease,
But walk still middle betwixt War and Peace ;
Chusing each stone, and poysing every weight, 245
Trying the measures of the breadth and height :
Here pulling down, and there erecting new,
Founding a firm State by proportions true.

When Gideon so did from the war retreat,
Yet by the conquest of two kings grown great, 250
He on the peace extends a warlike power,
And Isr'el, silent, saw him rase the tow'r ;
And how he Succoth's elders durst suppress,
With thorns and briars of the wilderness.
No king might ever such a force have done. 255
Yet would not he be lord, nor yet his son.

Thou with the same strength, and a heart so plain,
Didst (like thine olive) still refuse to reign ;
Tho why should others all thy labour spoil,
And brambles be anointed with thine oil ? 260
Whose climbing flame, without a timely stop,
Had quickly level'd every cedar's top ;
Therefore, first growing to thyself a law,
Th' ambitious shrubs thou in just time didst awe.

So have I seen at sea, when whirling winds 265
 Hurry the bark, but more the seamen's minds
 Who with mistaken course salute the sand,
 And threatning rocks misapprehend for land :
 While baleful Tritons to the shipwreck guide,
 And corposants along the tacklings slide ; 270
 The passengers all wearied out before,
 Giddy, and wishing for the fatal shore ;—
 Some lusty mate, who with more careful eye,
 Counted the hours, and ev'ry star did spy,
 The helm does from the artless steersman strain, 275
 And doubles back unto the safer Main :
 What tho awhile they grumble, discontent ;
 Saving himself, he does their loss prevent.

'Tis not a freedom that, where all command,
 Nor tyranny, where one does them withstand ; 280
 But who of both the bounders knows to lay,
 Him, as their father, must the State obey.

Thou and thine house, like Noah's eight did rest,
 Left by the Warr's flood, on the mountain's crest ;
 And the large vale lay subject to thy will, 285
 Which thou but as an husbandman would'st till ;
 And only didst for others plant the vine
 Of Liberty, not drunken with its wine.

That sober liberty which men may have,
 That they enjoy, but more they vainly crave ; 290
 And such as to their parent's tents do press,
 May show their own, not see his nakedness.

Yet such a Chammish issue still does rage,
 The shame and plague both of the Land and Age,
 Who watch'd thy halting, and thy fall deride, 295
 Rejoicing when thy foot had slipt aside,
 That their new king might the fifth scepter shake,
 And make the world, by his example, quake ;
 Whose frantique army, should they want for men,
 Might muster heresies, so one were ten. 300
 What thy misfortune, they the Spirit call,
 And their Religion only is to fall.
 Oh Mahomet ! now could'st thou rise again,
 Thy falling-sickness should have made thee reign ;
 While Feake and Simpson would in many a tome 305
 Have writ the comments of thy sacred foam :
 For soon thou might'st have past among their rant,
 Wer't but for thine unmovèd tulipant ;
 As thou must needs have own'd them of thy band,
 For prophecies fit to be alcoran'd. 310

Accursèd locusts, whom your king does spit
 Out of the center of the unbottom'd pit ;
 Wand'rers, adulterers, liars, Munster's rest, Munzers
 Sorcerers, atheists, jesuits, possest.
 You, who the Scriptures and the laws deface, 315
 With the same liberty as points and lace ;
 Oh race, most hypocritically strict !
 Bent to reduce us to the ancient Pict,
 Well may you act the Adam and the Eve,
 Ay, and the serpent too, that did deceive. 320

But the great captain, now the danger's o'er;
 Makes you, for his sake, tremble one fit more ;
 And, to your spight, returning yet alive,
 Does with himself, all that is good, revive.

So, when first man did through the morning dew 325
 See the bright sun his shining race pursue ;
 All day he follow'd, with unwearied sight,
 Pleas'd with that other world of moving light ;
 But thought him, when he miss'd his setting beams,
 Sunk in the hills, or plung'd below the streams, 330
 While dismall blacks hung round the universe,
 And stars (like tapers) burn'd upon his herse ;
 And owls and ravens with their screeching noise,
 Did make the fun'rals sadder by their joys ;
 His weeping eyes the doleful vigils keep, 335
 Not knowing yet the night was made for sleep.
 Still to the West, where he him lost, he turn'd,
 And with such accents, as despairing, mourn'd ;
 ' Why did my eyes once see so bright a ray,
 Or why day last no longer than a day ?' 340
 When straight the sun behind him he descry'd,
 Smiling serenely from the further side.

So, while our star that gives us light and heat,
 Seem'd now a long and gloomy night to threat,
 Up from the other world his flame he darts, 345
 And princes, shining thro their windows, starts :
 Who their suspected counsellors refuse,
 And credulous ambassadors accuse :

'Is this,' saith one, 'the nation that we read,
 Spent with both wars, under a captain dead? 350
 Yet rig a navy, while we dress us late,
 And ere we dine, rase and rebuild a State?
 What oaken forests, and what golden mines!
 What mints of men, what union of designs!
 Unless their ships do as their fowl, proceed fowl 355
 Of shedding leaves, that with their ocean breed.
 Theirs are not ships, but rather arks of war,
 And beakèd promontories sail'd from far;
 Of floating islands a new hatchèd nest,
 A fleet of worlds, of other worlds in quest; 360
 An hideous shole of wood Leviathans,
 Arm'd with three tire of brazen hurricans;
 That thro the center shoot their thundring side,
 And sink the earth, that does at anchor ride.
 What refuge to escape them can be found, 365
 Whose watry leaguers all the world surround?
 Needs must we all their tributaries be,
 Whose navies hold the sluices of the sea!
 The ocean is the fountain of command,
 But that once took, we captives are on land; 370
 And those that have the waters for their share,
 Can quickly leave us neither earth nor aire;
 Yet if thro these our fears could find a pass,
 Thro double oak, and lin'd with treble brass;
 That one man still, altho but nam'd, alarms 375
 More than all men, all navies, and all arms;

Him all the day, him in late nights I dread,
 And still his sword seems hanging o'er my head.
 The nation had been ours, but his one soul
 Moves the great bulk, and animates the whole. 380
 He secrecy with number hath inchas'd,
 Courage with age, maturity with hast ;
 The valiant's terror, riddle of the wise,
 And still his fauchion all our knots unties.
 Where did he learn those arts that cost us dear? 385
 Where below earth, or where above the sphere?
 He seems a king by long succession born,
 And yet the same to be a king does scorn.
 Abroad a king he seems, and something more,
 At home a subject on the equal floor.
 O could I once him without title see, 390
 So should I hope yet he might die as we.
 But let them write his praise that love him best,
 It grieves me sore to have thus much confest.'

Pardon, great Prince, if thus their fear or spight,
 More than our love and duty do thee right ; 395
 I yield, nor further will the prize contend,
 So that we both alike may miss our end ;
 While thou thy venerable head dost raise
 As far above their malice as my praise ; 400
 And, as the angel of our Commonweal,
 Troubling the waters, yearly mak'st them heal. 405

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading: Time, 16th December 1654, in Thompson's text (vol. iii. pp. 499-512). Comparing our text with Thompson's, these corrections of the latter are noteworthy (leaving others lesser in silence): line 38, 'and Jove' for 'of Jove:' line 45, 'Cromwel *hies*' for 'tryes:' line 63, 'the' for 'he,' and 'he' for 'the:' line 177, 'brutish' for 'British:' line 206, 'out of the' for 'from his:' line 214, 'oaken' for 'open:' line 293, '*Cham-mish* issue' for 'clammish;' the context shows the reference is to Ham son of Noah, spelled then, as earlier, Cham: line 295, 'deride' for 'divide.' It will be admitted that all these are important corrections.

Line 2, '*doth raise.*' A strange way of expressing what the next lines show Marvell wished to express, that the whorl allows the weight to sink more indirectly and gradually.

Line 6, '*does.*' 1726 and after-editions have 'doth' here and elsewhere; but 'does' is Marvell's characteristic word, as in our text (1681).

Line 16, '*Saturn.*' The critical reader will note this as an example of the loose way in which classical names were treated by the Poets. (See Notes and Queries recently on Hyperion.) If Shakespeare had so used it, eminent commentators would have quoted it as a proof of his want of learning. In this instance Marvell was a scholar; yet Marvell, for rhythm, does not hesitate so to accentuate.

Line 17. Usually printed 'And they, though all.' The 'all' refers to the kings—'and tho' they all, each and severally, should reign a Platonick year. Perhaps 'after they' would make the sense clearer; but we adopt the text of the State Poems, as before.

Line 17, 'Platonick years:' a reference to an unsolved passage in Plato's Republic (b. viii. c. 3), where he speaks of a geometric number which influences that that is generated by man. Marvell perhaps adopts an explanation by Barrocius in 1566 (Comment. *in loco*). Cf. Poem on Lord Hastings, line 18.

Lines 19-20. It was the general belief that Chinese porcelain was made of earth which lay in preparation about a hundred years under ground. One author says it was made of egg-shells and lobster-shells and gypsum laid eighty years in the earth; and so Scaliger. Ramuzius, that they are of earth, not buried but hardened in the sun and wind for forty years.

In Sir Thomas Browne's time more correct information was given by several, whom he quotes; yet even he says, 'we are not thoroughly resolved' (Pseudodoxia, b. ii. c. 5). 'Crackle' china of our day has an element of the old tradition to explain its formation.

Line 23, '*some*' = some one, as in the passage usually quoted from HEYWOOD under Pericles v. 1, to prove the correctness of the old reading. 'There is some [*i.e.* Lysimachus] of worth would come abroad, I pray greet him fairly.' This confirms these, and Donne uses it similarly. Another passage has also been overlooked, namely 1 Cor. xiv. 23, where the Bishops' Bible translates ἐπὶ τὸ αὐτό 'into some place;' but the Auth. Vers. reads, 'If therefore the whole Church be come together into one [*i.e.* some one] place.' Dr. LIGHTFOOT (Rev. of N. T. p. 183), missing the archaism, has been obliged to conjecture that the revisors intended to have altered one into *the same*. '*Frontier town*:' probably the reference is to some town to which Richelieu brought the king down, that he might be present, after the toil of the siege was over, at its capture. Had Marvell in his mind the precedent of David and Rabbah?

Line 27, '*In person wrong*.' Wrong is here a verb; wrong [their subjects] in their own royal person.

Line 38. Misprinted in State Poems 'and' for 'of' Jove. 'Divine' is a verb, and the meaning = kings care for nothing sacred, except so far as they endeavour with the aid of astrologers to divine of (= from) Jove how long they will live.

Line 40. I have ventured to read 'their deserved' for 'the,' the contraction 'y' having no doubt been mistaken for 'ye' = she.

Line 42, '*strike the hourly bell*.' Alluding to the figures which our ancestors made to strike the hours.

Line 44. The keys of these string-instruments were carved as heads, and gave rise to similes of this kind. Holofernes, the withered pedant, being chaffed, exclaims, 'What is this?' and Boyet leads the answering with 'a cittern head' (Love's Labour Lost, v. 2): and Marston inveighs against the 'senseless cittern heads, base jabbernowls.'

Line 69, '*hack*.' Richardson's explanation elucidates this: 'to use or practise frequently or constantly;' but the only quotation he gives (from Piers Ploughman) hardly bears out his explanation. This does. The reference is to the *Long Parliament*, &c.

Line 82, '*contends*.' Without for, and followed by an accusative, is noteworthy.

Line 90, '*contignation*.' I have only met with another example of this latinate word = thwart, cross, as binding or thwart-pieces, in Marvell himself, in one of his letters: there is a play on '*crossest*.'

Line 106, '*sonn*.' A play on the phrase (Psalm ii. 12), and, as shown by the previous lines, not a misprint. Our text (1681) is '*sonn*:' 1726 and after-editions '*sun*.' The meaning is — would they from Romanists or from no religion become, after Cromwell's pattern, true Protestants: but with the underplay above.

Line 107, '*numbered*.' So reverently made, that they can easily be numbered; or that they were, as in some state ceremonies, pre-arranged as to number.

Line 123, '*prevents*' = anticipates sunrise.

„ 125, '*hollow*.' 1726 and after-editions '*halloo*.'

„ 126, '*Angelique Cromwell*.' See on the word '*angel*' in Britannia and Raleigh (line 122). Though used in a double sense, I think '*angelic*' is here intended to mean a person appointed to do a thing for another, in this case for God.

Line 139, '*foreshortened Time*.' Foreshorten is afterwards used in its technical painter's sense (lines 269-70), as from the derivation fore or front shortened; but here it seems to be used, as in some other compounds of '*fore*,' for our shortened, fore being in such the representation of the German *ver*. I have always thought the '*fore*' of fore-speak is the same, and that it has nothing to do with before.

Line 152, '*Swindges the volume of its horrid flail*.' Yet another reminiscence of Milton. See our Memorial-Introduction. Cf. also Rev. xii. 4.

Line 155, '*that blest day*.' Marvell has said, that if those happy days had come in, the millennium would have been precipitated, but that sin still abounds; for, says he, by, *i.e.* through the instrumentality (for that was one meaning of '*by*' in those days) of sin, the age of the world is extended. I am doubtful, however, whether '*suspend*' (line 153) means delays the progress of mankind, by the check to and suspension of all life by the deluge, or whether this conceit is intended that the world died through sin, a sentence carried out by Him Who hung on the tree.

Line 157, '*Hence, landing, Nature*.' An obscure passage,

but the meaning appears to be that beneficent Nature, or Nature as the impersonation of that which is good, in opposition to man's sinful arts, would 'land,' but is driven away. And the mode of expressing this is derived from a remembrance of the emigration of the persecuted Puritans to New England and the Bermudas—an exile that burned itself into the hearts of men like Marvell, and gives a noble pathos to many contemporary utterances.

Line 171, 'Conspiracies' = Gerard's, May 1654.

Lines 175 6. 'They fail'd' = How near our sins failed to kill thee; and the continuation of this thought explains why he calls it 'our brutish fury,' the horses' fury being considered the chastisement of the people's sins.

Line 178, 'horses.' The well-known incident of the overturn of his coach when CROMWELL himself would drive—afterwards so curiously repeated by Napoleon.

Line 184, '*purling*.' See our note in our edition of Vaughan the Silurist, s. v. (Index). 'Purling ore' is gold embroidery, and called 'purling' because there is a waving of gold. For additional example consult Richardson, s. v. This example, however, does not bear out his explanation, and he has counter-marched the derivative and primary senses. Purle is gold embroidery or bone-lace, and a thing may be purled in its substance with gold, or by being edged with purle (cf. Cotgrave and Howell). To 'purle' does not therefore properly signify to fringe, the edging being an accidental and not a necessary circumstance. As both purfle and purle co-existed, I see no reason for saying that purl is a corruption of purfle; but if in the sense of embroidery or lace it be such a corruption, it is because it became confounded with the existing purl = wave or ripple, whose sense seemed to lend itself to the change, just as Billy Ruffair is supposed by sailors to be the proper form of Bellerophon. Purled is found in Beaumont and Fletcher as = embroidered, or decorated (Dyce's edition, viii. 305).

Line 195, '*each*.' 1726 and after-editions misprint 'both.'

„ 201, '*Thou*.' The London reprint of the American edition misprints 'Though.'

Line 211, '*sings*.' To sing shrieks is an odd phrase. In the construction we have what is now wrong grammar, but it was not wrong then, and is more discriminative. The chorus sings and mourns as a united body doing a single or collective act; but 'they' sink, because the sinking is not a collective or single

act, and they sink not as a chorus, but as drowning men. We would require to say 'each sinks.'

Line 220, '*mantle rent.*' Cf. 2 Kings ii. 11-13.

„ 228, '*to rule*' = to govern others. The thoughts are different, yet I think it probable that what Marvell says here was suggested by the strong disclaimer in Cromwell's speech to the Parliament that same year. In defending his right to the Protectorship as a fundamental not to be touched by the Parliament, and after stating strongly that in his previous position as general of the forces of the three kingdoms he possessed arbitrary and despotic power, he said: 'They' [the Council] '*urging on me, That I did not hereby receive anything which put me into a higher capacity than before, but that it limited me; that it bound my hands to act nothing without the consent of a council, until the Parliament, and then limited me by the Parliament, as the Act of Government expresseth:—I did accept it.*'

Line 233, '*seventh time.*' Cf. 1 Kings xviii. 44-6.

„ 239, '*he did,*' and next line '*him rush'd,*' and line 243, '*his*'—retained in preference to 1726 and after-editions, '*thou didst,*' '*thee,*' and '*thy.*' See former examples.

Lines 243-5. There are odd phrases here, and in context. I take them to mean that Cromwell acted as a general, and enforced martial law in time of peace—an allusion to and apology for the great Protector's military rule; his dissolution of the Long Parliament having been his own act, and his accession to the title of Highness and Lord Protector having been carried out as a state-ceremony, on 16th and 17th December 1653, on the decision of a Council composed chiefly of Cromwell and his officers. If Marvell reckons the accession from the vote passed by the next Parliament on 19th September 1654, then there would be included Cromwell's division of England and Wales into eleven military districts under Major-generals, an exercise of authority which he had recourse to for the reasons mentioned in the text, namely on account of the plots against him.

Line 249, '*Gideon.*' Judges viii. Gideon extended the war with the Midianites, so as to include the people of Succoth and Penuel.

Lines 255-6, '*his son.*' Judges viii. 22.

Line 260, '*brambles.*' The brambles of Succoth led to this allusion to Jotham's parable, Judges ix. 7, &c.

Line 270, '*corposants*.' 1726 edition annotates: 'Marine meteors, which Portuguese mariners call the bodies of the saints, *corpos santos*.' It would be more correct to say, The electric flames that run along the yards and flame from the yard-ends and mast-heads, as described by Ariel in the *Tempest* (i. 1). Our sailors, after the Italians, call the lights St. Elmo's fires.

Line 275, '*artless*' = wanting in the art of navigation.

Lines 287-8. An irregular ellipse: didst plant . . . [didst be] drunken. That is, they being drunken (line 288) with the vine of Liberty.

Lines 291-2, '*their parent's tents*.' Cf. Genesis ix. 22-3.

Line 293, '*Chammish*.' See note of corrections of Thompson's text at commencement.

Line 300, '*so one were ten*' = so one heresy were ten men; a sarcasm both on the fewness of men and the large number of little sects into which they had split. In an anonymous contemporary satire, *Ad Populum &c.*, is this droll photograph of a gathering of them:

'I have been where as many Brownists dwell
That there are only more of them in Hell:
Where silenc'd ministers enow were met
To make a Synod; and may make one yet.
Their blessed liberty they've found at last,
And talk't for all those years of silence past,
Like some half-pin'd and hunger-starv'd man,
Who when he next gets victuals, surfeits than.
Each country of the world sent us back some,
Like several winds which from all quarters come,
To make a storm.'

Maliciously, if cleverly, it is added of a preacher:

'All Argus' body he'd have preach'd asleep;'

and

'There's new church-music found instead of those,
The women's sighs tun'd to the teacher's nose.'

With reference to the nasal speech of Americans — specially New Englanders—it were an interesting inquiry whether our fugitive Puritans have given it to their descendants.

Line 301, '*thy misfortune, they the Spirit call*' = epilepsy. They, when it occurs in themselves, call it the Spirit moving them. It is very curious that this old and wide-spread heathen belief should have been revived again among Gospellers.

Line 302, '*Feake and Simpson*.' Men touched with the wild-fire of fanaticism no doubt, as was GEORGE FOX, not to say

CROMWELL himself. Nevertheless their extant writings, especially those of SYDRACH SIMPSON, matterful and noble in many respects. The 'sweet bells' of their reason were 'jangled:' but 'sweet' certainly they also were in their religious insight and teaching, while there are flashes of fine yearning after the liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free. Feake had baser and poorer elements than Simpson: yet neither merited the scorn of MARVELL. See Brook and Neal, *s. n.*

Line 308, '*tulipant*.' 'A sash or wreath worn by the Indians instead of a hat' (Hersey's Dict. 1708); a form of the French *toliban* or *tolopan*, a turban, given by Cotgrave, but obsolete in his time (Cotgrave and Howell, *s. v.* *toliban* and *turbant*). Halliwell in his edition of Nares gives an unexplained example, but our text alone is decisive; for as Mahometans do not remove their turbans, so, says Marvell, Mahomet (line 303) would have been acceptable to those enthusiasts the Quakers, if only for that reason. The 'unremoved hat' before a magistrate caused Fox and others to be sent to prison in 1656 and 1657. WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT used the word in the Royal Slave (act iv. sc. 5):

'What? I hope

They have not chang'd their sex all in a minute?

They are not leap't into rough coats and *salipants*.'

Comedies, Tragi-Comedies, &c. 1651, p. 132.

Line 313, '*munzers*' = followers of Thomas Munzer, one of the original apostles of the Anabaptists, which sect seems to have specially roused Marvell's ire, and Munzer the more that he held that Christian men and goods were common, and that it was lawful to resist (and by his practice attacked) the opposers of such doctrines.

Line 313, '*rest*' = in the sense of a hand of cards, as in the expression (perhaps confined to the game of *primero*) 'set up your rest.' It would thus imply both the people and the principles of Munzer. See Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, iii. 45; vi. 20; vii. 82; x. 282; xi. 501. The meaning is somewhat obscure. Query, Is it as above = a rest at cards, the hand on which one stands against his opponent? or, Can it be = off-scouring, or the like? Or, Is it a (Marvellian) substantive from *resty*, *reasty*, *rusty*, &c. used collectively and = infected rabble?

Line 319, 'Well may you act the Adam and the Eve' = nudity, one of the fantasies of the sects of Anabaptists and of some fanatically mad Quakers, who caused much scandal

by their adoption of the Adamic costume anterior to the fig-leaves.

Line 345, '*Up from the other world.*' This with the context would seem to refer to Penn's expedition to America, when Jamaica was taken, May 1655; while if it do not, I can't imagine what it refers to. Previous to the fitting-out of this and Blake's fleet early in the same year, nothing of consequence had been done by the fleet since the actions with the Dutch in the Channel in 1653. Those things favour the view previously suggested, that Marvell may have dated from October 1654. On the other hand, if the poem were not written till October 1655, it is hard to understand why Blake's bold exploits at Algiers and Tunis are not particularised. The Conspiracy agrees best with Gerrard's (20th May 1654).

Line 350. It seems from this and all the previous long-drawn simile that Cromwell's epileptic attacks in that year were very serious.

Line 352, '*a State.*' Our text (1681) misprints '*our.*'

„ 356, '*shedding.*' An instance of the irregular use of the act. partic., and means leaves that are shedding themselves from the parent tree. We would say shed or shedded. Perhaps Marvell intended by his phrase to express that the leaves were not shed or dead, but had an inherent vitality like that of eggs. The sense in '*shedding leaves*' is oddly expressed, but is, unless their ships proceed of or from the shedding leaves of their oaks, that falling into the water breed there as prolifically as the eggs of their water-fowl in their marshy nests.

Line 366, *leaguer* = siege investment.

„ 369, '*The ocean is the fountain . . .*' See our note on Oceana in '*Oceana and Britannia*' onward.

Line 374. A curious appropriation of HORACE's *Illi robur . . . triplex*, &c. to the description of a two-decker. A three-decker, not then used, has four tiers of guns.

Line 381, '*He secrecy,*' &c. = he hath set or incased secrecy with number, attained his designs by numbers, yet kept them secret. The word is again used and in the same sense in *Death of the Lord Protector*, line 317. G.





A POEM

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS LATE HIGHNESS THE LORD
PROTECTOR.¹

THAT Providence which had so long the care
Of Cromwell's head, and numbred ev'ry haire.
Now in itself (the glasse where all appears)
Had seen the period of his golden yeares :
And thenceforth only did attend to trace
What death might least so faire a life deface.

The people, which, what most they fear, esteem.
Death when more horrid, so more noble deem,
And blame the last act, like spectators, vaine
Unless the Prince whom they applaud be slaine ;
Nor Fate indeed can well refuse the right
To those that liv'd in war, to die in fight.

But long his valour none had left that could
Endanger him, or clemency that would :
And he—whom nature all for peace had made.
But angry heaven unto warre had sway'd :
And so less useful where he most desir'd.
For what he least affected, was admir'd :—

¹ First published by THOMPSON (vol. iii. pp. 513-23). See Notes and Illustrations at its close. G.

Deservèd yet an end whose ev'ry part
Should speak the wond'rous softnesse of his heart. 20
To Love and Griefe the fatal writ was 'sign'd
(Those nobler weaknesses of humane kinde,
From which those Powers that issu'd the decree,
Although immortal, found they were not free),
That they to whom his breast still open lyes 25
In gentle passions, should his death disguise,
And leave succeeding ages cause to mourne,
As long as Griefe shall weep, or Love shall burne.

Streight does a slow and languishing disease,
Eliza, Nature's and his darling, seize : 30
Her, when an infant, taken with her charms,
He oft would flourish in his mighty arms ;
And lest their force the tender burthen wrong,
Slacken the vigour of his muscles strong ;
Then to the mother's brest her softly move, 35
Which, while she drain'd of milk, she fill'd with love.
But as with riper years her virtue grew,
And every minute adds a lustre new ;
When with meridian height her beauty shin'd,
And thorough that sparkled her fairer mind ; 40
When she with smiles serene, in words discreet,
His hidden soule at every turne could meet ;
Then might y' ha' daily his affection spy'd,
Doubling that knot which destiny had ty'd ;
While they by sense, not knowing, comprehend 45
How on each other both their fates depend.

With her each day the pleasing houres he shares,
 And at her aspect calms his growing cares ;
 Or with a grandsire's joy her children sees,
 Hanging about her neck, or at his knees : 50
 Hold fast, dear infants, hold them both, or none ;
 This will not stay, when once the other's gone.
 A silent fire now wasts those limbs of wax,
 And him within his tortur'd image wracks.
 So the flow'r with'ring, which the garden crown'd, 55
 The sad roote pines in secret under ground.
 Each groan he doubled, and each sigh she sigh'd,
 Repeated over to the restlesse night ;
 No trembling string, compos'd to numbers new,
 Answers the touch in notes more sad, more true. 60
 She, lest he grieve, hides what she can, her pains,
 And he, to lessen hers, his sorrow feigns ;
 Yet both perceiv'd, yet both conceal'd their skills,
 And so, diminishing, increas'd their ills,
 That whether by each other's grieve they fell, 65
 Or on their own redoubled, none can tell.

And now Eliza's purple locks were shorn,
 Where she so long her father's fate had worn ;
 And frequent lightning, to her soul that flies, for
 Divides the air and opens all the skyes. 70
 And now his life, suspended by her breath,
 Ran out impetuously to hastning Death.
 Like polish'd mirrors, so his steely brest
 Had every figure of her woes exprest ;

And with the damp of her last gasps obscur'd, 75
Had drawn such stains as were not to be cur'd.
Fate could not either reach with single stroke,
But, the dear image fled, the mirrour broke.
Who now shall tell us more of mournful swans?
Of halcyons kind, or bleeding pelicans? 80
No downy brest did e're so gently beate,
Or fanne with airy plumes so soft an heat;
For he no duty by his height excus'd,
Nor, though a prince, to be a man refus'd;
But rather than in his Eliza's paine 85
Not love, not grieve, would neither live nor reigne;
And in himself so oft immortal try'd,
Yet in compassion of another dy'd.

So have I seen a vine, whose lasting age,
Of many a Winter hath surviv'd the rage, 90
Under whose shady tent, men every yeare,
At its rich blood's expence their sorrows cheare;
If some deare branch where it extends its life,
Chance to be prun'd by an untimely knife,
The parent tree unto the griefe succeeds, 95
And through the wound its vital humour bleeds;
Trickling in wat'ry drops, whose flowing shape
Weeps that it falls ere fix'd into a grape;
So the dry stock, no more that spreading vine,
Frustrates the autumn, and the hopes of wine. 100

A secret cause does sure those signes ordaine,
Foreboding princes' falls, and seldom vaine:

Whether some kinder powers, that wish us well,
What they above cannot prevent, foretell ;
Or the great world do by consent presage, 105
As hollow seas with future tempests rage ;
Or rather Heaven, which us so long foresees,
Their fun'rals celebrates, while it decrees.
But never yet was any humane fate
By Nature solemnized with so much state : 110
He unconcern'd the dreadful passage crost,
But oh ! what pangs that death did Nature cost !
First the great thunder was shot off, and sent
The signal from the starry battlement :
The winds receive it, and its force outdoe, 115
As practising how they could thunder too ;
Out of the binder's hand the sheaves they tore,
And thrash'd the harvest in the airy floore ;
Or of huge trees, whose growth with his did rise,
The deep foundations open'd to the skyes ; 120
Then heavy show'res the wingèd tempests lead,
And pour the deluge o'er the chaos' head.
The race of warlike horses at his tombe,
Offer themselves in many a hecatombe ;
With pensive head towards the grounde they fall, 125
And helplesse languish at the tainted stall.
Numbers of men decrease with pains unknown,
And hasten—not to see his death—their own.
Such tortures all the elements unfix'd,
Troubled to part where so exactly mix'd ; 130

And as through aire his wasting spirits flow'd,
The world with throes labour'd beneath their load.

Nature, it seem'd, with him would nature vye,
He with Eliza, it with him would dye.

He without noyse still travell'd to his end, 135
As silent sunns to meet the night descend ;
The starrs that for him fought, had only power
Left to determine now his fatal houre ;
Which since they might not hinder, yet they cast
To choose it worthy of his gloryes past. 140

No part of time but bare his marke away
Of honour,—all the yeare was Cromwell's day ;
But this, of all the most auspicious found,
Twice had in open field him victor crown'd ;
When up the armèd mountains of Dunbarre 145
He march'd ; and through deep Severn, ending warre :
What day should him eternize, but the same
That had before immortaliz'd his name ?

That so whoere would at his death have joy'd,
In their own griefs might find themselves employ'd ;
But those that sadly his departure griev'd, 151
Yet joy'd, rememb'ring what he once atchiev'd :
And the last minute his victorious ghost
Gave chase to Ligny on the Belgic coast :
Here ended all his mortall toyles, he lay'd 155
And slept in peace, under the laurell shade.

O Cromwell ! Heaven's favourite, to none
Have such high honours from above been showne,

For whom the elements we mourners see,
And Heaven itself would the great herald be, 160
Which with more care set forth his obsequies
Than those of Moses, hid from humane eyes ;
As jealous only here, lest all be lesse
Than we could to his memory expresse.

Then let us too our course of mourning keep ; 165
Where Heaven leads, 'tis piety to weep.
Stand back, ye seas, and shrunk beneath the vaile
Of your abyse, with cover'd head bewaile
Your monarch: we demand not your supplies
To compass-in our Isle,—our tears suffice, 170
Since him away the dismall tempest rent,
Who once more joyn'd us to the continent ;
Who planted England on the Fland'rick shore,
And stretch'd our frontier to the Indian ore ;
Whose greater truths obscure the fables old, 175
Whether of British saints or worthyes told ;
And in a valour less'ning Arthur's deeds,
For holinesse the Confessour exceeds.

He first put arms into Religion's hand,
And tim'rous conscience unto courage mann'd ; 180
The soldier taught that inward mail to weare,
And fearing God, how they should nothing feare ;
Those strokes, he said, will pierce through all below,
Where those that strike from Heav'n fetch their blow.
Astonish'd armyes did their flight prepare, 185
And cityes strong were storm'd by his prayer ;

Of that forever Preston's field shall tell
The story, and impregnable Clonmell.
And where the sandy mountain Fenwick scal'd,
The sea between, yet hence his pray'r prevail'd. 190
What man was ever so in Heav'n obey'd
Since the commanded sun o're Gibeon stay'd?
In all his warrs needs must he triumph, when
He conquer'd God, still ere he fought with men:
Hence, though in battle none so brave or fierce, 195
Yet him the adverse steel could never pierce;
Pity it seemed to hurt him more, that felt
Each wound himself which he to others delt,
Danger itself refusing to offend
So loose an enemy, so fast a friend. 200
Friendship, that sacred virtue, long does claime
The first foundation of his house and name:
But within one its narrow limits fall,
His tenderness extended unto all,
And that deep soule through every channell flows, 205
Where kindly Nature loves itself to lose.
More strong affections never reason serv'd,
Yet still affected most what best deserv'd.
If he Eliza lov'd to that degree,
(Though who more worthy to be lov'd than she?) 210
If so indulgent to his own, how deare
To him the children of the Highest were!
For her he once did Nature's tribute pay;
For these his life adventur'd every day;

And 'twould be found, could we his thoughts have cast,
Their griefs struck deepest, if Eliza's last. 216
What prudence more than human did he need
To keep so deare, so diff'ring minds agreed ?
The worser sort, so conscious of their ill,
Lye weak and easy to the ruler's will ; 220
But to the good (too many or too few)
All law is useless, all reward is due.
Oh ! ill-advis'd, if not for love, for shame,
Spare yet your own, if you neglect his fame ;
Lest others dare to think your zeal a maske, 225
And you to govern only Heaven's taske.
Valour, Religion, Friendship, Prudence dy'd
At once with him, and all that's good beside ;
And we, Death's refuge, Nature's dregs, confin'd
To loathsome life, alas ! are left behind. 230
Where we (so once we us'd) shall now no more,
To fetch day, presse about his chamber-door,
From which he issu'd with that awful state,
It seem'd Mars broke through Janus' double gate ;
Yet always temper'd with an air so mild, 235
No April sunns, that e'er so gently smil'd ;
No more shall heare that powerful language charm,
Whose force oft spar'd the labour of his arm ;
No more shall follow where he spent the dayes
In warre, in counsell, or in pray'r and praise ; 240
Whose meanest acts he would himself advance,
As ungirt David to the arke did dance.

All, all is gone of ours or his delight
In horses fierce, wild deer, or armour bright ;
Francisca fair can nothing now but weep, 245
Nor with soft notes shall sing his cares asleep.

I saw him dead : a leaden slumber lyes,
And mortal sleep over those wakefull eyes ;
Those gentle rays under the lids were fled,
Which through his looks that piercing sweetnesse
shed ; 250
That port, which so majestique was and strong,
Loose, and depriv'd of vigour, stretch'd along ;
All wither'd, all discolour'd, pale and wan,
How much another thing, no more that man !
Oh, humane glory vaine ! Oh, Death ! Oh, wings ! 255
Oh, worthlesse world ! Oh, transitory things !
Yet dwelt that greatnesse in his shape decay'd,
That still though dead, greater than death he lay'd ;
And in his alter'd face you something faigne
That threatens Death, he yet will live again. 260
Not much unlike the sacred oak, which shoots
To Heav'n its branches, and through earth its roots ;
Whose spacious boughs are hung with trophies round,
And honour'd wreaths have oft the victour crown'd ;
When angry Jove darts lightning through the aire 265
At mortalls sins, nor his own plant will spare ;
(It groanes and bruises all below, that stood
So many yeares the shelter of the wood :)

The tree, erewhile foreshortned to our view,
When fall'n shews taller yet than as it grew ; 270
So shall his praise to after times encrease,
When truth shall be allow'd, and faction cease ;
And his own shadows with him fall ; the eye
Detracts from objects than itself more high ;
But when Death takes them from that envy'd state, 275
Seeing how little, we confess how greate.

Thee, many ages hence, in martial verse
Shall th' English souldier, ere he charge, rehearse ;
Singing of thee, inflame themselves to fight,
And, with the name of Cromwell, armyes fright. 280
As long as rivers to the seas shall runne,
As long as Cynthia shall relieve the sunne,
While staggs shall fly unto the forests thick,
While sheep delight the grassy downs to pick,
As long as future time succeeds the past, 285
Always thy honour, praise and name, shall last.

Thou in a pitch how farre beyond the sphere
Of humane glory tow'rst, and raigning there
Despoyl'd of mortall robes, in seas of blisse 289
Plunging, dost bathe, and tread the bright abyse :
There thy great soule yet once a world does see,
Spacious enough and pure enough for thee.
How soon thou Moses hast, and Joshua found,
And David, for the sword and harp renown'd ;
How streight canst to each happy mansion goe 295
(Farr better known above than here below ;)

And in those joys dost spend the endlesse day,
Which in expressing, we ourselves betray.

For we, since thou art gone, with heavy doome,
Wander like ghosts about thy lovèd tombe ; 300
And lost in tears, have neither sight nor mind
To guide us upward through this region blinde ;
Since thou art gone, who best that way could'st teach,
Only our sighs, perhaps, may thither reach.

And Richard yet, where his great parent led, 305
Beats on the rugged track : he vertue dead
Revives, and by his milder beams assures ;
And yet how much of them his grieve obscures.
He, as his father, long was kept from sight
In private, to be view'd by better light ; 310
But open'd once, what splendour does he throw !
A Cromwell in an houre a prince will grow.
How he becomes that seat, how strongly streigns, strains
How gently winds at once the ruling reins !
Heav'n to this choice prepar'd a diadem, 315
Richer than any Eastern silk, or gemme ;
A pearly rainbow, where the sun inchas'd,
His brows, like an imperiall jewell grac'd.

We find already what those omens mean,
Earth ne'er more glad, nor Heaven more serene. / 320
Cease now our griefs, calm peace succeeds a war,
Rainbows to storms, Richard to Oliver.
Tempt not his clemency to try his pow'r,
He threats no deluge, yet foretells a showre.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading: Cromwell died September 3d, 1658.

Lines 11-12. Perhaps founded on St. Matthew xxvi. 52, combined with the human thought that a battle-death befits a hero. Marvell shows that this does not apply to Cromwell, as he was a man of war only of necessity and the will of Heaven; and that, gentle by nature, he died quietly and through the gentleness of his disposition.

Line 21, '*sign'd*.' Unless there be here some legal phraseology with which I am unacquainted, the word '*sign'd*' should be '*sign'd*'=assigned to Love and Grief [to execute]—and so I print.

Line 30, '*Eliza*.' The LADY ELIZABETH CLAYPOLE. Let the reader consult Carlyle, *s. n.* Noble daughter of nobler father, who lavished all his '*piercing gentleness*' on her, and to whom she was really all MARVELL says. See also PEPYS, *s. n.* She died 6th August 1658.

Line 43, '*y' ha*.' As before, preferable to '*you've*' of 1726 and after-editions.

Line 45, '*sense*'=feeling: they by feeling, not by knowledge or reason.

Line 53, '*wasts*'=wastes: one of the worst misprints of 1776 is '*wafts*' here, blindly repeated in American edition and reprint of 1870.

Line 62, '*feigns*'=dissembles. It was used indiscriminately to simulate, and as here.

Lines 67-8, '*locks . . . shorn*.' The meaning, that as his daughter's strength was taken away Cromwell became weak, is expressed by reference to the cutting-off of Samson's locks; suggested, no doubt, by Lady Claypole's hair having been cut during her illness. This is the more likely, as she evidently suffered greatly; and as the disease appears, from the word '*fire*' (line 53), to have been some form of fever. Purple, it is to be presumed, poetic for auburn.

Line 69, '*to*.' I have placed '*for*' in the margin, as interpretative. It would seem by the text that the weather at her death was also stormy.

Line 124, '*race of warlike horses*.' I know not that this horse murrain and strange sickness among men have been mentioned in the histories.

Line 133, '*Nature*.' Used in a double sense. Nature

creative and intelligent would vie created Nature with or against him. Yet it is not impossible the line may have been written thus:

'Nature, it seem'd with him, would's nature vie;'

that is Nature, it seemed in his case, would vie his nature. To 'vie' is to challenge your opponent's hand, or to set up yours as outdoing his.

Line 139, '*cast*' = determine. Richardson says that this sense is derived from casting in wrestling; but inasmuch as it is the judges &c. who '*cast*' or determine, and not the wrestling victor, this explanation is inadmissible. It is rather to be derived from the practice of determining by the casting of lots or dice—or query, nativities in astrology? Onward (line 215) '*cast*' is used for '*divined*,' a sense which confirms our view, since it is derived from the divining-determining use of lots. So also the formula of casting a person's water is a shortened form of finding out the disease by the water.

Lines 141-8, '*No part*,' &c. Battle of Dunbar, 3d September; of Worcester, 3d September; death of Cromwell, 3d September.

Line 154, '*gave chase*.' I have failed to trace this allusion.

„ 168, '*abyss*.' Cf. our note in Southwell on '*abyss*,' St. Peter's Complaint, st. xviii. lines 1-6, p. 47.

Line 173, '*Fland'rick shore*.' By taking possession of Dunkirk.

Line 174, '*Indian ore*' = Jamaica conquered.

„ 178, '*Confessor*' = Edward.

„ 180, '*mann'd*' = made mannish or virile, strengthened.

„ 182, '*they*.' Admissible in the grammar of that day, soldier being here a collective noun. So too ll. 278-9.

Lines 185-90. See Carlyle's Cromwell, s. n.

„ 201-2. This seems to refer to some incident in the founding of Cromwell's family. What?

Line 215. See note on line 139.

„ 226, '*And you to govern only Heaven's taske*' = And that to govern you is a task beyond all but Heaven's.

Lines 240-1, '*prayer and praise*' = meanest acts of prayers and praise.

Line 244. This notice of Cromwell's likings is noteworthy.

„ 245, '*Francisca*' = Frances. See Carlyle, as before, s. n.: also Noble's Life of Cromwell, vol. ii. pp. 151-2. She died Jan. 27, 1719-20.

Line 252, '*Loose*.' This is an example of the -ed participle with 'was' understood; for the preceding clauses will not admit of 'I saw that port' (line 251). This ellipse of some part of the substantive verb is not uncommon in Elizabethan writers onward. See opening of Crashaw's '*Music's Duel*' (our edition, vol. i. p. 197).

Line 259, '*feign*.' One of Richardson's explanations—to imagine a likeness or resemblance—seems to agree with this passage, but he gives no example. I rather think it is to make after the likeness of what you have seen, a somewhat stronger sense.

Line 276. A strangely elliptical sentence for seeing how little [we saw] or [made them].

Lines 315-18. As before the poet has recorded the terrors of the thundrous night on which Cromwell died, so now he records the phenomena of the day on which Richard was proclaimed.

Line 324, '*a showre*.' That is, a fertilising or beneficent shower; no storms, but such peaceful rule after them as begets plenty, and a quietly virtuous age. G.

ON THE VICTORY OBTAINED BY BLAKE

OVER THE SPANIARDS IN THE BAY OF SANCTA CRUZE IN THE
ISLAND OF TENERIFF, 1657.¹

Now does Spain's fleet her spacious wings unfold,
Leaves the new world, and hastens for the old;
But though the wind was fair, they slowly swoome swum
Frayted with acted guilt, and guilt to come:
For this rich load, of which so proud they are, 5
Was rais'd by tyranny, and rais'd for war;

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 104-8). See Notes and Illustrations at its close. G.

Every capatious gallion's womb was fill'd
With what the womb of wealthy kingdoms yield;
The new world's wounded intrails they had tore,
For wealth wherewith to wound the old once more; 10
Wealth which all others' avarice might cloy,
But yet in them caus'd as much fear as joy.
For now upon the Main themselves they saw,
That boundless empire, where you give the law;
Of winds' and water's rage they fearful be, 15
But much more fearful are, your flags to see.
Day, that to those who sail upon the deep,
More wish't for, and more welcome is then sleep, than
They dreaded to behold, least the sun's light,
With English streamers should salute their sight: 20
In thickest darkness they would choose to steer,
So that such darkness might suppress their fear:
At length it vanishes, and Fortune smiles,
For they behold the sweet Canary Isles,
One of which doubtless is by Nature blessed 25
Above both worlds, since 'tis above the rest.
For least some gloominess might stain her sky,
Trees there the duty of the clouds supply:
O noble trust which heaven on this Isle pours, England
Fertile to be, yet never need her showres! 30
A happy people, which at once do gain
The benefits, without the ills, of rain.
Both health and profit Fate cannot deny,
Where still the earth is moist, the air still dry;

The jarring elements no discord know, 35
Fewel and rain together kindly grow ;
And coolness there with heat does never fight,
This only rules by day, and that by night.
Your worth to all these isles, a just right brings,
The best of lands should have the best of kings, 40
And these want nothing heaven can afford,
Unless it be, the having you their lord ;
But this great want will not a long one prove,
Your conquering sword will soon that want remove ;
For Spain had better, shee'l ere long confess, 45
Have broken all her swords, then this one Peace ; than
Casting that league off, which she held so long,
She cast off that which only made her strong.
Forces and art, she soon will feel, are vain,
Peace, against you, was the sole strength of Spain ; 50
By that alone those islands she secures,
Peace makes them hers, but war will make them yours.
There the indulgent soil that rich grape breeds,
Which of the gods the fancied drink exceeds.
They still do yield, such is their pretious mould, 55
All that is good, and are not curst with gold ;
With fatal gold, for still where that does grow
Neither the soyl, nor people, quiet know ;
Which troubles men to raise it when 'tis oar, ore
And when 'tis raised, does trouble them much more.
Ah, why was thither brought that cause of war, 61
Kind Nature had from thence remov'd so far !

In vain doth she those islands free from ill,
 If Fortune can make guilty what she will.
 But whilst I draw that scene, where you ere long, 65
 Shall conquests act, you present are unsung.

For Sanctacruze the glad Fleet takes her way,
 And safely there casts anchor in the Bay.
 Never so many, with one joyful cry,
 That place saluted, where they all must dye. 70
 Deluded men! Fate with you did but sport,
 You 'scap't the sea, to perish in your port.
 'Twas more for England's fame you should dye there,
 Where you had most of strength and least of fear.
 The Peek's proud height the Spaniards all admire, 75
 Yet in their breasts carry a pride much higher.
 Onely to this vast hill a power is given,
 At once both to inhabit Earth and Heaven.
 But this stupendious prospect did not neer
 Make them admire, so much as they did fear. 80

For here they met with news, which did produce
 A grief, above the cure of grapes' best juice.
 They learn'd with terrour, that nor Summer's heat,
 Nor Winter's storms, had made your Fleet retreat.
 To fight against such foes was vain, they knew, 85
 Which did the rage of elements subdue,
 Who on the ocean, that does horror give
 To all beside, triumphantly do live.

With hast they therefore all their gallions moar, moor
 And flank with cannon from the neighbouring shore ;

Forts, lines, and sconces, all the Bay along, 91
 They build, and act all that can make them strong.

Fond men ! who knew not whilst such works they
 They only labour to exalt your praise. [raise,

Yet they by restless toyl became at length 95

So proud and confident of their made strength,
 That they with joy their boasting general heard
 Wish then for that assault he lately fear'd.

His wish he has, for now undaunted Blake,
 With wingèd speed, for Sanctacruze does make : 100

For his renown, the conquering Fleet does ride,
 Ore seas as vast as is the Spaniard's pride.

Whose fleet and trenches view'd, he soon did say,
 We to their strength are more oblig'd then they ; than

Wer't not for that, they from their fate would run,
 And a third world seek out, our armes to shun. 106

Those forts, which there so strong and high appear,
 Do not so much suppress, as show their fear.

Of speedy victory let no man doubt,
 Our worst work past, now we have found them out.
 Behold their Navy does at anchor lye, 111

And they are ours, for now they cannot fly.

This said, the whole Fleet gave it their applause,
 And all assumes your courage, in your cause.

That Bay they enter, which unto them owes 115
 The noblest wreaths which Victory bestows ;

Bold Stainer leads ; this Fleet's design'd by Fate
 To give him lawrel, as the last did plate.

The thund'ring cannon now begins the fight,
And, though it be at noon, creates a night ; 120
The air was soon, after the fight begun,
Far more inflam'd by it, then by the sun. than
Never so burning was that climate known ;
War turn'd the temperate to the torrid zone. [brought,
Fate these two Fleets, between both worlds, had
Who fight, as if for both those worlds they fought. 126
Thousands of wayes, thousands of men there dye,
Some ships are sunk, some blown up in the skie.
Nature ne'er made cedars so high aspire
As oaks did then, urg'd by the active fire 130
Which, by quick powder's force, so high was sent
That it return'd to its own element.
Torn limbs some leagues into the island fly,
Whilst others lower, in the sea, do lye ;
Scarce souls from bodies sever'd are so far 135
By death, as bodies there were by the war.
Th' all-seeing sun ne'er gaz'd on such a sight,
Two dreadful navies there at anchor fight,
And neither have, or power, or will, to fly ;
There one must conquer, or there both must dye. 140
Far different motives yet engag'd them thus,
Necessity did them, but choice did us,
A choice which did the highest worth express,
And was attended by as high success ;
For your resistless genius there did reign, 145
By which we laurels reapt ev'n on the Mayn.

So prosperous stars, though absent to the sence,
Bless those they shine for by their influence.

Our cannon now tears every ship and sconce,
And o're two elements triumphs at once. 150
Their gallions sunk, their wealth the sea does fill,
The only place where it can cause no ill.

Ah, would those treasures which both Indies have
Were buried in as large and deep a grave !
War's chief support with them would buried be, 155
And the land owe her peace unto the sea.
Ages to come your conquering arms will bless,
There they destroy what had destroy'd their peace ;
And in one war the present age may boast,
The certain seeds of many wars are lost. 160

All the foe's ships destroyed by sea or fire,
Victorious Blake does from the Bay retire.
His siege of Spain he then again pursues,
And there first brings of his success the news ;
The saddest news that ere to Spain was brought, 165
Their rich Fleet sunk, and ours with lawrel fraught,
Whilst Fame in every place her trumpet blows,
And tells the world how much to you it owes.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Victory celebrated in this poem is vividly described by HERWORTH DIXON in his 'Life of Blake' (1852). These extracts may be acceptable : 'Don Diego Diagues, the Spanish Admiral at Santa Cruz, had news of Blake's intended movement, and he made instant preparations to give the assailants a warm recep-

tion should they venture to attack his fleet. The fort of Santa Cruz was then one of the strongest naval positions in the world. The harbour, shaped like a horse-shoe, was defended at the north side of the entrance by a regular castle, mounted with the heaviest ordnance, and well garrisoned ; along the inner line of the bay seven powerful forts were disposed ; and connecting these forts with each other and with the castle was a line of earthworks, which served to cover the gunners and musketeers from the fire of an enemy. Sufficiently formidable of themselves to appal the stoutest heart, these works were now strengthened by the whole force of the Silver Fleet. The precious metals, pearls and other jewels, were carried on shore into the town ; but the usual freightage, hides, sugar, spices, cochineal, and other valuable commodities, remained on board, Don Diego having no fears for their safety. The royal galleons were then stationed on each side the narrow entrance of the bay ; their anchors dropped out, and their broadsides turned towards the sea. The other armed vessels were moored in a semicircle round the inner line, with openings between them, so as to allow full play to the batteries on shore in case of necessity. Large bodies of musketeers were placed on the earthworks uniting the more solid fortifications ; and in this admirable arrangement of his means of resistance Diagues waited with confidence the appearance of his enemy' (pp. 346-7). Of the marvellous counter-plan of Blake and the resultant Victory the chapter gives a brilliant account. 'Of all the desperate attempts,' says Royalist HEATH, 'that were ever made in the world against an enemy by sea, this of the noble Blake's is not inferior to any.' 'The whole action,' writes Clarendon, 'was so miraculous, that all men who knew the place concluded that no sober man, with what courage soever endued, would ever undertake it ; whilst the Spaniards comforted themselves with the belief that they were devils and not men who had destroyed them in such a manner. And it can hardly be imagined how small the loss the English sustained in this unparalleled action ; no one ship being left behind, and the killed and wounded not exceeding two hundred men, when the slaughter on board the Spanish ships and on the shore was incredible' (pp. 351-2). Mr. Dixon gives Cromwell's 'Letter'—a most characteristic one—to Blake written on the 'Victory.' The mystery is, that while he repeatedly quotes a doggrel contemporary narrative, he seems utterly ignorant of MARVELL's present poem.

Line 3, 'swoome'=swum. This use of p. part. for form of past tense is frequent in Elizabethan writers onward.

Line 4, '*guilt.*' The usual Elizabethan equivoque on guilt is here employed.

Line 26, '*'tis above the rest.*' That S. Cruz de Teneriffe being above the rest of the Canaries is therefore blessed above both worlds, is a thought suggested not merely by the climate, but by the fact that the geographers of that time ran the first or 0° line of longitude through Ferrol. Mr. Hepworth Dixon in his account of the battle says finely, 'The Spaniards fought throughout with desperate valour, and for some hours the old Peak of Teneriffe witnessed a scene which might almost be compared with one of its own stupendous outbursts' (p. 349).

Lines 28-9, '*Trees there,*' &c. Marvell incorporates here and throughout the 'wonders' of the old Travel-writers, as of Purchas. It does rain in the Canaries, and the island is really watered by numerous small springs, which rise chiefly in the verdant turf of the second or laurel belt of vegetation.

Line 53. 1726 and after-editions have 'improved' this line into

'There the rich grape the soil indulgent breeds.'

Such smoothnesses—and they are not infrequent—of the after-editions are impertinencies.

Line 54, 'Ambrosia' the food, 'nectar' the drink, of the gods.

Line 69, '*Never so many.*' A noteworthy instance of a now vulgar colloquialism.

Line 91, '*sconces.*' NARES gives 'sconce' as a round fortification or blockhouse: but I much doubt whether it is even in its proper sense restricted to this. In Richardson's first quot. s. v. it would seem to have been used by HAKLUYT for a *tête du pont*.

Line 92, '*act,*' sometimes used at that time as=do.

Lines 97-8. The allusion is to the Spanish commandant's answer to the Dutch skipper who wished to leave the bay.

Line 99, '*he has.*' Our text (1681), much more vivid than the 'had' of 1726 and after-editions.

Line 103, '*he soon.*' Our text (1681) here and elsewhere changes the direct to the indirect form; and I retain this characteristic of Marvell as of his contemporaries, rather than change to 'you,' as in 1726 and after-editions. See on this in our Essay ('Writings').

Line 110, '*past.*' The same ellipse of the subst. verb (is or being), or implication of it in the -ed participle, as has been elsewhere noted.

Line 117, '*Stainer.*' In September 1656, while Blake and Montague went to Portugal for water, Captain Stainer (or Stayner) was left with seven vessels off Cadiz, and captured two ships valued at nearly two millions of pieces of eight. See Pepys. *s. n.*, and our next note.

Line 118. The former bold exploit of Stainer, the leader into the bay, deserves all grateful remembrance. His splendid audacity has not been sufficiently credited to him.

Line 119, '*the fight.*' On 20th April 1657 Blake with twenty-five vessels ran with a fair wind into the bay and attacked the sixteen Spanish treasure-ships, defended as they were by a castle and seven forts, and after an action of four hours burnt them or caused them to be burnt by the Spaniards, who abandoned them. A fortunate shift of wind enabled the English to leave the bay unharmed. It is generally said in our Histories that Blake, seriously ill, hastened home; but from the present poem it is clear that the news reached England before him, and that the poem was written after its receipt and before the news of Blake's death, or else before it was known that Blake had left for home.

Line 126, '*fought.*' The American edition and reprint of 1870 misprint '*sought.*'

Line 155. According to the maxim accepted by the Spanish military writers of those days, but controverted, I think, by Machiavel, that money is the sinews of war.

Line 158, '*destroy.*' Our text (1681), again more vivid than '*destroy'd*' of 1726 and after-editions.

Line 163, '*siege.*' Blake before returning took up again the blockade of Spain. He died in sight of Plymouth on 17th August 1657. G.





THE LOYAL SCOT.¹

BY CLEVELAND'S GHOST, UPON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN
DOUGLAS, BURNT ON HIS SHIP AT CHATHAM.

Of the old heroes when the warlike shades
Saw Douglas marching on the Elysian glades,
They all consulting, gather'd in a ring,
Which of their poets should his welcome sing ;
And, as a favourable penance, chose 5
Cleveland, on whom they would that task impose.
He understood, but willingly addrest
His ready Muse, to court that noble guest.
Much had he cur'd the tumour of his vein,
He judg'd more clearly now and saw more plain : 10
For those soft airs had temper'd every thought,
Since of wise Lethe he had drunk a draught.
Abruptly he began, disguising art,
As of his Satyr this had been a part.

Not so, brave Douglas, on whose lovely chin 15
The early down but newly did begin,
And modest beauty yet his sex did veil,
While envious virgins hope he is a male.

¹ From the 'State Poems' (1703), as before : but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.

His yellow locks curle back themselves to seek,
Nor other courtship knew but to his cheek. 20
Oft as he in chill Esk or Tyne, by night,
Hardned and cool'd his limbs, so soft, so white,
Among the reeds, to be espy'd by him,
The nymphs would rustle, he would forwards swim.
They sigh'd, and said : Fond boy, why so untame, 25
To fly Love's fires, reserv'd for other flame ?

First on his ship he fac't that horrid day,
And wond'red much at those that ran away.
No other fear himself could comprehend,
Than lest heaven fall e'er thither he ascend : 30
But entertains the while, his time too short,
With birding at the Dutch, as if in sport ;
Or waves his sword, and, could he them conjure
Within his circle, knows himself secure.
The fatal bark him boards with grappling fire, 35
And safely thro its port the Dutch retire.
That precious life he yet disdains to save,
Or with known art to try the gentle wave.
Much him the honour of his ancient race
Inspir'd, nor would he his own deeds deface ; 40
And secret joy in his calm soul does rise,
That Monk looks on to see how Douglas dies.
Like a glad lover the fierce flames he meets,
And tries his first embraces in their sheets ;
His shape exact which the bright flames infold 45
Like the sun's statue stands of burnisht gold ;

Round the transparent fire about him glows,
 As the clear amber on the bees does close,
 And, as on angels' heads their glories shine,
 His burning locks adorn his face divine. 50
 But when in his immortal mind he felt
 His alt'ring form and solder'd limbs to melt, soldered
 Down on the deck he laid himself, and dy'd,
 With his dear sword reposing by his side,
 And on the flaming plank so rests his head, 55
 As one that warm'd himself, and went to bed.
 His ship burns down, and with his reliques sinks,
 And the sad stream beneath, his ashes drinks.
 Fortunate boy ! if either pencil's fame,
 Or if my verse can propagate thy name, 60
 When (Eta and Alcides are forgot,
 Our English youth shall sing the valiant Scot.

Skip saddles, Pegasus, thou needst not brag,
 Sometimes the Galloway proves the better nag.
 Shall not a death so generous, when told, 65
 Unite our distance, fill our breaches old ?
 So in the Roman forum, Curtius brave
 Galloping down, clos'd up the gaping cave.
 No more discourse of Scotch and English race,
 Nor chant the fabulous hunt of Chevy-Chase ; 70
 Mixt in Corinthian metal at thy flame,
 Our nations melting, thy Colossus frame.
 Prick down the point, whoever has the art,
 Where Nature Scotland does from England part ;—

Anatomists may sooner fix the cells 75
 Where life resides, and understanding dwells !
 But this we know, tho that exceeds our skill,
 That whosoever separates them does ill.
 Will you the Tweed that sullen bounder call,
 Of soyl, of wit, of manners, and of all ? 80
 Why draw you not, as well, the thrifty line
 From Thames, from Humber, or at least the Tyne ?
 So may we the State-corpulence redress,
 And little England, when we please, make less.
 What ethic river is this wond'rous Tweed, 85
 Whose one bank vertue, t'other vice, does breed ?
 Or what new perpendicular does rise,
 Up from her streams, continu'd to the skies,
 That between us the common air should bar,
 And split the influence of every star ? 90
 But who considers right, will find indeed,
 'Tis Holy Island parts us, not the Tweed.
 Nothing but clergy could us two seclude,
 No Scotch was ever like a bishop's feud.
 All Litanies in this have wanted faith, 95
 There's no *deliver us from a bishop's wrath*.
 Never shall Calvin pardon'd be for sales,
 Never, for Burnet's sake, the Lauderdale's ;
 For Becket's sake, Kent always shall have tales. } tails
 Who sermons e'er can pacifie and prayers ? 100
 Or to the joynt-stools reconcile the chairs ?
 Tho kingdoms join, yet Church will Kirk oppose ;
 The mitre still divides, the crown does close ;

As in Rogation week, they whip us round
 To keep in mind the Scotch and English bound. 105
 What th' ocean binds is by the bishops rent,
 Then seas make islands in our continent.
 Nature in vain us in one Land compiles,
 If the cathedral still shall have its isles. aisles
 Nothing, not bogs nor sands nor seas nor Alps, 110
 Separates the world so as the bishops scalps;
 Stretch for the line their circingle alone,
 'Twill make a more uninhabitable zone.
 The friendly loadstone has not more combined,
 Than bishops cramp't the commerce of mankind. 115
 Had it not been for such a bias strong,
 Two nations ne'er had mis'd the mark so long.
 The world in all doth but two nations bear,
 The good, the bad, and these mixt everywhere;
 Under each pole place either of these two, 120
 The bad will basely, good will bravely, do;
 And few, indeed, can parallel our climes,
 For worth heroik, or heroik crimes.
 The tryal would, however, be too nice,
 Which stronger were, a Scotch or English vice: 125
 Or whether the same virtue would reflect,
 From Scotch or English heart, the same effect.
 Nation is all, but name, a Shiboleth
 Where a mistaken accent causes death.
 In Paradise, names only nature show'd, 130
 At Babel, names from pride and discord flow'd;

And ever since men, with a female spight,
 First call each other names, and then they fight.
 Scotland and England cause of just uproar !—
 Do man and wife signifie rogue and whore ? 135
 Say but a Scot, and straight we fall to sides ;
 That syllable like a Pict's wall divides.
 Rational men's words pledges are of peace ;
 Perverted, serve dissention to increase.
 For shame ! extirpate from each loyal breast 140
 That senceless rancour, against interest.
 One king, one faith, one language, and one Isle,
 English and Scotch, 'tis all but cross and pile.
 Charles, our great soul, this only understands ;
 He our affections both, and wills, commands ; 145
 And where twin-sympathies cannot alone,
 Knows the last secret, how to make us one.

Just so the prudent husbandman, that sees
 The idle tumult of his factious bees,
 The morning dews, and flowers, neglected grown, 150
 The hive a comb-case, every bee a drone,
 Powders them o'er, till none discerns his foes,
 And all themselves in meal and friendship lose ;
 The insect kingdom straight begins to thrive,
 And all work honey for the common hive. 155

Pardon, young hero, this so long transport,
 Thy death more noble did the same extort.
 My former Satyr for this verse forget,
 My fault against my recantation set.

I single did against a Nation write, 160
 Against a Nation thou didst singly fight.
 My differing crimes do more thy virtue raise,
 And—such my rashness—best thy valour praise.
 Here Douglas smiling said, he did intend,
 After such frankness shown, to be his friend, 165
 Forewarn'd him therefore, lest in time he were
 Metempsychos'd to some Scotch Presbyter.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading: In our text (1703) it is 'The Royal Scot.' I accept 'Loyal' of 1710 and 1726. The ships were burnt 12th June 1667 by the Dutch. On this attack the 'Loyal Scot' (Captain Douglas)—whose ancestry and family appear to be unknown—having been ordered to defend the 'Royal Oak,' refused to leave the ship after it was on fire, saying that 'it should never be told that a DOUGLAS had quitted his post without orders.' His men all left the vessel, and he remained alone on board, and perished. SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE wrote: 'Whether it be *wise* in men to do such actions or no. I am sure it is so in States to honour them.' I cannot find that any 'honour' was done to his memory beyond Marvell's poetic celebration, which is the more noticeable in that originally it formed a part of one of our Worthy's most trenchant satires, as recorded *infra*. See PERYS, under 'Chain.' &c., for various notices of the disastrous event, and the national feeling regarding it.

Line 6, '*Cleveland*.' See our Memorial-Introduction for notices of this vigorous, if somewhat scurril, Poet. Born 1630; died April 29, 1659.

Line 14. This, *mutato nomine*, and the abruptness of the commencement show that the poem was originally part of the Last Instructions, and then made separate by the addition of a proem and ending, and was not a separate poem afterwards made use of and fitted into the satire.

Line 14. '*his satire.*' 1726 edition annotates here: 'Cleveland wrote a poem, in Latin and English, which he called, *Rebellis Scotus*, the Rebel Scot: a Satire on the Nation in general.' He ends thus:

'A Scot, when from the gallows-tree got loose,
Drops into Styx, and turns a Soland goose.'

The reprint of the American edition (1870) misprints 'gallow-tree' and 'Poland goose;' and in line 20 'new' for 'knew.' N. Hookes in his poem on 'The Rout of the disloyal Partie of Scots at Dunbarre' has the same grotesque myth:

'No great matter, let them stay on shore,
Drop into Styx, like Soland-geese swim o're.'

Amanda, &c. as before, p. 146.

Line 21. 1726 and after-editions read 'Tyne' for 'Seine' of our text (1681). I accept Tyne, as the more likely river to have been swum in by Douglas.

Line 32, '*birding*' = firing at them with small arms, as though he were out birding or shooting small birds.

Line 45, '*exact.*' At first I had conjectured and emended 'erect;' but the use of 'shape' and not 'form,' &c. seems to give colour to 'exact' = perfect, and also that perfection distinctly and accurately marked out by the bright flames.

Lines 61-2. This prophecy has not been fulfilled. I have had the greatest difficulty in getting even our meagre notice of the 'Loyal Scot.' He finds no place in any of the Naval Histories;—surely a grave error of omission at least.

Line 63, '*Skip saddles.*' Such is the reading of the folio of 1681. Usually, as in 1726, it is 'Ship-saddles.' There are certainly such things as saddles in the equipment of a ship, but neither they nor any noun give sense. Cleveland had satirised the Scots; here he is represented as praising one. In his poetic flight, therefore, he is represented as dismounting from his former Pegasus and mounting a Scottish compeer ('the Galloway'), and on doing it (sometimes) the Scotch Galloway proves the better nag. Hence 'Skip saddles' as = Shift saddles, seems the proper reading; or it is just possible skip might mean 'do without saddle,' or ride bare-back, as the Galloway is ridden o' times. A friend suggests 'slip.'

Lines 73-9. If I rightly understand these lines, Marvell, under the mask of Cleveland, was unable even in a panegyric wholly to restrain his sarcastic humour. 'Prick down the point' = put down a pin, if you can, on that point of the map which

divides Scotland from England: they merge insensibly one in the other.

Line 81, '*thrifty*.' A slight return of Marvell-Cleveland's satirical mood. He would speak of a bounding or restraining line, but chooses a word which recalls 'the *thrifty* Scot' (= *canny*) on the one side, and the 'thrift' to England on the other, if so many (alleged) hungry and grasping visitors were kept out. It is well known that the influx of Scots under James, and the inevitable royal favour shown them, was the source of a good deal of (contemporary) bitterness. The thing is long since of the Past. Even CHURCHILL failed to revive the enmity. With reference to '*thrifty*,' it must be noted that it is used in the '*Last Instructions*,' thus :

'Then came the *thrifty* troop of privateers.' l. 125.

Line 85, '*ethic*' = ethnic, heathen? Or from the context (line 86) are we to understand it as = what moral or moralistic virtue has the river, that its waters should be accounted to breed vice on one side and virtue on the other?

Line 92, '*Holy Island*.' A kind of pun, suggested by Holy Island being only eleven miles from the mouth of the Tweed.

Line 99, '*Kent shall always have tails*.' For an exceedingly curious and amusing account of 'Kent tails,' with ample authorities and references, see the Editor's note to a query on this line in Notes and Queries (4th S. vi. pp. 370-1), from the Golden Legend to Fuller, and from Fuller to J. F. Morgan with a quaint quotation from Drayton. Peter Pindar in one of his anti-George productions has these lines :

'As Becket, that good saint, sublimely rode,
Heedless of insult, thro' the town of Strode ;'

and adds, that some one having cut his horse's flowing tail to the stump, so potent a malediction was bestowed by the Archbishop, that

'The men of Strode are born with horses' tails'

(Notes and Queries, 2d S. viii. 425). See also Manningham's Diary (Camden Society), p. 36 ; and Notes and Queries, 4th S. i. 342, 404.

Line 101, '*joint-stools*.' The reference, no doubt, is to Jenny Geddes' celebrated missile (1637), veraciously exhibited in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland in Edinburgh.

Line 105, '*in time* [to come]' = through time. During the perambulations of Rogation week, boys were whipped at or 'bumped' against marked points of the parish boundaries, that they might remember them in time to come.

Line 107, '*Then seas.*' Merely a general allusion to the action of seas on any continent; this other ocean action being introduced for the sake of the quibble on '*sees.*' But our text here is that of 1710. Usually it is badly printed, 'As seas . . . the . . .'

Line 116, '*bias.*' The metaphor is from the game of bowls, the bias being the sideways or oblique slope of the ground between the player and his mark. Or—though from the context this seems less likely—it may refer to the bowl being itself a bias bowl, or one made to run in a curve line.

Line 128, '*is all but name.*' 1703 misprints '*in:*' '*all*' = one and all, or all make one nation, '*but name*' [England, Scotland, &c.] a Shibboleth. Cf. lines 136-7.

Line 143, '*cross and pile*' = heads and tails, or rather tails and heads. Is '*pile*' a corruption of '*poll*'? In the '*Dream of the Cabal*' (1672) we find it thus:

'Will you suffer armies to beguile,
And give your crown and them to *cross and pile*?'
St. Poems, vol. i. p. 145.

Line 162, '*My differing crimes*' = my crimes of causing dissension, and my rashness being such as described (line 160), they, the crimes, but praise thy valour. Hence I have punctuated as in the text, to bring out the parenthesis. G.





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SATIRES.

NOTE.

See our Preface and Memorial-Introduction ('Writings'), and Introduction to Unverified Poems (being the last portion of our volume), for critical remarks on the Satires of MARVELL, and for our disproof of his authorship of the following, hitherto ascribed to him, viz.

1. Royal Resolutions,
2. Hodge's Vision from the Monument,
3. Oceana and Britannia,

and several first printed by CAPTAIN THOMPSON. For reasons given, we have deemed it expedient to reprint the whole of these and others under the classification of Unverified Poems; and we specially refer the reader to our Introduction thereto, and to relative Notes and Illustrations to the authentic Satires. G.



FLECKNO, AN ENGLISH PRIEST AT ROME.¹

OBLIG'D by frequent visits of this man,
Whom as priest, poet, and musician,
I for some branch of Melchizédeck took
(Though he derives himself from my Lord Brooke),
I sought his lodging ; which is at the sign 5
Of the sad Pelican ; subject divine
For poetry : There, three stair-cases high,
Which signifies his triple property,
I found at last a chamber, as 'twas said,
But seem'd a coffin set on the stair's head ; 10
Not higher then seavn, nor larger then three feet, than
Only there was nor seeling, nor a sheet,
Save that th' ingenious door did, as you come,
Turn in, and shew to wainscot half the room :
Yet of his state no man could have complain'd, 15
There being no bed where he entertain'd ;
And though within one cell so narrow pent,
He'd stanzas for a whole appartement.

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 54-59). See Notes and Illustrations at its close ; also our Memorial-Introduction. G.

Straight without further information,
 In hideous verse, he in a dismal tone 20
 Begins to exercise, as if I were exorcise
 Possest; and sure the devil brought me there.
 But I, who now imagin'd my self brought
 To my last tryal, in a serious thought
 Calm'd the disorders of my youthful breast, 25
 And to my martyrdom, preparèd rest.
 Only this frail ambition did remain,
 The last distemper of the sober brain,
 That there had been some present to assure
 The future ages how I did indure: 30
 And how I, silent, turn'd my burning ear
 Towards the verse; and when that could not hear.
 Held him the other; and unchanged yet,
 Ask'd him for more, and prayed him to repeat;
 Till the tyrant, weary to persecute, 35
 Left off, and try'd t' allure me with his lute.

Now as two instruments to the same key
 Being tun'd by art, if the one touchèd be,
 The other opposite as soon replies,
 Mov'd by the air and hidden sympathies: 40
 So while he with his gouty fingers craules
 Over the lute, his murmuring belly calls,
 Whose hungry guts, to the same streightness twin'd.
 In echo to the trembling strings repin'd.

I, that perceiv'd now what his musick ment. 45
 Asked civilly, if he had eat his Lent?

He answerèd yes, with such, and such an one :
For he has this of gen'rous, that alone
He never feeds ; save only when he tryes
With gristly tongue to dart the passing flyes. 50
I ask'd if he eat flesh ; and he, that was
So hungry, that though ready to say mass,
Would break his fast before, said he was sick,
And th' ordinance was only politick.
Nor was I longer to invite him : scant 55
Happy at once to make him Protestant
And silent. Nothing now dinner stay'd,
But till he had himself a body made,
I mean till he were drest ; for else so thin
He stands, as if he only fed had been 60
With consecrated wafers ; and the Host
Hath sure more flesh and blood than he can boast ; than
This basso-relievo of a man,—
Who, as a camel tall, yet easly can
The needle's eye thread without any stitch, 65
His only impossible is to be rich,—
Lest his too suttile body, growing rare,
Should leave his soul to wander in the air,
He therefore circumscribes himself in rimes,
And swaddled in's own papers seaven times, 70
Wears a close jacket of poetick buff,
With which he doth his third dimension stuff.
Thus armèd underneath, he over all
Does make a primitive Sotana fall,

And above that yet casts an antick cloak, 75
 Worn at the first council of Antioch;
 Which by the Jews long hid, and disesteem'd,
 He heard of by tradition, and redeem'd.
 But were he not in this black habit deck't,
 This half-transparent man would soon reflect 80
 Each colour that he past by; and be seen,
 As the chameleon, yellow, blew, or green.

He drest, and ready to disfurnish now
 His chamber, whose compactness did allow
 No empty place for complementing doubt, 85
 But who came last is forc'd first to go out;
 I meet one on the stairs who made me stand,
 Stopping the passage, and did him demand;
 I answer'd, 'He is here, Sir; but you see
 You cannot pass to him but thorow me.' 90
 He thought himself affronted; and reply'd,
 'I, whom the pallace never has deny'd,
 Will make the way here;' I said, 'Sir, you'll do
 Me a great favour, for I seek to go.'
 He, gathring fury, still made sign to draw, 95
 But himself there clos'd in a scabbard saw
 As narrow as his sword's; and I that was
 Delighted, said, 'There can no body pass
 Except by penetration hither, where
 Two make a crowd, nor can three persons here 100
 Consist but in one substance.' Then, to fit
 Our peace, the priest said I too had some wit;

To prov't, I said, 'The place doth us invite,
 By its own narrowness, Sir, to unite.'
 He ask'd me pardon ; and to make me way 105
 Went down, as I him follow'd to obey.
 But the propitiatory priest had straight
 Oblig'd us, when below, to celebrate
 Together our atonement ; so increas'd at-one-ment
 Betwixt us two, the dinner to a feast. 110

Let it suffice that we could eat in peace,
 And that both, poems did and quarrels cease
 During the table ; though my new-made friend
 Did, as he threatned, ere 'twere long intend
 To be both witty and valiant ; I loth, 115
 Said 'twas too late, he was already both.

But now, alas ! my first tormentor came,
 Who, satisfy'd with eating, but not tame,
 Turns to recite : though judges most severe,
 After th' Assizes' dinner, mild appear, 120
 And on full stomach do condemn but few ;
 Yet he more strict my sentence doth renew,
 And draws out of the black box of his breast
 Ten quire of paper, in which he was drest.
 Yet that which was a greater cruelty, 125
 Then Nero's poem, he calls charity :
 And so the Pelican, at his door hung,
 Picks out the tender bosome to its young.

Of all his poems there he stands ungirt,
 Save only two foul copies for his shirt ; 130

Yet these he promises as soon as clean :
 But how I loath'd to see my neighbour glean
 Those papers, which he pilled from within peeled
 Like white fleaks rising from a leaper's skin ! flakes
 More odious than those raggs which the French than
 youth 135

At ordinaries after dinner show'th,
 When they compare their chancres and poulains !
 Yet he first kist them, and after takes pains
 To read ; and then, because he understood
 Not one word, thought and swore that they were
 good. 140

But all his praises could not now appease
 The provok't author, whom it did displease
 To hear his verses, by so just a curse,
 That were ill made, condemn'd to be read worse :
 And how (impossible !) he made yet more 145
 Absurdities in them then were before ; than

For his untun'd voice did fall or raise
 As a deaf man upon a viol playes,
 Making the half-points and the periods run
 Confus'der then the atoms in the sun. than 150

Thereat the poet swell'd with anger full,
 And roar'd out like Perillus in's own bull ;
 ' Sir, you read false. That,—Any one, but you,
 Should know the contrary.' Whereat, I now
 Made mediator in my room, said, ' Why ? 155
 To say that you read false, Sir, is no lye.'

Thereat the waxen youth relented straight, .
 But saw with sad despair that 'twas too late ;
 For the disdainful poet was retir'd
 Home, his most furious satyr to have fir'd 160
 Against the rebel ; who, at this struck dead,
 Wept bitterly as disinherited.
 Who would commend his mistress now ? ' O who
 Praise him ? ' both difficult indeed to do
 With truth. I counsell'd him to go in time, 165
 Ere the fierce poet's anger turn'd to rime.
 He hasted ; and I, finding myself free,
 As one 'scap't strangely from captivity,
 Have made the chance be painted ; and go now
 To hang it in Saint Peter's for a vow. 170

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

For notice of the subject of this most drolly-sarcastic poem, in relation to DRYDEN, see our Memorial-Introduction.

Line 4, '*my Lord Brooke.*' Either Fulke Greville Lord Brooke, or Lord Robert Brooke ; but it is difficult to trace descent from either of Flecknoe, nor is it much to be lamented.

Line 6, '*sad Pelican.*' A well-known Christian symbol, *i.e.* the pelican feeding her young with blood from her own bosom. See ll. 127-8.

Line 12, 1726 and after-editions read 'There neither was or ceiling or . . . sheet' = a sheet or calico spread in lieu of a ceiling.

Line 18, '*appartement.*' In its contrast with 'one cell,' seems used in the French sense of a suite of rooms.

Line 26, '*to.*' The unusual preposition makes the construction obscure—and rest prepared to my martyrdom.

Line 28, '*The last distemper of the sober brain.*' Another Miltonic reminiscence. See our Memorial-Introduction.

Line 72, '*third dimension*' = the third dimension of solids, depth. This basso-relievo and half-transparent man, with 'clemmed guts,' had the superficial area, measurement of length and breadth, but no depth worth taking into account, till he artificially added to it.

Line 74, '*Sotana*.' Properly *sottana*, Ital.; *soutane*, Fr.; a cassock, a long garment used by clerics, reaching from the neck to the feet.

Lines 75-6, '*antique cloak Antioch*.' Cf. HENRY VAUGHAN'S humorous poem on return of a cloak to RIDSLEY (our edition, vol. ii. p. 95).

Line 93, '*Will make the way here*' The visitor meant that he would pass up or make his way up, spite of Marvell; but Marvell sarcastically misinterprets the equivocal phrase to mean that the visitor will clear the way for him downstairs, or act as usher. The double meaning of the phrase is shown in the '*to make me way*' (l. 105).

Lines 99-101. A reference to the scholastic doctrine, that no body can interpenetrate another, or occupy the same space with it.

Line 126, '*Nero's poem*.' Nero wrote verses, and sang or recited them; but the word '*poem*' seems to refer to one '*poem*' in particular. See Smith, *s. n.*

Line 137, '*poulains*.' Sense obscure. Wright, *s. v.*, gives it as '*pointed shoes*.' The context seems to show it is = *bubo* (*nonnunquam ulcus*), a morto gallico excitatus, a Winchester goose. See Cotgrave, *s. n.*

Line 152, '*Perillus*,' the inventor of Phalaris' brazen bull, and one of its victims.

Line 153, '*Sir, you read false*.' It is clear from Marvell's mediating reply that this saying is all that is spoken by Flecknoe, and that the other sentence is spoken by the young gallant, who says that the cleric is only safe through his habit. But I am not clear whether the change is to be understood, and that he says '*That is*,' or whether we are to take '*That*' as standing for *That* or the other person, and so read, '*That,—Any one,*' &c. I prefer the latter reading, and print accordingly.

Line 169, '*Have . . . be painted*.' The American edition, as reprinted in London 1870, misprints '*He*' for '*Have*.'—'*Painted*.' It was and is usual to have little paintings made representing recoveries from illness, saving from accidents, &c. offered by the person so saved to his patron-saint, and hung up

at the shrine of the saint. See an account of some at Avignon in Dickens's *Pictures from Italy*, 1846, pp. 22-3. Each picture was marked 'ex voto.' I myself saw recently in Venice, Verona, Genoa, and other Italian cities, many such paintings, some very grotesque, not to say hideous, as of a realistic limb in its diseased state. I was startled to find an enormous crinoline suspended near a saint's shrine in Venice. G.

TOM MAY'S DEATH.¹

As one put drunk into the packet-boat,
 Tom May was hurry'd hence, and did not know't ;
 But was amazèd on th' Elysian side,
 And, with an eye uncertain gazing wide,
 Could not determine in what place he was, 5
 (For whence, in Steven's ally, trees or grass?) alley
 Nor where the Pope's-Head, nor the Mitre lay,
 Signs by which still he found and lost his way.
 At last, while doubtfully he all compares,
 He saw near hand, as he imagin'd, Ares. 10
 Such did he seem for corpulence and port,
 But 'twas a man much of another sort ;
 'Twas Ben, that in the dusky laurel shade,
 Amongst the chorus of old poets, laid,
 Sounding of ancient heroes, such as were 15
 The subject's safety, and the rebel's fear :

¹ Appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 35-7). See Notes and Illustrations at its close, and our Preface, for critical remarks bearing on Marvell's authorship of this sharp satire on May, and its place in the Life of the patriot. G.

And how a double-headed vulture eats
 Brutus and Cassius, the people's cheats ;
 But, seeing May, he varied streight his song,
 Gently to signifie that he was wrong. 20
 Cups more then civil of Emilthian wine, Emathian
 I sing (said he) and the Pharsalian sign,
 Where the historian of the Commonwealth
 In his own bowels sheath'd the conquering health.
 By this May to himself and them was come, 25
 He found he was translated, and by whom,
 Yet then with foot as stumbling as his tongue,
 Prest for his place among the learnèd throug ;
 But Ben, who knew not neither foe nor friend,
 Sworn enemy to all that do pretend, 30
 Rose more then ever he was seen, severe, than
 Shook his gray locks, and his own bayes did tear
 At this intrusion ; then, with laurel wand,
 The awful sign of his supreme command ;
 At whose dread whisk Virgil himself does quake, 35
 And Horace patiently its strokes does take ;
 As he crowds in, he whipt him ore the pate,
 Like Pembroke at the masque, and then did rate :
 ' Far from these blessèd shades tread back agen,
 Most servil wit, and mercenary pen. 40
 Polydore, Lucan, Alan, Vandale, Goth,
 Malignant poet and historian both.
 Go seek the novice statesmen, and obtrude
 On them some Roman cast similitude ;

Tell them of liberty, the storie's fine, 45
 Until you all grow consuls in your wine,
 Or thou, dictator of the glass, bestow
 On him the Cato, this the Cicero,
 Transferring old Rome hither in your talk,
 As Bethlem's house did to Loretto walk. 50
 Foul architect! that hadst not eye to see
 How ill the measures of these States agree,
 And who by Rome's example England lay,
 Those but to Lucan do continue May;
 But thee, nor ignorance, nor seeming good 55
 Misled, but malice fixt and understood.
 Because some one than thee more worthy weares
 The sacred laurel, hence are all these teares.
 Must therefore all the world be set on flame,
 Because a Gazet-writer mist his aim? gazette 60
 And for a tankard-bearing Muse must we,
 As for the basket, Guelphs and Gibelines be? Ghibelines
 When the sword glitters ore the judge's head,
 And fear has coward churchmen silenced,
 Then is the poet's time, 'tis then he drawes, 65
 And single, fights forsaken Vertue's cause.
 He, when the wheel of empire whirlleth back,
 And though the world's disjointed axle crack,
 Sings still of ancient rights and better times,
 Seeks wretched good, arraigns successful crimes; 70
 But thou, base man, first prostituted hast,
 Our spotless knowledge and the studies chast,

Apostatizing from our arts and us,
 To turn the chronicler to Spartacus ;
 Yet wast thou taken hence with equal fate, 75
 Before thou couldst great Charles, his death relate,
 But what will deeper wound thy little mind,
 Hast left surviving Davenant still behind,
 Who laughs to see, in this thy death, renew'd,
 Right Roman poverty and gratitude. 80
 Poor poet thou, and grateful Senate they,
 Who thy last reckoning did so largely pay,
 And with the public gravity would come,
 When thou hadst drunk thy last, to lead thee home ;
 If that can be thy home where Spencer lies, 85
 And reverend Chaucer ; but their dust does rise
 Against thee, and expels thee from their side,
 As the eagle's plumes from other birds divide :
 Nor here thy shade must dwell ; return, return,
 Where sulphrey Phlegeton does ever burn ! Phlegethon 90
 There Cerberus with all his jaws shall gnash,
 Megæra thee with all her serpents lash ;
 Thou, riveted unto Ixion's wheel,
 Shalt break, and the perpetual vulture feel !
 'Tis just, what torments poets e'er did feign, 95
 Thou first historically shouldst sustain.'

Thus, by irrevocable sentence cast,
 MAY only master of these revels past,
 And streight he vanisht in a cloud of pitch,
 Such as unto the sabbath bears the witch. 100

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

For notice of THOMAS MAY, see our Memorial-Introduction ('Writings'). Here it may be stated he was son of Sir Thomas May of Mayfield, co. Sussex, Kt., where he was born in 1595. He was Secretary to the Long Parliament, and its historian, as well as a dramatic writer of merit. He died 13th November 1650, and was buried in Westminster Abbey; but his remains had the honour of exhumation after the Restoration, and of being thrown, with those of England's greatest and best, into the common pit in the churchyard.

Lines 6-7, 'Steven's all[e]y Pope's-Head Mitre.' I do not find Steven's-alley, but Pope's-Head-alley was (and is) a footway from Cornhill to Lombard-street, leading to the popular tavern called the 'Pope's Head' in the latter street. This tavern is mentioned as early as 1464, and was still in existence in 1756. There were several popular taverns called the 'Mitre.' PEPYS frequently mentions one in Wood-street, probably Marvell's.

Line 10, 'Ares.' This may be meant for AYRES the music-composer, or a sarcastic allusion to Ayres the celebrated pilot, on whom see Pepys (iv. 226), *i. e.* having acted as *his* pilot thither. But Ares may also have been simply some noted pot-house keeper or frequenter. It can't be the classical Ares.

Line 11. Jonson, who in his youth was angular, himself laughs at his latter-day mountain of flesh.

Lines 17-18. A singular subject for MARVELL to put into Ben Jonson's mouth; but see farther on.

Line 21, 'Cups . . . ' 1726 annotates here: 'Alluding to the beginning of May's translation of Lucan's Pharsalia.'

Line 38, 'Pembroke.' Query, Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, governor of Isle of Wight? It may have been the earlier and renowned earl.

Line 50, 'As Bethlem's house did to Loretto walk.' Even in our own day, the thesis has been maintained with a pathetic seriousness of credulity in the following book: 'Loreto and Nazareth. Two Lectures, containing the Results of Personal Investigation of the Two Sanctuaries. By William Antony Hutchison, Priest of the Oratory. With Plans and Illustrations. 1863. 2vo.' Loretto is dear to all as holding the grave of RICHARD RASHAW.

Line 60. May, befriended by Charles I., expected the laureateship on the death of Jonson; and when it was conferred on Davenant, turned Parliamentary. Hence the allusion in ll. 77-80. He seems to have merited Marvell's castigation.

Line 70, 'Seeks'=seeks out.

„ 74, '*Spartacus*.' Whether Marvell is making Jonson speak exactly as he would have spoken, I know not; but the only known work of May that this will at all apply to is May's 'History of the Long Parliament;' and this involves the strange likening of the revolt of this Parliament against 'great Charles' to the slave revolt under Spartacus against Rome.

Line 75, '*hence*.' Marvell has made a slip here, the scene of his poem being the Elysian fields.

Line 76, 'Charles his.' 1726 and after-editions 'Charles's.' On the significance of this 'great' see our Memorial-Introduction.

Line 78, 'DAVENANT'=Sir William Davenant, a dramatist and author of 'Gondibert' and other poems. Archbp. Trench gives his 'Gondibert' high praise. His 'Plays' have just been reprinted, but his Poems had been a more acceptable gift. G.

THE CHARACTER OF HOLLAND.¹

HOLLAND, that scarce deserves the name of land,
As but th' off-scouring of the Brittish sand,
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots when they heav'd the lead,

¹ In the Library of Dr. PHILIP BLISS there was a copy of this poem as originally published: 'Character of Holland. Oxon R. Horn, 1672' (Sale-catalogue, pt. 2d, p. 92), sm. 4to. On text is from the folio of 1681 (pp. 111-115). See Notes and Illustrations at its close; also our Memorial-Introduction ('Writings'), for relation of this poem to one of Butler's. G

Or what by the ocean's slow alluvion fell 5
 Of shipwrackt cockle and the muscle-shell :
 This indigested vomit of the sea
 Fell to the Dutch by just propriety.

Glad then, as miners who have found the oar. ore
 They, with mad labour, fish'd the land to shoar ; 10
 And div'd as desperately for each piece
 Of earth, as if 't had been of ambergreece ;
 Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
 Less then what building swallows bear away ; than
 Or than those pills which sordid beetles roul, 15
 Transfusing into them their dunghil soul.

How did they rivet, with gigantick piles,
 Thorough the center their new-catchèd miles ;
 And to the stake a struggling country bound,
 Where barking waves still bait the forcèd ground ; 20
 Building their wat'ry Babel far more high
 To reach the sea, then those to scale the sky ! than

Yet still his claim the injur'd ocean laid,
 And oft at leap-frog ore their steeples plaid :
 As if on purpose it on land had come 25
 To show them what's their *mare liberum*.
 A daily deluge over them does boyl ;
 The earth and water play at level-coyl.
 The fish ofttimes the burger dispossess,
 And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest, 30
 And oft the Tritons and the sea-nymphs saw
 Whole sholes of Dutch serv'd up for Cabillau ;

Or, as they over the new level rang'd
 For pickled herring, pickled *heeren* chang'd.
 Nature, it seem'd, asham'd of her mistake,
 Would throw their land away at duck and drake.

35

Therefore Necessity, that first made kings,
 Something like government among them brings ;
 For, as with pygmies, who best kills the crane,
 Among the hungry, he that treasures grain,
 Among the blind, the one-ey'd blinkard reigns,
 So rules among the drown'd he that drains :
 Not who first see the rising sun, commands,
 But who could first discern the rising lands ;
 Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,
 Him they their Lord, and Country's Father, speak ;
 To make a bank, was a great plot of State ;
 Invent a shov'l, and be a magistrate.
 Hence some small dyke-grave, unperceiv'd, invades
 The pow'r, and grows as 'twere a King of Spades,
 But, for less envy, some joynt States endures,
 Who look like a commission of the Sewers :
 For these Half-anders, half wet, and half dry,
 Nor bear strict service, nor pure liberty.

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'Tis probable Religion, after this,
 Came next in order, which they could not miss ;
 How could the Dutch but be converted, when
 Th' Apostles were so many fishermen ?
 Besides, the waters of themselves did rise,
 And, as their land, so them did re-baptize.

60

Though Herring for their God few voices mist,
 And Poor-John to have been th' Evangelist,
 Faith, that could never twins conceive before,
 Never so fertile, spawn'd upon this shore
 More pregnant then their Marg'ret, that laid down 65
 For Hans-in-Kelder of a whole Hans-Town.

Sure when Religion did itself imbark,
 And from the East would Westward steer its ark,
 It struck, and splitting on this unknown ground,
 Each one thence pillag'd the first piece he found : 70
 Hence Amsterdam, Turk-Christian-Pagan-Jew,
 Staple of sects, and mint of schisme grew ;
 That bank of conscience, where not one so strange
 Opinion but finds credit, and exchange.
 In vain for Catholicks ourselves we bear ; 75
 The universal church is only there.

Nor can civility there want for tillage,
 Where wisely for their Court, they chose a village :
 How fit a title clothes their governours,
 Themselves the hogs, as all their subjects bores ! boors

Let it suffice to give their country fame, 81
 That it had one Civilis call'd by name,
 Some fifteen hundred and more years ago,
 But surely never any that was so. [mermaids

See but their mairmaids, with their tails of fish,
 Reeking at church over the chafing-dish ! 86
 A vestal turf, enshrin'd in earthen ware,
 Fumes through the loopholes of a wooden square ;

Each to the temple with these altars tend,
 But still does place it at her western end ; 90
 While the fat steam of female sacrifice
 Fills the priest's nostrils, and puts out his eyes.

Or, what a spectacle, the skipper gross,
 A water-Hercules, butter-Coloss,
 Tunn'd up with all their sev'ral towns of beer ; 95
 When, stagg'ring upon some land, snick and sneer,
 They try, like statuaries, if they can,
 Cut out each other's Athos to a man ;
 And carve in their large bodies, where they please,
 The arms of the United Provinces. 100

But when such amity at home is show'd,
 What then are their confederacies abroad ?
 Let this one courtsie witness all the rest.
 When their whole navy they together prest,
 Not Christian captives to redeem from bands, 105
 Or intercept the western golden sands ;
 No, but all ancient rights and leagues must vail,
 Rather than to the English strike their sail ;
 To whom their weather-beaten Province owes
 Itself, when, as some greater vessel tows 110
 A cock-boat, tost with the same wind and fate,
 We buoy'd so often up their sinking State.
 Was this *jus belli et pacis* ? Could this be
 Cause why their burgomaster of the sea,
 Ram'd with gunpowder, flaming with brand-wine 115
 Should raging hold his linstock to the mine ?

While, with feign'd treaties, they invade by stealth
 Our sore new-circumcisèd Commonwealth.
 Yet of his vain attempt no more he sees,
 Then of case-butter shot, and bullet-cheese ; than
 And the torn navy stagger'd with him home, 121
 While the sea laught it self into a foam ;
 'Tis true, since that (as Fortune kindly sports)
 A wholesome danger drove us to our ports,
 While half their banish'd keels the tempest tost, 125
 Half bound at home in prison to the frost ;
 That ours, mean time, at leisure might careen,
 In a calm Winter, under skies serene,
 As the obsequious air and waters rest,
 'Till the dear halcyon hatch out all its nest. 130
 The Commonwealth doth by its losses grow,
 And, like its own seas, only ebbs to flow ;
 Besides, that very agitation laves,
 And purges out the corruptible waves.

And now again our armèd Bucentore Bucentaur
 Do yearly their sea-nuptials restore ; 136
 And now the Hydra of Seaven Provinces
 Is strangled by our infant Hercules.
 Their tortoise wants its vainly stretchèd neck,
 Their navy, all our conquest, or our wreck ; 140
 Or, what is left, their Carthage overcome,
 Would render fain unto our better Rome ;
 Unless our senate, lest their youth disuse
 The war (but who would ?), peace, if begg'd refuse.

For now of nothing may our State despair, 145
 Darling of heaven, and of men the care ;
 Provided that they be, what they have been,
 Watchful abroad, and honest still within ;
 For while our Neptune doth a trident shake,
 Steel'd with those piercing heads, Dean, Monck, and
 Blake ; 150
 And while Jove governs in the highest sphere,
 Vainly in hell let Pluto domineer.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

For a much-resembling poem by Butler, see our Memorial-Introduction (' Writings'), with critical remarks.

Line 5, '*alluvion*.' The description of '*alluvion*' in Batman on Barthol. (l. xiii.) is so quaint, albeit roundabout. I must quote it in full, as follows: 'There is a manner running water, that hath two names in latine, one is *alluvio*, and the other is *alluies*, and is privie and still rising of water, and hath that name of *abluendo*, for he washeth the earth that he passeth by, and breaketh thereof, and wasteth it. And therefore under hoaling and undercreeping and wasting under brimmas that be hoaled and hollow by water is called *alluvio* (Job xiv. 19). It is said by undercreeping and privy running of water the earth is washed, little and little; and then the more strong the running and course that passeth by privie hollownes and brims and cliffs is, the more perillouslye he destroyeth and wasteth the sadnesse thereof, for the other part of the brim outward seemeth sure and sad without; for there the destroying and wasting thereof is not seene within, and therefore his foot slideth the sooner that treadeth therein; for the inward sadness is wasted and the privie hollownesse is hid and unknowen, as Seneca saith.' It would seem by this that *alluvion* had, instead of the Latin sense, the restriction to water that makes liquid mud by running in privy courses beneath and undermining the sad, *i.e.* the solid or sound earth. It was doubtless the interpretation of the day, owing to the then restricted use of *alluvio*; but there

is no reason for so restricting it in Job xiv. 19. The phenomena of hot countries rather show that it meant the muddy floods after the rains.

In a passage quoted by RICHARDSON, *s. v.* Howell uses it curiously, and in a sense which Richardson does not notice: that, namely, either of privy channels or of the drainage through these; and, later still, Marvell here and Blackstone (*Com.* ii. 16; Richardson, *s. v.*), use it in the present geological sense of *alluvium*, a deposit of matter suspended in water.

Line 8, '*by just propriety.*' Alluding to the great drinking, and therefore casting, propensities of the Dutch (*Proverbs* xxvi. 11).

Line 26, '*mare liberum.*' The reference is to one of the causes of dispute, the Dutch maintaining that the Channel was *mare liberum*, the Commonwealth that it was 'the British Sea,' and that others, therefore, should 'vail' to their ships.

Line 28, '*level-coyl.*' A favourite (Christmas) game, in which the loser rose and was supplanted by another. So far as one can judge, it was one of the games represented by Puss in the corner, Tiggy Touchwood, and the like, but played seated. Adding Skinner's notice to the others—'*Level-coil, vox tessaris globulosis ludentium propria*'—with which agrees the reference in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Faithful Friends*, '*Level-coil you see, every man's pot*' (ii. 1)—it might be conjectured to be a form of Hunt the slipper. The words are a corruption of *levaculo*, or *leve le cul* (Florio, ed. 1611), or *levar il culo* (Coles) (*jouer à cul-levé*, Cotgrave and Minsheu); and Coles and Kersey give its other English name as *hitch-buttock*, and Florio (*bis s. v. v. livaculo et giocare*) as *itch-buttock*. *Cul* was probably corrupted the more easily into *coil*, because, as would appear from the metaphorical and proverbial use of the phrase, the game was noisy and boisterous. Hence it would seem, as Gifford says (*Jonson, Tale of a Tub*, iii. 5), to have been used for a noisy disturbance. And again, from the phrases in Coles' Latin Dictionary—*level-coil, alternatim cessim*—and to play at *level-coil vices ludendi præbere*—it would appear, from the supplanting nature of the game, to have been used for anything done in turns. Both these senses are included in Jonson's use of it; and they are seen perhaps better than in any other in this passage of Marvell's, which may be glossed—When land and sea boisterously and in turn strive to supplant one another. Cf. besides the authorities mentioned above, Halliwell and

Wright's Nares, and Browne's Mad Couple, as quoted by Dyce, Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. iv. p. 215.

Line 30, '*not as a meat, but as a guest.*' Crashaw has used this of the 'Bread' in the Miracle quaintly and well in his Epigrams.

Line 32, '*Cabillau.*' Properly Cabillaud. Fr. cod-fish.

„ 36, 'duck and drake' = a child's game, where a flat shell or stone is skimmed over the water, now dipping below, and now rising above.

Line 45, '*leak.*' Noteworthy use as an adjective.

„ 49, '*dyke-grave.*' An official who inspected the 'dykes.' Cf. the word 'dyke reeve' in Cowell's Law Dict.; and so head-grave, penny-grave, &c., in memorial courts. Grave = graf: thus the inn-sign Grave Morris = Graf Maurice. As land-steward, both in England and Scotland, 'grieve' is in living use.

Line 51, '*joynt.*' 1726 and after-editions 'joined.'

„ 53, '*Half-anders:*' pun on *Whole-Hollanders*; anders = *ἀνδρες*.

Line 62, '*Poor John*' = hake, a fish. See Notes and Queries, 4th S. iii. 429; and Massinger's Renegado and Picture; also Beaumont and Fletcher (Dyce, iii. 42).

Lines 65-6, '*Marg'ret . . . Hans-in-Kelder*' = Jack-in-the-cellar, an unborn child. There is a curious use of the term in the Fortescue Papers (Camden Society), p. 176, n. Cf. also Manningham's Diary (ib.), s. v. The State Poems give these two instances of its use:

'His lady's a good woman. God defend her.
But why are we so fond of her Hans en Kelder?'
Satyr, vol. iii. p. 124.

'A teeming lady-wife, nay, more,
A Hansenkelder got before.'

Westminster Wedding, ib. p. 194.

Line 72, '*staple*' = an established and recognised mart for any particular produce. Thus Jonson created for the purposes of his comedy '*A Staple of News.*'

Line 80, '*Hogs . . . bores*' = boars: a pun. So on hogs, hogen or hogen-mogen.

Line 82, '*Civilis.*' A chief among the Batavi, who revolted, and for a time with great success, in the reign of Vespasian.

Line 85, '*Mairmaids . . .*' Marvell seems to bring a charge against the women which is commonly made against a fisher and sea-side population. Often truly, but here untruly, at least as regards the country generally.

Line 95, '*Tunn'd up.*' See our Phineas Fletcher, *s. v.*

„ 96, '*snick and sneer.*' To '*snick*' is to cut a thing; and Jonson gives '*snick and snee*,' a combat with knives: 'Among the Dunkirkers, where *snick and snee* was in fashion, a boatswain, with some of our men, drinking together, became quarrelsome; one of our men beat him down, then kneeling upon his breast, he drew out a knife sticking in his sash, and cut him from the ear towards the mouth' (Wiseman). Probably Marvell turned '*snee*' into '*sneer*' in stress of a rhyme. *Scoticè*, the devil is addressed by BURNS as a '*sneck-drawing dog*,' which suggests odd variations of meaning.

Line 107, '*vail.*' 1726 and after-editions '*fail.*'

„ 113, '*Jus belli et pacis.*' Query, a hit at Grotius?

„ 116, '*brand-wine.*' I have inserted a hyphen—a translation of the Dutch for brandy. It was not uncommon for the older sea-dogs to drink '*spirits*' strengthened, as they supposed, with gunpowder. In the battle of 2d June 1673, between Monk and Van Tromp, the men of Van Tromp's ship boarded Admiral Penn's, but were repulsed; and the Brederode was boarded in turn, and the Dutch driven below. Van Tromp then, according to the received account, fired the magazine with his own hand; and whether by firing the magazine, or by arranging powder for the purpose, blew away the upper deck. He then shifted his flag, and endeavoured to restore the battle, but had to retreat to the Texel with the loss of eleven vessels. The incident in l. 116 gives 2d June 1653 as one limit of the date of this poem; and l. 124 shows it was written before peace was proclaimed, 5th April 1654; and ll. 126-8 that it must have been written in the winter. It is somewhat curious that two such battles as those of the 2d June and 31st July should not have been mentioned separately by Marvell, and that he says nothing of Van Tromp's death.

Line 117. The result of this battle was, that on the 20th June ambassadors came from Holland to treat of peace. Meanwhile, however, the Dutch Government fitted out a magnificent fleet; and negotiations being closed, a battle took place off the Texel on 31st July, in which Van Tromp was killed, and Monk—who had given orders that no quarter was to be shown, and no ship captured—again victorious, twenty-six Dutch vessels were destroyed, and peace was declared on the 5th April 1654.

Line 118, '*sore new-circumcisèd.*' Cf. Gen. xxxiv. 25.

Line 120, '*case-butter shot, and bullet-cheese*' = case or canister shot. Bullet-cheese = spherical Dutch cheeses and tub-butter, are largely imported from Kiel into Hull still. The Dutch invention of chain-shot was used by them for the first time in the battle of 2d June. So says history; but Marvell's words, whether by misapprehension or otherwise, seem to refer to 'case and canister.' On our side, Admiral Lawson made the battle remarkable by first performing the afterwards celebrated manœuvre of breaking the line.

Line 135, '*Bucentore*' = Bucentaur. This was the state barge of Venice, from which the Doge wedded the Adriatic. There is a misprint of 'doth' (l. 135), which I have corrected into 'do,' in correspondence with 'their.'

Line 138, '*infant Hercules*' = the new-born Commonwealth, which in its infancy strangled a Hydra, thus surpassing the elder hero, who only strangled two snakes in his cradle, and found the Hydra a task for his maturer years.

Line 139, '*tortoise*.' The vainly-stretched neck is of course the fleet. The tortoise may be Marvell's own simile, having reference to 'the amphibious or half-wet and half-dry Dutch,' and to their phlegmatic character; but from the whole passage I am inclined to query whether it is not founded on some pictorial caricature.

Line 150, 'Dean, Monck, and Blake.' DEAN—Col. RICHARD DEANE, Admiral (or 'General at sea') under the Commonwealth—one of the bravest men in the Navy; killed in action 3d June 1653, and buried in Westminster Abbey the 24th of same month. His remains, with those of Blake and other of England's foremost Worthies, were disinterred after the Restoration, and thrown into a common pit in the churchyard adjoining—intended for ignominy (see an admirable Life of him, by Rev. J. Bathurst Deane, 1870). MONCK: this is the famous George Monk, 1st Duke of Albemarle, who was buried in Westminster Abbey 29th April 1670. As Monk, he was idolised by the Nation; as Albemarle, by a Party only. What Pitt lost as Chatham, Monk lost by his title, or his title lost him. SIR JOHN DENHAM, in his '*Directions to a Painter*,' is very severe on the deterioration in Albemarle from Monk, *e. g.*

'The General [Albemarle] meets a more substantial foe:

Ruyter he spies, and full of youthful heat,

Though half their number, thinks the odds too great.

The fowler watching so his watry spot,

The more the fowl, hopes for the better sport.

Tho such a limb was from his Navy torn,
 He found no weakness yet, like Sampson shorn;
But swoln with sense of former glory won,
Thought Monk must be by Alb-marle outdone:
Little he knew with the same arm and sword,
How far the gentleman out-cuts the lord.¹

(St. Poems, vol. i. p. 35, part i.)

Onward he is spoken of with kindlier remembrance of the past,
 and in lines illustrative of the text:

'Welcome, tho late, dear George: here hadst thou been
 We'd scap'd: let Rupert bring the Navy in)
 Thou still must help them out when in the mire:
 Gen'ral at Land, at Plague, at Sea, at Fire.'

(Ib. p. 45.)

BLAKE: see relative Notes on the poem dedicated to the celebration of his victory in the Bay of Santa Cruz. G.

THE LAST INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER ABOUT THE DUTCH WARS, 1667.¹

AFTER two sittings, now our Lady-State,
 To end her picture, does the third time wait;
 But ere thou fall'st to work, first, Painter, see,
 If't be'nt too slight grown, or too hard for thee?
 Canst thou paint without colours? Then 'tis right: 5
 For so we too without a Fleet can fight.
 Or canst thou daub a sign-post, and that ill?
 'Twill sute our great debauch, and little skill.

¹ See our Memorial-Introduction for the full title-page of the edition of State Poems of 1703, which is the basis of our text. In Notes and Illustrations, the result of collation of 1689 edition, &c. will be found. In our Introduction ('Writings') I show the relation of this and succeeding poems to Waller's and Sir John Denham's. G.

Or hast thou mark'd how antique masters limn
 The aly-roof with snuff of candle dim, alley 10
 Sketching in shady smoake prodigious tools?
 'Twill serve this race of drunkards, pimps, and fools.
 But if to match our crimes thy skill presumes,
 As the Indians draw our luxury in plumes,
 Or if to score out our compendious fame, 15
 With Hook then thro your microscope take aim,
 Where, like the new Comptroller, all men laugh,
 To see a tall louse brandish a white staff;
 Else shalt thou oft thy guiltless pencil curse,
 Stamp on thy palate, not perhaps the worse. pallet 20
 The painter so long having vext his cloth,
 Of his hound's mouth to feign the raging froth,
 His desperate pencil at the work did dart;
 His anger reacht that rage which passed his art;
 Chance finished that, which Art could but begin. 25
 And he sate smiling how his dog did grin;
 So may'st thou perfect by a lucky blow,
 What all thy softest touches cannot do.

Paint then St. Alban's full of soop and gold, soup
 The new Court's pattern, stallion of the old; 30
 Him neither wit nor courage did exalt,
 But Fortune chose him for her pleasure's salt.
 Paint him with drayman's shoulders, butcher's mein,
 Member'd like mule, with elephantine chin.
 Well he the title of St. Alban's bore, 35
 For never Bacon studied nature more;

But age, allaying now that youthful heat,
Fits him in France to play at cards, and cheat.

Draw no Commission, lest the Court should lie,
And, disavowing Treaty, ask Supply. 40

He needs no seal but to St. James's lease,
Whose breeches were the instruments of Peace ;
Who, if the French dispute his power, from thence
Can strait produce them a Plenipotence. straight
Nor fears he the 'Most Christian' should trapan trepan
Two saints at once, St. German and Alban ; 46
But thought the Golden Age was now restored,
When men and women took each other's word.

Paint then again her Highness to the life,
Philosopher beyond Newcastle's wife. 50

She naked can Archimedes' self put down,
For an experiment upon the crown.
She perfected that engine oft essay'd,
How after child-birth to renew a maid ;
And found how royal heirs might be matur'd 55
In fewer months than mothers once endur'd.

Hence Crowder made the rare inventress free
Of 's Highnesse's Royal Society.

(Happiest of women if she were but able
To make her glassen Duke once malleable !) 60

Paint her with oyster-lip, and breath of fame,
Wide mouth, that 'sparagus may well proclaim ;
With chancellor's belly, and so large a rump,
There (not behind the coach) her pages jump.

Express her studying now, if China clay 65
Can, without breaking, venom'd juice convey :
Or how a mortal poison she may draw
Out of the cordial meal of the cacao.
Witness, ye stars of night, and thou the pale
Moon, that o'ercome with the sick steam, did'st fail : 70
Ye neighbouring elms, that your green leaves did shed,
And fauns that from the womb abortive fled.
Not unprovok'd she tries forbidden arts,
But in her soft breast love's hid cancer smarts,
While she revolves at once Sydney's disgrace, 75
And herself scorn'd for emulous Denham's face ;
And nightly hears the hated guard, away
Galloping with the Duke to other prey.

Paint Castlemain in colours which will hold
Her, not her picture, for she now grows old. 80
She thro her lackey's drawers, as he ran,
Discern'd love's cause, and a new flame began.
Her wonted joys thenceforth, and Court, she shuns,
And still within her mind the footman runs ;
His brazen calves, his brawny thighs (the face 85
She slights), his feet shap'd for a smoother race !
Then poring with her glass, she re-adjusts
Her locks, and oft-tir'd beauty now distrusts ;
Fears lest he scorn'd a woman once assay'd,
And now first wisht she e'er had been a maid. 90
Great Love ! how dost thou triumph, and how reign,
That to a groom couldst humble her disdain !

Stript to her skin, see how she stooping stands,
Nor scorns to rub him down with those fair hands,
And washing (lest the scent her crime disclose) 95
His sweaty hoofs, tickles him betwixt the toes.

But envious Fame too soon began to note
More gold in 's fob, more lace upon his coat ;
And he unwary, and of tongue too fleet,
No longer could conceal his fortune sweet. 100

Justly the rogue was whipt in Porter's den,
And Jermain straight has leave to come again.
Ah Painter ! now could Alexander live,
And this Campaspe the Appelles give !

Draw next a pair of tables opening, then 105
The House of Commons clattering like the men.
Describe the Court and Country both set right
On opposite points, the Black against the White,
Those having lost the nation at Tick-tack,
These now adventuring how to win it back. 110

The dice betwixt them must the fate divide
(As chance does still in multitudes decide).
But here the Court doth its advantage know,
For the cheat, Turner, for them both must throw ;
As some from boxes, he so from the chair 115
Can strike the dye, and still with them go share.

Here, Painter, rest a little and survey
With what small arts the public game they play :
For so too, Rubens, with affairs of State,
His labouring pencil oft would recreate. 120

The close Cabal mark'd how the Navy eats,
 And thought all lost that goes not to the cheats :
 So therefore secretly for Peace decrees,
 Yet as for War the Parliament would squeeze ;
 And fix to the revenue such a sum 125
 Should Goodrick silence, and make Paston dumb,
 Should pay land armies, should dissolve the vain
 Commons, and ever such a Court maintain,
 Hyde's avarice, Bennet's luxury, should suffice,
 And what can these defray but the Excise ? 130
 Excise, a monster worse than e'er before
 Frighted the midwife, and the mother tore.
 A thousand hands she has, a thousand eyes,
 Breaks into shops, and into cellars pries :
 With hundred rows of teeth the shark exceeds. 135
 And on all trades, like casawar, she feeds :
 Chops off the piece where'er she close the jaw,
 Else swallows all down her indented maw.
 She stalks all day in streets, conceal'd from sight,
 And flies like bats with leathern wings by night : 140
 She wastes the country, and on cities preys. wastes
 Her, of a female harpy in dog-days.
 Black Birch, of all the earth-born race most hot,
 And most rapacious, like himself begot :
 And of his brat enamour'd, as 't increast. 145
 Bugger'd in incest with the mongrel beast.

Say, Muse, for nothing can escape thy sight
 (And, Painter, wanting other, draw this Fight) :

Who in an English Senate, fierce debate
Could raise so long, for this new whore of State. 150

Of early wittals first the troop march'd in,
For diligence renown'd, and discipline ;
In loyal hast they left your wives in bed,
And Denham these with one consent did head.

Of the old courtiers next a squadron came, 155
Who sold their master, led by Ashburnham.

To them succeeds a despicable rout,
But knew the word, and well could face about ;
Expectants pale, with hopes of spoil allur'd,
Tho' yet but pioneers, and led by Steward. 160

Then damning cowards ranged the vocal plain ;
Wood these commands, knight of the horn and cane :
Still his hook-shoulder seems the blow to dread,
And under 's arm-pit he defends his head.
The posture strange men laugh at, of his poll 165
Hid with his elbow like the spice he stole :
Headless St. Dennis so his head does bear,
And both of them alike French martyrs were.

Court officers, as us'd, the next place took,
And followed F[o]x, but with disdainful look : 170
His birth, his youth, his brokage all dispraise
In vain ; for always he commands that pays.

Then the procurers under Progers fill'd, file!
Gentlest of men, and his lieutenant mild,
Bronkard, Love's squire ; thro all the field array'd, 175
No troop was better clad, nor so well paid.

Then marcht the troop of Clarendon, all full,
Haters of fowl, to teal preferring bull ;
Gross bodies, grosser minds, and grosser cheats,
And bloated Wren conducts them to their seats. 180

Charlton advances next (whose wife does awe
The mitred troop), and with his looks gives law.
He marcht with beaver cockt of bishop's brim,
And hid much fraud under an aspect grim.

Next do the lawyers, merc'nary band, appear, 185
Finch in the front, and Thurland in the rear.

The troop of privilege, a rabble bare
Of debtors deep, fell to Trelawney's care ;
Then fortune's error they suppli'd in rage,
Nor any farther would than these engage. 190

Then marcht the troop, whose valiant acts before
(Their public acts) oblig'd them to do more,
For chimnies' sake they all Sir Pool obey'd,
Or, in his absence, him that first it laid.

Then came the thrifty troop of privateers, 195
Whose horses each with other interferes :
Before them Higgins rides with brow compact,
Mourning his countess anxious for his act.

Sir Frederick and Sir Solomon draw lots,
For the command of politicks or Scots ; 200
Thence fell to words ;—but quarrels to adjourn,
Their friends agreed they should command by turn.

Carteret the rich did the accountants guide,
And in ill English all the world defi'd.

The Papists (but of those the House had none, 205
Else) Talbot offer'd to have led them on.

Bold Duncomb next, of the projectors chief,
And old Fitz Harding of the Eaters Beef.

Late and disorder'd out the drunkards drew,
Scarce them their leaders, they their leaders knew; 210

Before them enter'd, equal in command,
Apsley and Brotherick marching hand in hand.

Last then but one, Powel, that could not ride
Left the French standard weltring in his stride ;
He, to excuse his slowness, truth confest 215
That 'twas so long before he could be drest.

The lords' sons last, all these did re-enforce,
Cornbury before them manag'd hobby-horse.

Never before nor since, an host so steel'd
Troop on to muster in the Tuttle-field. 220

Not the first cock-horse that with cork was shod
To rescue Albemarle from the sea-cod :

Nor the late feather-man, whom Tomkins fierce
Shall with one breath like thistle-down disperse.

All the two Coventries their generals chose, 225
For one had much, the other nought to lose.

Not better choice all accidents could hit,
While hector Harry steers by Will the wit.

They both accept the charge with merry glee,
To fight a battle from all gunshot free. 230

Pleas'd with their numbers, yet in valour wise,
They feign'd a parley, better to surprize,

They who e'er long shall the rude Dutch upbraid,
Who in a time of treaty durst invade.

Thick was the morning, and the house was thin, 235
The speaker early, when they all fell in.
Propitious heavens ! had not you them crost,
Excise had got the day, and all been lost :
For t'other side all in close quarters lay
Without intelligence, command or pay ; 240
A scatter'd body, which the foe ne'er tri'd,
But often did among themselves divide.
And some run o'er each night, while others sleep,
And undescri'd return'd 'fore morning peep.
But Strangeways, who all night still walkt the round,
For vigilance and courage both renown'd, 246
First spi'd the enemy, and gave th' alarm,
Fighting it single till the rest might arm ;
Such Roman Coeles strid before the foe,
The failing bridge behind, the streams below. 250
Each ran as chance him guides to several post,
And all to pattern his example, boast ;
Their former trophies they recal to mind.
And, to new edge their angry courage, grind.

First entered forward Temple, conqueror 255
Of Irish cattle, and Solicitor.

Then daring S[eymour]r, that with spear and shield
Had stretch'd the monster Patent on the field.
Keen Whorwood next in aid of damsel frail,
That pierc'd the giant Mordant thro his mail: 260

And surly Williams the accountants' bane,
And Lovelace young of chimney-men the cane.
Old Waller, trumpet-general, swore he'd write
This combat truer than the naval fight.
Of birth, state, wit, strength, courage, How'd pre-
sumes,

265

And in his breast wears many Montezumes.
These, with some more, with single valour stay
The adverse troops, and hold them all at bay,
Each thinks his person represents the whole,
And with that thought does multiply his soul ; 270
Believes himself an army ; their's one man,
As easily conquer'd ; and believing, can
With heart of bees so full and head of mites,
That each, tho duelling, a battel fights.
So once Orlando, famous in romance, 275
Broacht whole brigades like larks upon his lance.
But strength at last still under number bows,
And the faint sweat trickled down Temple's brows ;
Even iron Strangeway chasing yet gave back,
Spent with fatigue, to breathe a while toback 280
When marching in, a seasonable recruit
Of citizens and merchants held dispute,
And charging all their pikes, a sullen band
Of Presbyterian Switzers made a stand.

Nor could all these the field have long main-
tain'd,

285

But for th' unknown reserve that still remain'd ;

A gross of English gentry, nobly born,
 Of clear estates, and to no Faction sworn,
 Dear lovers of their king, and death to meet
 For country's cause, that glorious thing and sweet ; 290
 To speak not forward, but in action brave,
 In giving generous, but in council grave ;
 Candidly credulous for once, nay twice ;
 But sure the devil cannot cheat them thrice.
 The van in battel, tho retiring, falls 295
 Without disorder in their intervals,
 Then closing all, in equal front, fall on,
 Led by great Garraway, and great Littleton.
 Lee equal to obey, or to command,
 Adjutant-general was still at hand. 300
 The marshal standard, Sands displaying, shows
 St. Dunstan in it tweaking Satan's nose.
 See sudden chance of war, to paint or write,
 Is longer work, and harder than to fight :
 At the first charge the enemy give out, 305
 And the Excise receives a total rout.

Broken in courage, yet the men the same,
 Resolve henceforth upon their other game :
 Where force had fail'd, with stratagem to play,
 And what Haste lost, recover by Delay. 310
 St. Albans strait is sent to, to forbear, straight
 Lest the sure Peace (forsooth) too soon appear.
 The seamen's clamours to three ends they use,
 To cheat they pay, feign want, th' House accuse.

Each day they bring the tale and that too true, 315
How strong the Dutch their equipage renew ;
Meantime through all the Yards their orders run,
To lay the ships up, cease the keels begun.
The timber rots, the useless ax does rust ;
Th' unpractis'd saw lies buried in its dust ; 320
The busy hammer sleeps, the ropes untwine ;
The store and wages all are mine and thine ;
Along the coasts and harbours they take care
That money lacks, nor forts be in repair.
Long thus they cou'd against the House conspire, 325
Load them with envy, and with sitting tire ;
And the lov'd king, that's never yet deni'd,
Is brought to beg in publick, and to chide :
But when this fail'd, and months enough were spent,
They with the first day's proffer seem content ; 330
And to Land-tax from the Excise turn round,
Bought off with eighteen hundred thousand pound.
Thus like fair thieves, the Commons' purse they share,
But all the members' lives consulting spare.

Blither than hare that hath escap'd the hounds, 335
The House prorogu'd, the Chancellor rebounds.
Not so decrepid Æson, hasht and stew'd
With magick herbs, rose from the pot renew'd,
And with fresh age felt his glad limbs unite,
His gout (yet still he curst) had left him quite. 340
What frosts to fruits, what arsnick to the rat,
What to fair Denham mortal chocolat,

What an account to Carteret, that and more,
A Parliament is to the Chancellor.

So the sad tree shrinks from the morning's eye, 345

But blooms all night and shoots its branches high ;

So at the sun's recess, again returns

The comet dread, and earth and heaven burns.

Now Mordant may within his castle tower
Imprison parents, and their child deflower. 350

The Irish herd is now let loose, and comes
By millions over, not by hecatombs ;

And now, now the Canary patent may

Be broach'd again for the great holy-day.

See how he reigns in his new palace culminant, 355

And sits in state divine like Jove the fulminant.

First Buckingham that durst 'gainst him rebel,

Blasted with lightning, struck with thunder fell ;

Next the twelve commons are condemn'd to groan.

And roll in vain at Sisyphus's stone. 360

But still he car'd, whilst in revenge he brav'd,

That peace secur'd, and money might be sav'd.

Gain and revenge, revenge and gain, are sweet ;

United most, when most by turns they meet.

France had St. Albans promis'd, (so they sing) 365

St. Albans promis'd him, and he the king.

The Court forthwith is order'd all to close,

To play for Flanders, and the stake to lose ;

While chain'd together, two ambassadors

Like slaves shall beg for Peace at Holland's doors. 370

This done, among his Cyclops he retires
To forge new thunder, and inspect their fires.

The Court, as once of War, now fond of Peace,
All to new sports their wonted fears release.
From Greenwich (where intelligence they hold) 375
Comes news of pastime martial and old.

A punishment invented first to awe
Masculine wives transgressing Nature's law ;
Where when the brawny female disobeys,
And beats the husband, till for peace he prays, 380
No concern'd jury damage for him finds,

Nor partial Justice her behaviour binds ;
But the just street does the next house invade,
Mounting the neighbour couple on lean jade.
The distaff knocks, the grains from kettle fly, 385
And boys and girls in troops run hooting by.

Prudent Antiquity ! that knew by shame,
Better than law, domestick broils to tame ;
And taught the youth by spectacle innocent :
So thou and I, dear Painter, represent 390

In quick effigie, others' faults ; and feign,
By making them ridic'lous, to restrain ;
With homely sight they chose thus to relax
The joys of State for the new Peace and tax.
So Holland with us had the mastery tri'd, 395
And our next neighbours, France and Flanders, ride.

But a fresh news the great designment nips
Off, at the isle of Candy, Dutch and ships :

Bab May and Arlington did wisely scoff,
And thought all safe if they were so far off. 400
Modern geographers ! 'twas there they thought,
Where Venice twenty years the Turks had fought,
(While the first year the Navy is but shewn,
The next divided, and the third we've none.)
They by the name mistook it for that isle, 405
Where pilgrim Palmer travelled in exile,
With the bull's horn to measure his own head,
And on Pasiphae's tomb to drop a bead.
But Morrice learn'd demonstrates by the post,
This isle of Candy was on Essex coast. 410

Fresh messengers still the sad news assure,
More tim'rous now we are than first secure ;
False terrors our believing fears devise,
And the French army, one from Calais spies.
Bennet and May, and those of shorter reach, 415
Change all for guineas, and a crown for each ;
But wiser men, and men foreseen in chance,
In Holland theirs had lodg'd before, and France ;
Whitehall's unsafe, the Court all meditates
To fly to Windsor, and mure up the gates. 420
Each doth the other blame and all distrust,
(But Mordant new oblig'd would sure be just).
Not such a fatal stupefaction reign'd
At London flames', nor so the Court complain'd.
The Bloodworth Chanc'llor gives (then does recal) 425
Orders, amaz'd, at last gives none at all.

St. Albans writ too, that he may bewail
To Monsieur Lewis, and tell coward tale,
How that the Hollanders do make a noise,
Threaten to beat us and are naughty boys. 430
Now Doleman's disobedient, and they still
Uncivil, his unkindness would us kill :
Tell him our ships' unrigg'd, our forts unmann'd,
Our money spent, else 'twere at his command ;
Summon him therefore of his word, and prove 435
To move him out of pity, if not love ;
Pray him to make De Wit and Ruyter cease,
And whip the Dutch unless they'll hold their peace.
But Lewis was of memory but dull,
And to St. Albans too undutiful ; 440
Nor word nor near relation did revere,
But ask'd him bluntly for his character.
The gravell'd Count did with this answer faint,
(His character was that which thou didst paint)
And so enforced like enemy or spy, 445
Trusses his baggage, and the camp does fly :
Yet Lewis writes, and lest our heart should break,
Condoles us morally out of Seneque.

Two letters next unto Breda are sent,
In cypher one to Harry Excellent. 450
The first entrusts (our verse that name abhors)
Plenipotentiary ambassadors ;
To prove by Scripture, treaty does imply
Cessation, as the look adultery ;

And that by law of arms, in martial strife, 455
Who yields his sword, has title to his life.
Presbyter Hollis the first point should clear,
The second Coventry the cavalier :
But, would they not be argu'd back from sea,
Then to return home straight *infectâ re*. 460
But Harry's order'd, if they won't recall
Their Fleet, to threaten,—we'll give them all.
The Dutch are then in proclamation shent,
For sin against the eleventh commandment.
Hyde's flippant style there pleasantly curvets. 465
Still his sharp wit on States and princes whets :
So Spain could not escape his laughter's spleen,
None but himself must choose the king a queen.
But when he came the odious clause to pen,
That summons up the Parliament agen, 470
His writing-master many times he bann'd,
And wisht himself the gout to seize his hand.
Never old lecher more repugnant felt,
Consenting for his rupture to be gelt.
But still in hope he solac'd, e'er they come 475
To work the Peace, and so to send them home ;
Or in their hasty call to find a flaw,
Their acts to vitiate, and them overaw :
But more rely'd upon this Dutch pretence,
To raise a two-edged Army for's defence. 480

First then he march'd our whole militia's force,
(As if, alas ! we ships, or Dutch had horse ;)

Then from the usual commonplace he blames
These, and in standing armies' praise declaims ;
And the wise Court, that always lov'd it dear, 485
Now thinks all but too little for their fear.

Hyde stamps, and straight upon the ground the swarms
Of current myrmidons appear in arms :

And for their pay he writes as from the king,
With that curs'd quill pluckt from a vulture's wing,
Of the whole nation now to ask a loan ; 491

(The eighteen hundred thousand pounds are gone.)

This done, he pens a Proclamation stout
In rescue of the bankers banquerout,
His minion-imps, which in his secret part 495

Lie nuzzling at the sacramental wart,
Horse-leeches sucking at the ham'roy'd vein ;
He sucks the king, they him, he them again.
The kingdom's farm he lets to them bid least,
(Greater the bribe) and cheats at interest. 500

Here men induc'd by safety, gain, and ease,
Their money lodge, confiscate when he please ;
These can at need, at instant with a scrip,
(This lik'd him best) his cash beyond sea whip.
When Dutch invade, and Parliament prepare ; 505
How can he engines so convenient spare ?

Let no man touch them, or demand his own,
Pain of displeasure of great Clarendon.

The State-affairs thus marshall'd, for the rest,
Monk in his shirt against the Dutch is prest. 510

Often (dear Painter) have I sat and mus'd
 Why he should be on all adventures used ;
 Do they for nothing ill, like ashen wood,
 Or think him, like Herb-John, for nothing good ?
 Whether his valour they so much admire, 515
 Or that for cowardise they all retire,
 As heaven in storms, they call, in gusts of State,
 On Monk and Parliament,—yet both do hate.
 All causes sure concur, but most they think
 Under Herculean labours he may sink. 520
 Soon then the independent troops would close,
 And Hyde's last project of his place dispose.

Ruyter, the while, that had our ocean curb'd,
 Sail'd now amongst our rivers undisturb'd ;
 Survey'd their crystal streams and banks so green, 525
 And beauties e'er this never naked seen :
 Thro the vain sedge the bashful nymphs he ey'd,
 Bosoms, and all which from themselves they hide.
 The sun much brighter, and the sky more clear,
 He finds, the air and all things sweeter here ; 530
 The sudden change, and such a tempting sight,
 Swells his old veins with fresh blood, fresh delight ;
 Like am'rous victors he begins to shave,
 And his new face looks in the English wave ;
 His sporting navy all about him swim, 535
 And witness their complacence in their trim ;
 Their streaming silks play through the weather fair,
 And with inveigling colours court the air,

While the red flags breath on their topmasts high
Terror and war, but want an enemy. 540

Among the shrouds the seamen sit and sing,
And wanton boys on every rope do cling :
Old Neptune springs the tydes, and waters lent
(The Gods themselves do help the provident),
And where the deep keel on the shallow cleaves, 545
With trident's leaver and great shoulder heaves ; lever
Æolus their sails inspires with eastern wind,
Puffs them along, and breathes upon them kind ;
With pearly shell the Tritons all the while
Sound the sea-march, and guide to Sheppy isle. 550

So have I seen in April's bud arise
A fleet of clouds sailing along the skies ;
The liquid region with their squadrons fill'd,
Their airy sterns the sun behind doth gild,
And gentle gales them steer, and heaven drives, 555
When all on sudden their calm bosom rives,
With thund'r and lightning from each armèd cloud ;
Shepherds themselves in vain in bushes shroud ;—
So up the stream the Belgic navy glides,
And at Sheerness unloads its stormy sides. 560

Sprag there, though practis'd in the sea-command,
With panting heart lay like a fish on land,
And quickly judg'd the fort was not tenable,
Which if a house, yet were not tenantable ;
No man can sit there safe, the cannon pours 565
Thoro th' walls untight, and bullets' showers.

The neighbourhood ill, and an unwholesome seat,
So at the first salute resolves retreat ;
And swore that he would never more dwell there,
Until the city put it in repair ; 570
So he in front, his garrison in rear,
March'd streight to Chatham to increase their fear.

There our sick ships unrigg'd in Summer lay,
Like moulting fowl, a weak and easy prey ;
For whose strong bulk earth scarce could timber find,
The ocean water, or the heavens wind : 576
Those oaken giants of the ancient race,
That rul'd all seas, and did our Channel grace ;
The conscious stag, tho once the forest's dread,
Flies to the wood, and hides his armless head. 580
Ruyter forthwith a squadron does untack ;
They sail securely through the river's track.
An English pilot too (oh, shame ! oh, sin !)
Cheated of 's pay, was he that shew'd them in.

Our wretched ships within their fate attend, 585
And all our hopes now on frail Chain depend,
(Engine so slight to guard us from the sea,
It fitter seem'd to captivate a flea ;)
A skipper rude shocks it without respect.
Filling his sails more force to recollect ; 590
The English from shore the iron deaf invoke
For its last aid : Hold, chain, or we are broke !
But with her sailing weight the Holland keel,
Snapping the brittle links, does thorough reel.

And to the rest the opening passage shew ; 595
Monk from the bank that dismal sight does view.
Our feather'd gallants, who came down that day
To be spectators safe of the New Play,
Leave him alone when first they hear the gun,
(Cornb'ry the fleetest) and to London run. 600

Our seamen, whom no danger's shape could fright,
Unpaid, refuse to mount their ships for spight,
Or to their fellows swim on board the Dutch,
Who show the tempting metal in their clutch.
Oft had he sent, of Duncomb and of Legge, 605
Cannon and powder, but in vain, to begg ;
And Upnor castle's ill-deserted wall,
Now needful does for ammunition call.
He finds, where'er he succour might expect,
Confusion, folly, treachery, fear, neglect. 610

But when the Royal Charles (what rage ! what
He saw seiz'd, and could give her no relief ; [grief !)
That sacred keel that had, as he, restor'd
Its exil'd sov'reign on its happy board,
And thence the British Admiral became, 615
Crown'd for that merit with his master's name ;
That pleasure-boat of war, in whose dear side
Secure, so oft he had this foe defy'd,
Now a cheap spoil, and the mean victor's slave,
Taught the Dutch colours from its top to wave,— 620
Of former glories the reproachful thought,
With present shame compar'd, his mind distraught.

Such from Euphrates' bank, a tigress fell
After her robbers for her whelps does yell,
But sees enrag'd the river flow between, 625
Frustrate revenge, and love by loss more keen ;
At her own breast her useless claws does arm,
She tears herself, since him she cannot harm. [fence,

The guards, plac'd for the Chain's and Fleet's de-
Long since were fled on many a feign'd pretence. 630

Daniel had there adventur'd, man of might ;
Sweet Painter, draw his picture while I write.

Paint him of person tall, and big of bone,
Large limbs like ox, not to be killed but shown.
Scaree can burnt iv'ry feign a hair so black, 635
Or face so red, thine oker and thy lack ; ochre

Mix a vain terror in his martial look,
And all those lines by which men are mistook.
But when by shame constrain'd to go on board,
He heard how the wild cannon nearer roar'd, 640
And saw himself confin'd like sheep in pen,
Daniel then thought he was in lions' den.

But when the frightful fire-ships he saw,
Pregnant with sulphur, nearer to him draw,
Captain, Lieutenant, Ensign, all make haste, 645
E'er in the fiery furnace they be cast ;
Three children tall, unsing'd, away they row.
Like Shadrack, Mesheck, and Abednego.
Each doleful day still with fresh loss returns,
The Loyal London now a third time burns ; 650

And the true Royal Oak, and Royal James,
Ally'd in fate, increase with theirs her flames.
Of all our navy none should now survive,
But that the ships themselves were taught to dive,
And the kind river in its creek them hides, 655
Fraughting their piercèd keels with oozy sides ;
Up to the bridg contagious terror struck,
The Tow'r itself with the near danger shook ;
And were not Ruyter's maw with ravage cloy'd,
Even London's ashes had been then destroy'd. 660
Officious fear, however, to prevent
Our loss, does so much more our loss augment.
The Dutch had robb'd those jewels of the crown ;
Our merchant-men, lest they should burn, we drown :
So when the fire did not enough devour, 665
The houses were demolish'd near the Tow'r.
Those ships that yearly from their teeming hole hold
Unloaded here the birth of either pole,
Fir from the North, and silver from the West,
From the South perfumes, spices from the East, 670
From Gambo gold, and from the Ganges jems,
Take a short voyage underneath the Thames,
Once a deep river, now with timber floor'd,
And shrunk, less navigable, to a ford.

Now nothing more at Chatham's left to burn, 675
The Holland squadron leisurely return ;
And spight of Rupert's and of Albemarle's,
To Ruyter's triumph led the captive Charles.

The pleasing sight he often does prolong,
Her mast erect, tough cordage, timber strong, 680
Her moving shape, all these he doth survey,
And all admires, but most his easy prey.
The seamen search her all within, without ;
Viewing her strength, they yet their conquest doubt ;
Then with rude shouts, secure, the air they vex, 685
With gamsome joy insulting on her decks.
Such the fear'd Hebrew captive, blinded, shorn,
Was led about in sport, the public scorn. Sampson

Black day accurst ! on thee let no man haile
Out of the port, or dare to hoyst a sail, 690
Or row a boat in thy unlucky hour !
Thee, the year's monster, let thy dam devour,
And constant Time, to keep his course yet right,
Fill up thy space with a redoubled night.
When agèd Thames was bound with fetters base, 695
And Medway chaste ravisht before his face,
And their dear offspring murder'd in their sight,
Thou and thy fellows saw the odious light.
Sad Chance, since first that happy pair was wed,
With all the rivers grac'd their nuptial bed ; 700
And father Neptune promis'd to resign
His empire old to their immortal line ;
Now with vain grief their vainer hopes they rue,
Themselves dishonour'd, and the gods untrue ;
And to each other, helpless couple, moan, 705
As the sad tortoise for the sea does groan ;

But most they for their darling Charles complain,
And were it burnt, yet less would be their pain.
To see that fatal pledge of sea-command,
Now in the ravisher De Ruyter's hand, 710
The Thames roar'd, swooning Medway turn'd her tyde,
And were they mortal, both for grief had dy'd.

The Court in farthering yet itself does please
(And female Steward there rules the four seas) ;
But Fate does still accumulate our woes, 715
And Richmond her commands, as Ruyter those.

After this loss, to relish discontent,
Some one must be accus'd by parliament.
All our miscarriages on Pett must fall,
His name alone seems fit to answer all. 720
Whose counsel first did this mad war beget?
Who all commands sold thro the navy? Pett.
Who would not follow when the Dutch were beat?
Who treated out the time at Bergen? Pett.
Who the Dutch fleet with storms disabled met? 725
And, rifling prizes, them neglected? Pett.
Who with false news prevented the Gazette? anticipated
The Fleet divided? writ for Rupert? Pett.
Who all our seamen cheated of their debt,
And all our prizes who did swallow? Pett. 730
Who did advise no Navy out to set?
And who the forts left unprepared? Pett.
Who to supply with powder did forget
Languard, Sheerness, Gravesend, and Upnor? Pett.

Who all our ships exposed in Chatham net? 735
Who should it be but the fanatick Pett?
Pett, the sea-architect in making ships,
Was the first cause of all these naval slips;
Had he not built, none of these faults had been;
If no creation, there had been no sin; 740
But his great crime, one boat away he sent,
That lost our Fleet and did our flight prevent.
Then, that reward might in its turn take place,
And march with punishment in equal pace,
Southampton dead, much of the Treasure's care, 745
And place in council, fell to Duncombe's share.
All men admir'd he to that pitch could fly:
Powder ne'er blew man up so soon, so high;
But sure his late good husbandry in peeter, saltpetre
Shew'd him to manage the Exchequer meeter; 750
And who the forts would not vouchsafe a corn
To lavish the king's money more would scorn;
Who hath no chimneys, to give all, is best,
And ablest Speaker, who of law hath least;
Who less estate, for Treasurer most fit, 755
And for a Chanc'llor he that has least wit;
But the true cause was, that in's brother May,
Th' Exchequer might the Privy-purse obey.

And now draws near the parliament's return;
Hyde and the Court again begin to mourn; 760
Frequent in council, earnest in debate,
All arts they try how to prolong its date.

Grave Primate Sheldon (much in preaching there)
Blames the last Session, and this more does fear :
With Boynton or with Mazarine 'twere sweet, 765
But with a parliament abhorrs to meet ;
And thinks 'twill ne'er be well within this nation,
Till it be governed by a Convocation.

But in the Thames' mouth still De Ruyter laid ;
The peace not sure, new army must be paid. 770
Hide saith he hourly waits for a dispatch ;
Harry came post just as he shew'd his watch.
All do agree the articles were clear,
The Holland fleet and Parliament so near,
Yet Harry must jobb back and all mature, 775
Binding, e'er th' Houses meet, the Treaty sure ;
And 'twixt necessity and spight, till then
Let them come up, so to go down again.
Up ambles country justice on his pad,
And vest bespeaks, to be more seemly clad. 780
Plain gentlemen are in stage-coach o'erthrown,
And deputy-lieutenants in their own ;
The portly burgess, thro the weather hot,
Does for his Corporation sweat and trot ;
And all with sun and choller come adust, 785
And threaten Hyde to raise a greater dust.

But fresh, as from the mint, the courtiers fine
Salute them, smiling at their vain design ;
And Turner gay up to his perch doth march,
With face new bleacht, smoothèd, and stiff with starch ;

Tells them he at Whitehall had took a turn, 791
And for three days thence moves them to adjourn.
Not so, quoth Tomkins, and straight drew his tongue,
Trusty as steel that always ready hung ;
And so proceeding in his motion warm, 795
Th' army soon rais'd, he doth as soon disarm.
True Trojan ! whilst this town can girls afford,
And long as cyder lasts in Hereford,
The girls shall always kiss thee, tho grown old,
And in eternal healths thy name be trould. 800

Meanwhile the certain news of peace arrives
At Court, and so reprieves their guilty lives.

Hyde orders Turner that he should come late,
Lest some new Tomkins spring a fresh debate ;
The king, that early rais'd was from his rest, 805
Expects, as at a play, till Turner's drest ;
At last, together Eaton came and he,
No dial more could with the sun agree ;
The Speaker, summon'd to the Lords, repairs,
Nor gave the Commons leave to say their pray'rs, 810
But like his pris'ners to the bar them led,
Where mute they stand to hear their sentence read :
Trembling with joy and fear, Hyde them prorogues,
And had almost mistook, and call'd them rogues.

Dear Painter, draw this Speaker to the foot : 815
Where pencil cannot, there my pen shall do't ;
That may his body, this his mind explain ;
Paint him in golden gown with mace's train ;

Bright hair, fair face, obscure and dull of head,
Like knife with iv'ry haft, and edge of lead : 820
At prayers his eyes turn up the pious white,
But all the while his private bill's in sight :
In chair he smoking sits like master cook,
And a poll-bill does like his apron look.
Well was he skill'd to season any question, 825
And make a sawce fit for Whitehall's digestion,
Whence every day, the palat more to tickle,
Court-mushrooms ready are sent in to pickle.
When grievances urg'd, he swells like squatted toad,
Frisks like a frog to croak a taxe's load : 830
His patient piss he could hold longer than
An urinal, and sit like any hen ;
At table jolly as a country host,
And soaks his sack with Norfolk like a toast ;
At night than chanticleer more brisk and hot, 835
And serjeant's wife serves him for Partelot.

Paint last the King, and a dead shade of night,
Only disperst by a weak taper's light,
And those bright gleams that dart along and glare
From his clear eyes (yet these too dart with care) ; 840
There, as in the calm horror all alone,
He wakes and muses of th' uneasy throne ;
Raise up a sudden shape with virgin's face,
Tho ill agree her posture, hour or place ;
Naked as born, and her round arms behind, 845
With her own tresses interwove and twined :

Her mouth lockt up, a blind before her eyes,
Yet from beneath her veil her blushes rise,
And silent tears her secret anguish speak,
Her heart throbs, and with very shame would break.
The object strange in him no terror mov'd, 851
He wondred first, then pitied, then he lov'd :
And with kind hand does the coy vision press,
Whose beauty greater seem'd by her distress :
But soon shrunk back, chill'd with a touch so cold,
And the airy picture vanisht from his hold. 856
In his deep thoughts the wonder did increase,
And he divin'd 'twas England, or the Peace.

Express him startling next, with list'ning ear,
As one that some unusual noise doth hear ; 860
With cannons, trumpets, drums, his door surround,
But let some other Painter draw the sound.
Thrice he did rise, thrice the vain tumult fled,
But again thunders when he lies in bed.
His mind secure does the vain stroke repeat, 865
And finds the drums Lewis's march did beat.

Shake then the room, and all his curtains tear,
And with blue streaks infect the taper clear,
While the pale ghost, his eyes doth fixed admire,
Of grandsire Harry, and of Charles his sire. 870
Harry sits down, and in his open side
The grisly wound reveals of which he dy'd ;
And ghastly Charles, turning his collar low,
The purple thred about his neck does show ;

Then whisp'ring to his son in words unheard, 875
Through the lockt door both of them disappear'd.
The wondrous night the pensive King revolves,
And rising streight, on Hyde's disgrace resolves.

At his first step he Castlemain does find,
Bennet and Coventry as 'twere design'd ; 880
And they not knowing, the same thing propose
Which his hid mind did in its depths inclose.
Thro their feign'd speech their secret hearts he knew,
To her own husband Castlemain untrue ;
False to his master Bristol, Arlington ; 885
And Coventry falser than any one,
Who to the brother, brother would betray ;
Nor therefore trusts himself to such as they.
His father's ghost too whisper'd him one note,
That who does cut his purse will cut his throat ; 890
But he in wise anger does their crimes forbear,
As thieves repriev'd from executioner ;
While Hyde, provok'd, his foaming tusk does whet,
To prove them traytors, and himself the pett.

Painter, adieu : How well our arts agree ! 895
Poetic picture, painted poetry !
But this great work is for our monarch fit,
And henceforth Charles only to Charles shall sit ;
His master-hand the ancients shall outdo,
Himself the Painter, and the Poet too. 900

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

I give first of all various readings and fillings-in of names in ms. from the British Museum copy of 1689 edition (4to); but I must state that various blunders show the Annotator was later than the Poet, here and elsewhere—*e. g.* in the Advice to a Painter (Part II.), l. 10 (as given in the place), Teague is made to stand for Talbot; but this cannot be, for Talbot was English, and of English blood, and he did not get his Irish title nor his Lord-lieutenancy of Ireland till after the accession of James. 'Teague,' on the other hand (as noticed onward), was then the natural sobriquet, and sometimes personification, of the Irish. Again: in Britannia and Raleigh (l. 181), misled probably by the 'her,' which in reality is England, the Annotator has written against Publicola 'Princess of Orange:' in all likelihood it should have been Prince of Orange. So too the 'tall louse' of 'Last Instructions' is written as 'E. of Ailsbury' (l. 18): but this is also incorrect, as he was not Chamberlain of the Household till the accession of James II. These typical examples may suffice: it will thus be perceived, that while unquestionably many of the blank names are accurately filled-in or placed in the margin, we must regard all critically before acceptance, the more so as there seem to be at the least three, and probably four, handwritings.

Heading: 'The Last Instructions to a Painter.'

Line 4, 'It be'nt.'

„ 17, 'New Comptroller,' spelled 'controller;' and in contemporary ms. E[arl of] Ailsbury; but a mistake. See introductory Note above to the present Poem.

Line 20, 'nor perhaps.'

„ 25. I accept 'but' for 'not' of 1703 and after-editions.

„ 46. 'St. Germain, St. Alban.'

„ 57. Unmeaningly 'rate.'

„ 60, 'Dildoes' for 'Duke.'

„ 64. Usually 'Where.'

„ 68. Spelled 'cacao:' resumed in our own day, 'cacoine.'

„ 88. Usually 'oft-tried:' 'oft-tir'd' = oft-dressed.

„ 115, 'die.' Usually 'due.' 'Goes' for 'go.'

„ 126, 'strike.'

„ 143, 'B—h.'

„ 154, 'by.'

Line 165, 'laught.'

„ 170. I have filled in from ms. 'F[o]x.'

„ 185. Usually 'sordid.'

„ 186. Similarly 'Finch' and 'Trenchard'—the latter
hitherto 'Thurland.'

„ 192, 'still to more.'

„ 193, 'P——' only.

„ 195, 'comes.'

„ 199, 'Salomon.'

„ 200. I have accepted 'or' for 'and.'

„ 209, 'drinkers.'

„ 223, 'feather-men.'

„ 228. In ms. here 'Harry Coventry, Sr Will. Coventry.'

„ 239, 'loose.'

„ 244, 'e're.'

„ 249. I accept 'strid' for 'stood' of after-editions.

„ 254. I accept our text instead of 'And now, to edge
their anger, courage grind,' which seems nonsensical. Grind
=their teeth in anger.

Line 267, 'and some more.'

„ 275, 'Such.'

„ 295, 'van and.'

„ 314. I have dropped the 'and' with 1689.

„ 327, 'and never.'

„ 336. Hyde in ms.

„ 357, 'to' for 'gainst.'

„ 367, 'count.'

„ 374, 'wanton.'

„ 388, 'crimes;' and l. 389, 'the' dropped.

„ 429, 'yet the.'

„ 450. In note 'Coventry,' and l. 458, 'Sr W^m Coven-
try,' and l. 461, 'Coventry,' ms.

Line 468, 'a,' as in 1703, not 'and.'

„ 494, 'banquiers.'

„ 497, 'circ'ling.'

„ 500, 'that's' for 'cheats.'

„ 505, 'when' for 'and.'

„ 512, 'still b'on.'

„ 566. As in 1703, except 'Through the.'

„ 572, 'March.'

„ 602, 'our.'

„ 622. Usually badly misprinted 'distort.'

Line 624, 'the robbers.'

„ 628. I accept 'since' for 'cause' of later editions.

„ 649. See after-Notes and Illustrations on the poem celebrating 'Douglas the Loyal Scot,' which follows here as part of this Satire in 1689 edition.

Line 667. Spelled 'howl.'

„ 713, 'farthing.' Usually 'flattering.'

„ 719. Unmeaningly 'Punishment.'

„ 756, 'Couns'llor.'

„ 759, 'But now.'

„ 765. I have accepted 'Mazarine' for 'Middleton' — the former filled-in in contemporary ms.; the latter in after-editions.

Line 772, 'Harry Coventry' in ms.

„ 807, 'come.'

„ 827. I accept 'palat' for 'prelate' of later editions, prelate giving no sense.

Line 827. Spelled 'mushrumps.'

„ 839. I accept 'that' for 'which.'

„ 873, 'ghastly' — doubtless Marvell's word; and have accepted, l. 874, 'does' for 'doth.'

Line 887. I accept 'the' for 'his.'

Lines 891-2. Read, 'But in wise anger he their crimes for-
..... executioners.' [bears.

Line 895. Usually 'adjourn.'

„ 900. Reverse, 'Poet Painter.'

NOTES.

Line 1, 'After two sittings.' See Memorial-Introduction ('Writings') on this reference.

Line 4, 'beint.' Usually misprinted 'Is it too slight.'

„ 9, 'antique mesters.' There is a quibble in 'antique,' the antique [antic] masters limn the roof of the [bowling] alley with candle-snuff designs.

Line 14, 'plumes' = feather-paintings. See relative note before (Appleton House, ll. 590-1). 1710 State Poems misprints 'out.'

Line 16, 'Hook,' &c. Dr. Robert Hooke, Professor of Geometry at Gresham College, and Curator of the Experiments to the Royal Society, of which he was one of the earliest, as he

was one of the most eminent, members. He died March 3, 1702-3; and thus may have smiled on Marvell's grotesque use of his famous microscopic researches. Pepys writes under January 20, 1664-65: 'To my bookseller's, and there took home Hook's book of Microscopy, a most excellent piece, and of which I am very proud' (edit. 1854, 4 vols. vol. ii. p. 203).

Line 17, 'new Comptroller' — Earl of Ailsbury (as in ms. notes *supra*). Robert Bruce, second Earl of Elgin, was advanced to the earldom of Aylesbury, in the English peerage, in 1664, and died 1685. It seems certain his name is incorrectly filled in. See our introductory note to the present Poem.

Line 20, 1710 State Poems misprints 'nor.'

„ 25, 'but begin.' Usually misprinted 'not begin.'

„ 26, usually misprinted 'as' for 'how.'

„ 27-8. The incident is told of Protogenes, when painting his masterpiece Ialysus and his Dog (Pliny, N. H. xxxv. 10, s. 36); another painter, Nealees, imitated him of set purpose and with like success in representing the foam of a horse. See the incident, which probably was before Marvell, in Pepys, 10th March 1667.

Line 29, ST. ALBAN'S. HENRY JERMYN, Master of the Horse to Queen Henrietta Maria, was created Baron Jermyn 8th Sept. 1643, and Earl of *St. Albans* 27th April 1660, and became Lord Chamberlain of the Household to King Charles II. He died in 1683, unmarried, though reported to have been married to the queen-mother (Pepys, ii. 351, 368), leaving behind him a reputation fully justifying Marvell's drastic satire. He was a terror to well-disposed husbands. His 'embassage' to France comes up in Pepys. See *s. n.* as before.

Line 30, 'stallion of the old.' St. Albans (as above in . 29) was the Jermyn who was said to have been Henrietta Maria's paramour, and afterwardsmorganatically married to her. Burnet states that the queen had a son by him prior to Charles I.'s death, and the French memoir-writers go as far as Lodge's Vision, 'In spite of Jermin &c.' (on which see relative note).

Line 38, 'Fits him in France.' See Pepys, as before (iii. 2). Cf. line 44.

Line 39, 'draw no commission,' means no letters accrediting St. Albans as ambassador, in order that if the Court find it necessary to lie, they may disavow any treaty, and so obtain supplies from parliament.

Line 41, 'breeches;' a vague hint of intrigue, perhaps through his relations to Henrietta Maria, as above: not to be farther explained.

Line 46, '*St. German.*' A play upon the name of Jermyn, so pronounced.

Line 50, '*Newcastle's wife.*' This was the (once famous) MARGARET, Duchess of Newcastle, whose '*Life*' is written in Ballard's '*British Ladies.*' Pepys gives us some curious glimpses of her (iii. 105-6, 115). His account of her visit to the Royal Society is one of his best portraiture in its happy realism (iii. 139-140). Evelyn also tells more gravely the story of her visit, '*Diary and Correspondence,*' ii. 26 (edit. 1859, 4 vols. 8vo).

Lines 51-2. This scandalous incident is referred to in a lampoon of the Collection of 1689, as follows:

'Whatever James declares to you,
He's warranted by Holy Mother
To sham and gull his elder brother.
When he's to work you to's design,
He first will soak you well with wine;
And then to your incestuous eyes
He'll show again her H—ss' thighs';

and after several lines of this come:

'But rather liv'd 'mongst shamble crew,
Brought up in some Italian stew;
A duchess in one country known,
A common strumpet in her own.'

The '*Hignness*' here spoken of was Mary d'Este, James's second duchess; but it is clear from the word '*again,*' and from Marvell's lines, either that popular scandal gave the same story to both, or that the author of the later satire suggests that James might renew with the second the experience he had made with the first.

Line 57, '*Crowder.*' A Mr. *Crowther* is named by Clarendon (Evelyn, as before, iv. 322)—probably the same.

Line 58, '*Of's Highnesse's.*' The Duke of York signed the books as Fellow of the Royal Society, 1st January.

Line 60, '*glassen Duke*' = inflexible: or, query = easily seen through, shallow? From line 49 the whole of this paragraph is a virulent attack on N. H., or Nan Hyde, first Duchess of York, and her royal '*infirm*' (or *glassen*) husband. Lines 55-6 refer to her confinement six weeks after her marriage, or rather re-marriage, as in '*A Historical Poem*' (l. 20.) Marvell refer

to the swearing of Sir Charles Berkeley, then captain of the duke's guard, and afterwards Earl of Falmouth, that he (and according to Pepys, others) had lain with her: a statement he afterwards swore to be false, and made only to deter the prince from a mesalliance. Lines 53-4 contain a distinct accusation, not mentioned, I believe, elsewhere, that she had had a previous child or miscarriage.

Line 61, '*oyster-lip*.' Query, large or blubber-lipped mouth and an (unfeminine) moustache, and=lustfulness or sensuality? Pepys says of her, 'many black patches, because of pimples, about her mouth.'

Lines 65-68. See relative note on l. 76. The Duchess of York (Hyde) was blamed for the 'poisoning,' in a cup of chocolate, of Lady Denham—the mode being referred to by Marvell in 'Clarendon's House-warming' (st. vii. l. 4) and elsewhere. Cups of glass and other material were supposed to break or otherwise show that poison had been put into them; but this experiment on china is merely a mode of speech chosen by Marvell to give greater edge to his accusation. Sir Thomas Browne thus illustrates: 'And of those, surely the properties must be verified, which by Scaliger and others are ascribed to china dishes, that they admit no poyson, that they strike fire, that they will grow hot no higher than the liquid in them ariseth. For such as passe amongst us, and under the name of the finest, will only strike fire, but not discover aconite, mercury or arsenick; but may be usefull in dysenteries and fluxes beyond the other' (Pseud. Epid. b. ii. c. 5). It is only due to Ann Hyde to refer to Bp. Burnet's different account of her (s. n.). In l. 68, 1710 edit. of St. Poems spells 'coca:' l. 69, I accept 'ye' for 'the' of 1703; and l. 71, 'that' for 'which.'

Line 74, '*cancer smarts*.' Can this be an allusion to some disease of the breast under which the Duchess suffered? We know that when she died in 1671 one of her breasts burst, being full of corruption (Burnet, s. n.).

Line 75, '*Sydney's disgrace*.' Henry Sidney, *le beau Sidney* of De Grammont, was the youngest son of Robert, second Earl of Leicester, and brother of Algernon Sidney. He died in 1704. He was mixed up with the Duchess of York's love-intrigues. See Jesse's *England under the Stuarts* (iii. 477-8), where the dismissal and disgrace of the 'handsome Sidney' is told.

Line 76, '*Denham's face*.' 1726 edit. annotates here, 'The Duke of York was thought to have had an intrigue with Sir

John Denham's lady.' See Pepys, as before, vol. ii. 392, 460, 467, 471; iii. 28. Under date Jan. 7th, 1666-7, he enters: 'Lord Brouncker tells me that my Lady Denham is at last dead. Some suspect her poisoned, but it will be best known when her body is opened to-day, she dying yesterday morning. The Duke of York is troubled for her; but hath declared he will never have another public mistress again; which I shall be glad of, and would the king would do the like' (iii. 39-40).

Line 79, '*Castlemain.*' One of Charles II.'s many mistresses. Line 80, 'she now grows old,' receives illustration from Pepys, as follows: 'My wife tells me the sad news of my Lady Castlemaine's being now become so decayed that one would not know her; at least, far from a beauty, which I am sorry for' (ii. 174): and see p. 352, even more explicit. She frequently comes up in Pepys: see under CASTLEMAINE. Evelyn mentions a satire on her, which he is himself believed to have written (ii. 36). Marvell's text is sorrowfully confirmed by Pepys, in vol. iii. 209-10, 420, *et alibi*. She was Barbara Villiers, only child of William Viscount Grandison, wife of Roger Palmer, created Earl of Castlemaine 1661. She became the king's mistress at the Restoration, and was in 1670 made Duchess of Cleveland. She died in 1709, aged 69. She is named by Marvell as Palmer, Castlemaine, and Cleveland. Her 'love' for Jermain began to be noticed in July 1667 (Pepys).

Line 83, 1710 misprints 'wanted,' but I accept 'Then' of l. 87.

Line 88, '*oft-tir'd.*' Usually misprinted 'oft-tried.' 1710 State Poems has also 'oft-tir'd.'

Line 101, '*Porter's den.*' See Pepys, iv. 120, and Lord Braybrooke's note, with quotation from North's 'Lives.' It is to be feared too much of what North states was true, 'and pity tis.' At the time Marvell wrote, Porter was still a young man; for he was born 6th September 1631, at Heveningham, where his good old father was Rector. His father, at all events, thought well enough of him to make him an overseer to his will in 1667-8. He became Chancellor of Ireland, and died of apoplexy suddenly, while writing at his table in 1696. He was buried in Christ Church, Dublin.

Line 102, '*Jermain.*' That is Jermyn, as before. See Pepys, as before (iii. 209, 210). This was Henry Jermyn, afterwards Earl of Dover, from whom Dover-street, Piccadilly, derives its name.

Lines 104-5, '*Alexander . . . Campaspe.*' 1726 annotates here, 'Campaspe was Alexander's mistress, whom Apelles, by Alexander's command, painted naked, and fell violently in love with her. Alexander perceived it, and for fear of any fatal consequence to Apelles, gave her to him.'

Line 105, '*pair of tables*'=backgammon. Always so called in our early writers.

Line 106, '*the men,*' *i.e.* the thirty men of the game.

„ 109, '*tick-tack.*' In '*tables*' as ordinarily played they threw, as now at backgammon, with two dice apiece (line 111); and somewhere I have read that a fool is able to play doublets [and no more]. But Marvell is now speaking of a variation of the game called tick-tack or tric-trac, and it is possible that only one die was used by each (see line 116). Nares says there is a description of the game in the Compleat Gamester.

Line 114, '*Turner.*' Sir Edward Turner, Speaker of the House of Commons, Solicitor-general, &c. Died 1675.

Line 116, '*dye*' . . . '*go.*' Usually misprinted '*dice*' and '*have.*' Notes and Queries (4th S. ix. 319-20) gives the following: '*DIE, DICE.* What is the history of the form *dice*? Is it a plural formed from *die*? or is *die* a singular formed from *dice*? or is *dice* a singular form Englished from the Low Latin *decus*? I offer the following notes towards an answer. The dictionaries derive the word from French *dé*, plural *dés*; from which also Du Fresne derives Low Latin *decus*. I find

And danyel the dysplayere.

Piers Plowman, vi. 73.

Sent him a paire *dees* of gold in scorn.

Chaucer, Pardoner's Tale, 158.

He neither pleieth at the *dees* ne daunseth.

Chaucer, Shipman's Tale, 1494.

Six-text print here shows *dees*, *deis*, *dys*, *dis*, *dyes*. These forms seem to me to come from the French plural form; then the *-ce* is a corruption of *-es*, or *-s*, as in *mice*, *pence*, *once*, *hence*, &c., for *mys*, *pens*, *ones*, *hennes*, &c. The form *dyes* perhaps points to a singular *dye*, which I have not found, and STRATTMANN quotes no instance. Lastly, "*Dycyn*", or pley wythe *dycys*" (Promptorium Parv.) implies a singular *dyce* (as from *decus*?). Will some one clear up the history of the word? How early can a singular *die* be found? and how early can the Low Latin *decus* be found? Correspondence has been continued.

Line 118, '*With what small arts the public game they play.*' This reminds of Oxenstiern's famous saying, as to the 'small wisdom' with which 'great states' are governed.

Line 119, '*Rubens.*' His Life and Correspondence confirm this.

Line 121, '*close Cabal.*' See Pepys, iii. 328, whence I take this note of Lord Braybrooke: 'This use of the word, which has already occurred in the same sense (see Oct. 14, 1665), is earlier than its application by Burnet (Hist. of Own Time) in 1672, when he states, in reference to the then newly-formed government, that "Cabal" proved a technical word, every letter in it being the first letter of these five—Clifford, Ashby, Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale. It is obvious that the names given by Pepys do not form the word. In the Dream of the Cabal, anno 1672, the Cabal is made to consist of *seven* members, thus:

"Methought there met the grand Cabal of Seven
(Odd numbers, some men say, do best please Heaven)."

Burnet's words have often been mistaken. He noticed a coincidence, which many have taken to be the origin of the term. Marvell's reference is not to the historically celebrated Cabal ministry, seeing it only began in 1670, but is an instance of the use of the word for a close committee or council, prior to that date.

Line 124. I accept 1710 State Poems here for 'Yet for a War . . .' of 1703.

Line 125, '*revénue.*' See note in our edit. of SOUTHWELL on the two modes of pronouncing this word (pp. 132-3).

Line 126, '*Goodrick . . . Paston.*' *Goodrick* = Sir Henry Goodrick, named by Evelyn as one of the subscribers to Greenwich Hospital (ii. 357). *Paston* = Sir Robert Paston, created Viscount Yarmouth in 1673, and Earl of Yarmouth 30th July 1679. See Pepys and Evelyn, *s.n.*

Line 129, '*Hyde's avarice, Bennet's luxury.*' *Hyde* = the Earl of Clarendon, on whom onward. *Bennet* = Sir Henry Bennet (brother of John, Lord Ossulton) was created Earl of Arlington 22d April 1672, and under this title is lashed by Marvell. He died in 1685. See Pepys, *s.n.* for frequent notices of him confirmatory of the text.

Line 130. See on line 238.

„ 136, '*Casawar*' = Casuarius Cassowary, the Asiatic ostrich.

Line 143, '*Black Birch*.' Pepys writes: [Sir William Coventry] 'did discourse about some of these discontented Parliament-men, and says that Birch is a *false rogue*' (ii. 465). He was a colonel, and M.P. for Leominster. There is a reminiscence of the birth and increase of Hell's portress in Milton here.

Line 151, '*wittals*' or '*wittols*,' conscious cuckolds.

„ 154, '*Denham*.' Sir John Denham, as before. See on Lady D. *supra*.

Line 156, '*Ashburnham*.' The 'Mr. John Ashburnham' of Pepys (iii. 16). He was a Groom of the Bedchamber to Charles I., whom he attended during the whole of the Civil War, and afterwards filled the same post under Charles II. He was in 1661 M.P. for Sussex. Died 1671. Lord Braybrooke *in loco* states that the late Earl of Ashburnham, who was lineally descended from him, wrote an excellent vindication of his ancestor against the insinuations of Clarendon and others (Pepys, ii. 324). Marvell does not 'insinuate' either here or elsewhere; he courageously accuses.

Line 160, '*Steward*.' Query, 'little Mrs. Steward,' or Stewart of Pepys: one of the king's mistresses? (Pepys, ii. 55 *et alibi*.)

Line 162, '*Wood*.' Query, 'Auditor Wood' of Pepys? (i. 357; iv. 65, 110, 157. There are others of the name in Pepys (cf. *s. n.*). 1710 misprints 'command.'

Line 165, 1710 misspells 'pole.'

„ 168, '*French Martyrs*.' The story of Sir — Wood is unknown to us, but he was a cuckold and caned—perhaps for the 'stolen' spice—and he evidently suffered from the same disease as Prince Rupert and the Duke of York.

Line 170, '*Fox*.' Sometimes erroneously filled-in '*Fairfax*.' The measure demands a monosyllable. No doubt Sir Stephen Fox, ancestor of Charles J. Fox. He was at this time in high favour at court, First Clerk of the Board of Green Cloth, Paymaster to the Forces, &c. See Pepys, *s. n.* for frequent notices of him. The '*pays*' (line 172) is a pun on his office of Paymaster, and also confirms the accuracy of the filling-in of Fox, not Fairfax. Evelyn gives him a high character (ii. 156-7: see also p. 9). Full details of him will be found in the following privately printed book, '*Memoirs of Sir Stephen Fox, from his first entrance upon the stage of action under the Lord Piercy, till his Decease*; inserting many passages not mentioned in

Clarendon's History, during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., folio (1807).

Line 173, '*Progers.*' The well-known Edward Progers, valet to the king, with the reputation of pandering to his licentiousness by *procuring* for him girls, &c.—the less said about him the better: but see Pepys and De Grammont, *s. n.* It is right to record specially, that before the Restoration he and five other Englishmen were concerned in the murder at Madrid of the envoy from the Parliament to Spain in 1650. Also that he, with others, seems to have had the disputed honour of Monmouth's paternity. At least in Rochester's trenchant '*Farewell*' (Poems, &c. 1689), speaking of Monmouth, there is this exclamation:

'Never (says Heaven) shall the blushing sun
See P—— bastard fill the royal throne;'

and in British-Museum copy is written '*Progers.*'

175, '*Bronkard.*' Henry Brouncker, third and last Viscount Brouncker. He was Cofferer to Charles II., and Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York (afterwards James II.). He died in 1688. See Pepys, *s. n.* for frequent notices of him.

Line 176, '*troop of Clarendon.*' Marvell never spares Hyde.

„ 178, '*Haters of fowl, to teal preferring bull.*' *Id est*, mere gross gluttons, not dainty epicures. In the '*Old Man's Wish*' (a racy old song) he seeks, along with his Horace and Plutarch and the '*best wits,*'

'A dish of roast mutton, not ven'son nor teal.'

Line 179, '*bloated Wren.*' Matthew Wren, eldest son of the Bishop of Ely. He was secretary first to Clarendon, and afterwards to the Duke of York. He very often comes up in Pepys (see *s. n.*).

Line 181, '*Charlton.*' Probably Sir Job Charleton. He died 1697. See Pepys, iii. 387.

Line 185, '*mercenary.*' Usually printed '*sordid.*'

„ 186, '*Finch Thurland.*' *Finch*—Sir Heneage Finch, as before. *Thurland*—Sir Edward Thurland, M.P. for Reigate, afterwards solicitor to the Duke of York and knighted, and finally a Baron of the Exchequer. He died 19th December 1682, aged 76, and was buried at Reigate. I retain *Thurland*, though *Trenchard* be filled-in. It is *Thurland* in 1710 edit. On *Trenchard*, viz. Sir John, Secretary of State, see Evelyn (ii. 336).

Line 188, '*Trelawney*' — Sir Jonathan Trelawney, second baronet of the name, whose son became Bishop of Winchester.

Line 193, '*Sir Pool*.' See filled-in names *supra*: and the 'Checker Inn' in Unverified Poems.

Ib. 'chimnies' sake.' On the tax imposed on 'chimnies' see Pepys, *s. v.* frequently.

Line 197, '*Higgins*.' Query, the 'Mr. Higden' who married Lord Stowell's sister? (See Pepys, as before, vol. iv. p. 323.)

Line 199, '*Sir Frederick . . . Sir Solomon*.' As in line 193.

„ 200. 1710 misprints 'and Scots.'

„ 203, '*Carteret*.' Sir George Carteret, Vice Chamberlain at the coronation, afterwards Deputy Treasurer for Ireland, &c. He comes up abundantly in Pepys (see *s. n.*).

Line 206, '*Talbot*,' as before.

„ 207, '*Duncomb*.' Sir John Duncombe, Master of the Ordnance, Commissioner of the Treasury, Privy Councillor, &c. He died 1687. Bishop Burnet says of him, 'he was a judicious man, but very haughty, and apt to raise enemies. He was an able Parliament-man, but could not go into all the designs of the Court; for he had a sense of religion, and a zeal for the liberty of his country' (Own Times, vol. i. p. 437, ed. 1833). He is elsewhere named by Marvell, and Lord Braybrooke quotes the passage in his Pepys (vol. iii. p. 132): see onward.

Line 208, '*Fitz Harding*.' The Lord Fitzharding of this date (1667) was Sir Charles Berkeley, who in 1665 succeeded his son Charles (by limitation of the patent) as second Viscount Fitzharding, in the Irish peerage. He was of the Privy Council to Charles II., and Treasurer of the Household. He died 12th June 1668. See Pepys, *s. n.*

Ib. '*Eaters Beef*' = Beef-eaters, *i. e.* Household Troops.

Line 212, '*Apsley and Brotherick*.' *Apsley* — Sir Allen Apsley, Knight (son of the Lieutenant of the Tower). He was Treasurer of the Household to the Duke of York (James II.). Buried in Westminster Abbey 17th October 1683. *Brotherick* = Sir Alan Broderick, Knt., a well-known politician of his day, who held important Irish offices. He died 28th November 1680, and was buried at Wandsworth, Surrey. His younger brother was ancestor of the present Viscount Middleton. See Pepys on both, *s. n.*

Line 213, '*Powel*' = clerk to Sir William Coventry. See Pepys (iii. 148), with Lord Braybrooke's quotation from Marvell.

Line 218, '*Cornbury*' = the Lord Cornbury of Pepys (vol. iii.

pp. 245, 311, 366) and Evelyn (*s. n.*). Henry Hyde, Viscount Cornbury, was eldest son of Clarendon; succeeded as second Earl of Clarendon in 1674, and died 31st October 1709.

Line 220, '*Tuttle-field*' = the old spelling of Tothill-field. Like Chalk Farm in later days, it was the duellists' meeting-ground.

Lines 221-224. It is hard to tell what the allusions here were, nor can I understand these lines. There seems to be a hopeless confusion, or perhaps an omission after 'disperse.' '*Feather-man*' (line 223) is, I presume, a feather-maker, a trade in request in those days, and which, curiously enough, was chiefly carried on in the reigns of Elizabeth and James by Blackfriar Puritans.

Line 225, '*Coventries*' = Sir William and Henry (l. 228), sons of Thomas (Lord Keeper) Coventry. Henry was of the Privy Council to Charles II., and subsequently one of his principal Secretaries of State. He died 7th December 1686. Sir William was also of the Privy Council, and one of the best speakers in the House of Commons. He too died in 1686 (see Pepys, *s. n.* very frequently). Query, is Tomkins (l. 223) Sir Thomas Tomkins, similarly named with Sir William Coventry in Pepys? (iii. 198.) He was a 'fierce' plain-speaking man.

Line 234, '*durst*.' Usually misprinted 'dare.'

„ 238, '*Excise*' 'The king therefore . . . got Two Bills prepar'd and carry'd into the House. . . The one was to empower his Majesty, upon Extraordinary Occasions . . . to raise Money without a Parliament; and the other was for setting a Universal Excise upon the Crown' ('Secret History,' as before, pp. 37-8).

Line 245, '*Strangeways*' = Col. Giles Strangways, M.P. for Dorsetshire.

Line 249, '*Cocles*.' The incident forms the burden of one of Macaulay's best 'Lays.' 1726 annotates: 'Cocles, a noble Roman, maintained a pass alone, and kept back a whole army, till the bridge behind him was broke down, and then threw himself into the Tiber and swam to land.' 1710 misprints 'stood.'

Line 254. Usually misprinted, as in 1710 State Poems, 'And now to edge their anger, courage grind,' which made nonsense, a thing not found in Marvell.

Line 255, '*Temple*' = SIR RICHARD TEMPLE of Pepys (*s. n.*) He died 1694.

Line 257, 'S—r.' I have filled-in 'Seymour.' No doubt Edward Seymour, who was so prominent a member that he took up the impeachment of Clarendon to the House of Lords, and was elected in 1673 Speaker of the Commons. He afterwards, according to Marvell (Instructions, pt. iii.) ratted to the Court party. 'The monster Patent' is another reference to the Canary or wine patent, as before. See Clarendon, *s. v.*

Line 258, '*Whorwood*.' I suspect a misprint, as the name nowhere appears save in this Satire.

Line 259, '*Mordant*.' Pepys writes, 22d December 1664: 'Met with a copy of verses, mightily commended by some gentlemen there, of my Lord Mordant's, in excuse of his going to sea this late expedition with the Duke of York. But, Lord, they are sorry things—only a lord made them!' (ii. 193.) See relative note onward in another and terrible passage against him (ll. 349-50).

Line 259-60. See Pepys, 25th November 1666.

„ 261, '*surlly Williams*.' It seems as hopeless to identify him as if he were of the Smiths.

Line 262, '*Lovelace* young.' This cannot have been the Royalist poet of 'Lucasta;' for he died in 1658, and he and Marvell were friends, as the latter's verses to him prove.

Line 263, '*Old Waller*' = Edmund Waller, poet. He died 1687. See Pepys, *s. n.*

Line 265, '*How'rd*' = Howard. 1726 annotates: 'Montezuma is the hero of the Indian Queen, a tragedy written by Mr. Dryden and Sir Robert Howard.' See Pepys, *s. n.* for various notices of Howard. He died Sept. 3d, 1698.

Lines 275-6, a commonplace of the Orl. Furioso.

„ 278, '*Temple*.' See l. 255 and relative note.

„ 279, '*Strangeway*.' See line 245 and relative note.

„ 283, '*pikes*.' Usually printed 'pipes,' which would add a new element of dismay to the charge certainly; but 'pikes' was probably Marvell's word, albeit Presbyterians might warrant 'pipes.' 1710 also has 'pikes.'

Line 284, '*Switzers*.' See relative note before.

„ 287. Our note on lines 130, 238 explains the cause of the battle described by Marvell; and the action of the gentry, so lauded by him, is well illustrated by Pepys under 5th Nov. 1666. The author of the 'Secret History' (as before, p. 38) says that this excise bill was thrown out by a combination of the mercenary members with the honest party, they foreseeing

that the passing of these bills would render them useless, and so have put an end to their pensions.

Line 298, '*Garraway*.' See relative note before on line 148 of *Oceana* and *Britannia*.

Ib. '*Littleton*.' See relative note on line 14 of *Oceana* and *Britannia*.

Line 299, '*Lee*.' See relative note on *ib.*, line 150.

„ 301, '*Sands*.' No doubt Colonel Samuel Sands, or Sandys, of Ombersley in Worcestershire, which county he represented in Parliament. He was ancestor of the Lords Sandys. He died in 1685. See Pepys, iii. 327.

Line 311, '*St. Albans*.' See relative note on line 29.

„ 314, '*they pay*.' Usually printed '*their*:' but a sham-payment is hit, so as to cover fresh applications. Pepys is full of the stratagems resorted to. His pages confirm the darkest lines of the context. 1710 reads '*their pay*.'

Line 337, '*decrepid Eson*.' 1710 reads '*Eson*.' Eson, Jason's father, restored to youth by Medea in the manner mentioned. Clarendon is again hit here.

Line 342, '*fair Denham*.' Lady Denham, as before.

„ 343, '*Carteret*.' See line 203 and relative note.

„ 345, '*sad tree*.' This can scarcely be the aspen.

Lines 349-50, '*Mordaunt*.' Pepys thus elucidates the text, 26th Nov. 1666: 'Into the House of Parliament, where, at a great committee, I did hear, as long as I would, the great case against my Lord Mordaunt, for some arbitrary proceedings of his against one Taylor, whom he imprisoned, and did all the violence to imaginable, only to get him to give way to his abusing his daughter' (iii. 18-19). On this—quoting Marvell—Lord Braybrooke annotates: 'John Mordaunt, younger son to the first, and brother to the second, Earl of Peterborough, having incurred considerable personal risk in endeavouring to promote the King's restoration, was, in 1659, created Baron Mordaunt of Reigate and Viscount Mordaunt of Avalow. He was brought to trial, and acquitted but by one voice, just before Cromwell's death' (Quarterly Review, vol. xix. p. 31). He was soon afterwards made K.G., Lord Lieutenant of Surrey, and Constable of Windsor Castle; which offices he held till his death, in 1675. In January 1666-7 Lord Mordaunt was impeached by the House of Commons, for forcibly ejecting William Tayleur and his family from the apartments which they occupied in Windsor Castle, where Tayleur held some appoint-

ment, and imprisoning him, for having presumed to offer himself as a candidate for the borough of Windsor. Lord M. was also accused of improper conduct towards Tayleur's daughter. He, however, denied all these charges in his place in the House of Lords, and put in an answer to the articles of impeachment, for hearing which a day was absolutely fixed; but the Parliament being shortly afterwards prorogued, the inquiry seems to have been entirely abandoned, notwithstanding the vehemence with which the House of Commons had taken the matter up. Perhaps the King interfered in Lord Mordaunt's behalf; because Andrew Marvell, in his Instructions to a Painter, after saying,

'Now Mordaunt may within his castle tower
Imprison parents and the child deflower,'

observes,

'Each does the other blame, and all distrust,
But Mordaunt, *new obliged*, would sure be just.'

Line 353, '*Canary patent.*' Pepys enters of the doings of Parliament, 27th Oct. 1666: 'To Mat. Wren [of whom on line 180] 5000*l.* for passing the Canary Company's patent' (ii. 480). See also, iii. 32, 68, 172, 192—the last revealing that Pepys was a shareholder in this somewhat out-of-the-way Company; which seems to have combined 'wine' buying and selling and general trading with 'prize'-taking. Pepys (iii. 68) specially illustrates the text: also Evelyn (i. 408). There was a Company that equipped ships to catch Canary prizes (= Canary merchandise in Dutch bottoms) as well as one for importation of Canary wine. See st. xix. of 'Clarendon's House-warming.' Lord Mordaunt and Clarendon were concerned in the latter.

Line 357, '*Buckingham.*' George Villiers, 2d Duke of Buckingham. He died 16th April 1687. For illustration of the text see Pepys (iii. 32), and frequently. He was the B of the Cabal administration.

Line 359, '*twelve commons.*' I cannot interpret this, as it does not altogether fit in with 'Trial by Jury.' I hazard a conjecture that it means a committee of the House of Commons: and as such the text receives lurid illustration from the State Poems epigram 'put on Westminster Hall gate,' as follows:

'When Nature's God for our offences dy'd,
Among the twelve one Judas did reside:
Here's twelve assembled for the Nation's peace,
Among which twelve eleven are Judases.
One's true to's trust, but all the rest accord
With Jews and Pagans to betray their Lord.' Vol. iii. p. 327.

Or, as the epistle was on Westminster House gate, the twelve may have been the twelve judges.

Line 365, '*St. Albans.*' See on line 29.

„ 374, '*wonted.*' 1710 misprints '*wanton.*'

„ 385, '*grains from kettle fly*' = the sooty flakes at the bottom and sides. Halliwell, *s. v.* says, '*grained*' is Wiltshire for '*dirty.*'

Line 389, '*spectacle.*' 1710 misprints '*spectual.*'

Lines 397-8, '*isle of Candy.*' See also line 410. For Candy read Canvey. Canvey island is on the Essex coast, formed by the Thames and one of its branches; about thirty miles below London. The Dutch ships advanced that far up the Thames. '*Bab May*' and Arlington (according to Marvell) mistook the news as referring to Candia in the Mediterranean.

Line 399, '*Bab May and Arlington.*' *Bab May*, *i. e.* Baptist May, Keeper of the Privy Purse to Charles II. He was son of Sir Humphrey May, Vice-chamberlain to Charles II. He was also a registrar in Chancery. He died 2d March 1696-7, and was buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. See Pepys, *s. n.* frequently. *Arlington*—see before as Bennet.

Lines 405-8, '*pilgrim Palmer.*' Seems, from the allusion, to be a quibble on the name of the husband of Mrs. Palmer, afterwards the notorious Duchess of Cleveland; on whom see various notes. Her husband, Roger Palmer, was created Earl of Castlemaine.

Line 409, '*Morrice*' = Sir William Morrice, one of Charles II.'s Secretaries of State—spelled Morris. See Pepys, *s. n.* frequently.

Line 415, '*Bennet and May.*' The exigencies of rhythm make Marvell continue '*Bennet*' for Arlington. May: see on line 399.

Line 419, '*Whitehall's unsafe.*' See Pepys' description of the precautions of himself and others at this crisis.

Line 420, '*mure*' = shut up, commonly '*immure.*'

„ 422, '*Mordant.*' See on lines 349-50.

„ 425, '*Bloodworth Chanc'lor.*' Is there a sarcastic comparison here of Clarendon with '*Bludworth*' Lord Mayor, so notorious for his supineness during the Great Fire? (See Pepys, ii. 405, 440, 451 *et alibi.*) It must have been stinging to the imperious Clarendon to be so ignominiously nicknamed.

Lines 427-8, '*St. Albans.*' As before. Monsieur Lewis = Frenchman, after Louis XIV. the king.

Line 431, '*Doleman*.' In Evelyn (iv. 211-12) is a letter from the Queen of Bohemia to Mr. Secretary Nicholas, wherein she writes: 'Thom. Doleman is heere [Hague] and desires leeu to see me, which I haue put off untill I know the king's pleasure; for hauing so openlie owned the setting forward of the treatie, I will not see him without the king's approbation.' Bray annotates: 'Doleman had suffered much in the royal cause during the Civil Wars. He was a Berkshire gentleman; and his house at Shaw, just below Donnington Castle, was one of the points of attack during the battle of Newbury; from which a good defence was made against Lord Manchester' (ii. 212). Pepys and Evelyn illustrate and confirm the text.

Line 434. 1710 reads 'money's.'

„ 437, '*De Wit . . . Ruyter*.' *De Wit* = John de Witt: died 1672. *Ruyter* = Michael Adrian de Ruyter, admiral. He died 1676. On the text see Pepys and Lord Braybrooke's note (ii. 282-3). See also lines 523, 581, 678, 740, 769.

Lines 439-48. Pepys, under St. Albans, confirms the text. Line 448 = with moral sayings out of Seneca.

Line 441, '*near relation*.' As husband of Henrietta Maria.

„ 442, '*character*' = his commission or credentials (line 42).

„ 450, '*Harry Excellent*' = Henry Coventry, as before. So lines 458, 461.

Line 457, '*Presbyter Hollis*.' The noted Denzil Hollis, leader of the Presbyterians of the Commonwealth: created Lord Hollis by Charles II. 1660.

Line 463, '*shent*' = scolded, also punished; so that there is probably a double sense, punished by proclamation [and no otherwise].

Line 465, '*Hyde*' = Clarendon, as before. See also lines 487-8; and 508, 522.

Line 468, '*a queen*.' Usually misprinted 'and queen,' as in 1710.

Lines 471-2, '*writing-master many times he bann'd*.' So Nero.

Line 494, '*banquerout*' = bankrupt. See relative note on Nostradamus' Prophecy, line 14.

Lines 495-6, '*sacramental wart*.' I dare not venture to interpret this. Cf. Genesis xxiv. 2.

Line 510, '*Monk in his shirt*' — 'in haste:' the renowned Monk = Albemarle, as before. See also line 518.

Lines 513-14, '*ashen wood . . . Herb-John*.' On this take

quaint old Batman (upon Barthol. l. xvii. c. 62): 'The leaves thereof helpeth against venime, and the iuyce thereof wrong and dronke helpeth against serpentes. And ash hath so great vertue that serpents come not in shadow thereof in the morning nor at euen: and if a serpent be set betweene a fire and ash leaves, he will flye into the fire sooner than into the leaues.' This last, Pliny states, he has himself seen (N. H. l. xvi. c. 13). But where he states that the leaves, according to the Greeks, are deadly to the 'horses, mul s, and such labouring garrons, but otherwise to beasts that chew the cud they be harmless: howbeit in Italy, if horses, &c. do browse of the leaves, they take no harme thereby' (Phil. Holland's Trans.).—Parkinson says he has misquoted Theophrastus, 'who saith of *μῖλος, taurus*, and he [Pliny] referreth it to *μελία, fraxinus*.' 'Herb-John' can scarcely be St. John's-wort, nor Jack-in-the-hedge, for both have special properties.

Line 523 *et seq.* See our Memorial-Introduction for Pepys, remarks on this. 1726 annotates on line 523: 'The Dutch Admiral who burned our ships at Chatham.'

Line 527, 'rain sedge' = not concealing.

„ 534, 'looks.' The construction is 'looks' his new face. This use of 'look,' without a preposition, was common. Cf. 'I must go *look* my twigs: he shall be caught' (All's Well, act iii. sc. 6): and again in Swetnam, Arraigned by Women (act iv. sc. 1), 'I must goe *looke* the Princesse: when must she dye?'

Line 550, 'Sheppy isle.' One of the islands into which the coast and river portion of Kent is broken up by small rivers—the Isle of Thanet being another. Sheerness is the principal town in Isle of Sheppy.

Line 551, 'April's bud.' A curious use of 'bud'—early in April—no doubt so employed because April is the month in which the trees bud forth.

Line 561, 'Spragg'—Edward Spragge, knighted for his gallant conduct as a captain in the first sea-fight with the Dutch in 1665. After rendering many important naval services to his country, he was unfortunately drowned on the 11th August 1673, whilst passing in a boat to the Royal Charles from his own ship, which had been disabled in the action with Van Tromp. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, without any memorial; nor have we the slightest record of his early history, or of the family from which he was descended (Lord Braybrooke in Pepys, i. 388). Colonel Chester enables me to

add a little: He was a native of Ireland—entered the Navy at an early age, and was knighted in 1665, when captain of the *Triumph*. He rose to be Admiral of the Blue. He was buried in Westminster Abbey 23d Sept. 1673 (drowned 11th Aug.). He is said to have married a Flemish lady before 1660, but does not mention her in his Will. He left his estate to his mistress, Dorothy Dennis, and two sons and two daughters he had by her, one of whom was actually baptised at St. Giles' in the Fields as a child of Sir Edward Spragg and Dame Dorothy his wife! In Lord Rochester's 'History of Insipids' (1676) we read,

'Had haughty Holmes but called in Spragg,
Hans had been put into a bag.'

State Poems (1710), vol. i. p. 151.

Line 566. Usually misprinted 'Through walls untight, and through the bullet showers,' as in 1710.

Line 581, 'Untack.' A curious phrase for detaching a squadron. Casting about for a rhyme, the nautical 'tack' may have suggested it; but it is not in any way nautical.

Line 586, 'Chain.' See letter of Lord Brouncker on the breaking of the 'chain' at Chatham, in Pepys, iv. 195-6, and under 'Chatham.' See also lines 629-30.

Line 588, '*captive a flea*.' 'Fleas' which dragged tiny chariots were then, as since, a popular exhibition. 'Captive' is not used as=taking prisoner, but by license for imprisoning or rather shackling a puny flea instead of barring the river against men-of-war.

Line 590, '*recollect*'=re-collect, *i.e.* collect together. As there was then but one other way of propelling a ship, it may be gathered that, like the galleys and galiots, the craft was also impelled by rowers or towed by boats.

Line 596, '*Monk*.' Albemarle, as before.

„ 597, '*feather'd gallants*'=feathers in their caps=gay, hare-brained. Likenings of the brains and dispositions of gallants to the feathers of their brain-covering were constant from Elizabeth's days onward.

Line 600, '*Cornb'ry*'=son of Clarendon. See former note.

Line 605, '*Duncomb and of Legge*.' *Duncombe*—see on line 207, and lines 746-9. *Legge*—William Legge, ancestor of the present Earl of Dartmouth or his son George, who was also created Baron Dartmouth in 1682. The former died in 1672

the latter in 1691. Both were in public employment; the latter probably intended.

Line 607, '*Upnor castle.*' See Pepys on: i. 307; iii. 152, 153, 154, 160, 177; iv. 137; also Evelyn, ii. 27, &2. Pepys (iii. 153-4) sadly confirms Marvell.

Line 611, '*Royal Charles.*' (See Pepys on, s. v.) Sir John Denham, in his '*Directions to a Painter,*' has these lines:

'The Charles escapes the raging element,
To be with triumph into Holland sent;
Where the glad people to the shore resort,
They see their terror now become their sport.'

State Poems (1710), vol. i. p. 48.

Line 622, '*distraught:*' usually printed '*distort.*' It is a somewhat interesting word: distort=distorted. The earliest example that occurs to us of this shortening is in Robert Greene. Afterwards, when the t in many cases (such as mask't) was more fashionable than -ed, the t or -ed of verbs ending in t was dropped, and in the first folio of Shakespeare words ending in d or t are constantly found making their second person sing. in ds and ts instead of d'st and t'st (Cambridge Shaks., pref.). All these things in fact were a part of the general system of slurring, shortening, and eliding, which came into vogue a few years after the accession of James I. Inattention to this has led to the mistake that have, quit, and hoist, in Prospero's speech about his exposure in a '*butt,*' are changes into the present tense, and has thus caused the retention of '*have*' for '*had.*' '*Quit*' is '*quit*' or quitted, and '*hoist*' is either the same form or the regular form of the verb '*hoise,*' of which our modern '*hoist*' is a corruption.

Line 628, 1710 misprints '*cause him.*'

„ 631-642, '*Daniel.*' Pepys thus illustrates the text, 30 June 1666: 'After waiting upon the Duke with Sir W. Pen who was commanded to go to-night, by water, down to Harwich to dispatch away all the ships he can, I home; where no soone come, but news is brought me of a couple of men come to speal with me from the fleete; so I down, and who should it be bu Mr. Daniel, all muffled up, and his face as black as the chimney and covered with dirt, pitch, and tar and powder, and muffle with dirty clouts, and his right eye stopped with oakum. H is come last night, at 5 o'clock, from the fleete, with a comrad of his that hath endangered another eye. They were set o shore at Harwich this morning, and at 2 o'clock, in a catel'

with about twenty more wounded men from the Royal Charles ;' and so on (vol. ii. pp. 385-387). See also *s. n.*

Line 643. Usually printed 'But when the fire-ships terrible he saw.'

Lines 650-1, '*A third time.*' The 'London' frigate blew up when off the Nore, 6th March 1665, and the 'City of London,' built in her place, and at the city's own charges. The 'Loyal London' man-of-war the Dutch burnt. The second burning was that of the city itself. In Sir John Denham's 'Directions to a Painter' we read:

'Next let the flaming London come in view,
Like Nero's Rome burnt to rebuild it new ;
What lesser sacrifice than this were meet
To offer for the safety of the Fleet ?
Blow one ship up, another thence will grow ;
See what free cities and wise courts can do !'

Line 656, I accept 'sides' from 1710 State Poems for 'tides' of 1703 and usually.

Line 664, '*drown.*' A number of vessels were sunk in the Thames to prevent the ascent of the Dutch.

Line 677, '*Rupert's and Albemarle's.*' Rupert=Prince Rupert, with whom Marvell was on friendly terms. Albemarle=Monk, as before.

Line 705. 1710 misprints 'mourn,' and so usually.

„ 706, '*sad tortoise.*' Often and indeed commonly used for 'turtle.' We still call it 'tortoise-shell,' though it come from no tortoise except the turtle.

Line 713, '*farthering.*' Usually printed 'flattering,' as in 1710. Pepys' account, *supra*, confirms the text.

Line 714, '*female Steward.*' See former note.

„ 716, '*Richmond*' = Duke of R., then, or afterwards, married to the Stewart. Cf. in *her* commands.

Line 719, '*Pett*' = Sir Peter Pett, Commissioner for the Navy. Lord Braybrooke annotates Pepys (iii. 162): 'Pett was made a scapegoat,' and quotes the text. See Pepys, *s. n.* frequently, for confirmations of Marvell on Bergen, &c.

Line 734, '*Languard.*' Languard Fort, protecting the harbour of Harwich on the Essex coast. The Fort itself is said to have been erected in the time of James II. ; but there was certainly a fortification there bearing that name long before.

Lines 741-2, '*one boat.*' Cf. Pepys, iii. 162.

„ 745, '*Southampton dead.*' Earl of Southampton, died May 1667. See Pepys, *s. n.* often.

Line 746, '*Duncombe.*' See former note on l. 207. The 'petre'=saltpetre of l. 749, and context sarcastically hits Duncomb's removal from the *Ordinance* to the Treasury.

Line 753, 'Who hath no chimneys.' See on chimney-tax in 'Clarendon's House-warming;' this line is of course ironical.

Line 757, '*May.*' See former note.

„ 763, '*Sheldon.*' Died 9th Nov. 1677. See Pepys (iii. 208) for a frightful statement of this Archbishop's licentiousness.

Line 765, '*Boynton.*' See Pepys, iv. 96, and Braybrooke's notes: Colonel Boynton. From the accusations of 'whore-mongering' against Sheldon, the B—— and M—— must have been females. The dates and other things exclude Colonel Boynton and Cardinal Mazarine.

Line 771, '*Hide*'=Clarendon, as before: so lines 786, 803, 813, 878, 893.

Lines 772 and 775, '*Harry*'=Sir Henry Coventry, as before. So in ms. also in British-Museum copy.

Line 789, '*Turner.*' No doubt Sir Edward Turner, Speaker of the House of Commons, Solicitor-general, &c., as before. See Pepys, s.n. and lines 803, 806.

Line 793, '*Tomkins.*' See former note.

„ 807, '*Eaton.*' Evelyn enters in 1649: 'My good friend Mr. Eaton, afterwards a judge, who corresponded with me in France' (i. 260).

Line 827, '*palat.*' 1726 and after-editions oddly misprint 'prelate.'

Line 834, '*soaks his sack with Norfolk like a toast*'=cheese?

Line 836, '*Partelot.*' 1710 spells 'portelot'=partlet. It is said in Nares to be applied (from partlet, a band or ruff) to a hen, because it is sometimes ruffed round the neck, and thence to a woman. But for hens of the ordinary breeds to have a ruff is very unusual; and why, therefore, call so common a bird partlet, while it so rarely has a ruff? Had this been the true derivation, one would have expected it to be applied rather to chanticleer than his dame. I query also if examples of partlet, a ruff, be found older or even as old as the Chaucerian use of portelot. It is applied from a hen to woman not because the woman is ruffed, but because she is a noisy cackling body. Cf. 1 Henry IV. (iii. 3); and Winter's Tale (ii. 3). The derivations of partlet, a band, from part or porter, as given by Min-

sheu and quoted by others, seem merely ridiculous. Is a band the only article of attire that can be separated from or is borne on the body? or was it the first or only article of clothing when as yet other articles were not? We have the same root-form in the bird '*partridge*,' but the derivation is only another instance of the eccentricities of language.

Line 866, '*Lewis*' = the French king, as before.

„ 870-2, '*grandsire Harry, and of Charles his sire . . . grisly wound.*' Henry IV. of France, father of Henrietta Maria. Of course '*grandsire*' is used as = ancestor, as of Henry VIII. in Lord Rochester's '*Insipids*:'

'For chastity and pious deeds
His grandsire Harry Charles exceeds.'

St. Poems, vol. i. p. 149.

Note (strictly), in line 869 it should be '*ghosts*;' but = ghost of . . . and [*ghost*] of . . .

Line 873. Usually misprinted '*ghostly*,' as in 1710.

„ 879, '*Castlemain.*' See former note: also see line 884.

„ 880, '*Bennet and Coventry.*' See former note: see also line 886. This is Sir William Coventry, not Henry, mentioned before (line 458 *et alibi*). Both brothers Coventry are mentioned together earlier in the poem:

' . . . hector Harry steers by Will the wit.'

Marvell would seem to have changed his opinion of '*hector Harry*' between the date of this Satire and later; for afterwards he is '*the one secretary honest and wise*' ('Dialogue between Two Horses,' and relative note). '*The brother*' (line 887). The King's brother was, of course, James Duke of York; but the reference is ambiguous, and without the facts we cannot decide whether the brother is Harry or Charles.

Line 885, '*Bristol, Arlington.*' *Bristol* = Earl of Bristol, who impeached Clarendon in 1663. See Pepys, *s.n.* *Arlington*, as before.

Line 887, '*the.*' 1710 has '*his.*'

„ 891. In 1710 '*he'n.*'

„ 894, '*pett.*' This is printed with a capital P, to show the under-allusion to PETT (as before): but = the scapegoat. It may be noted here that the Pett (see on line 719) is not to be confounded with a contemporary, Phineas Pett, another commissioner and naval architect, on whom see Evelyn, *s.n.*

Line 895. 1710 misprints 'adice.'

„ 900, 'Painter . . . Poet.' Even the frivolous Charles [II.] seems to have courted the Muses and wielded the brush : a sarcastic allusion to the results. G.

TO THE KING.¹

So his bold tube man to the sun apply'd,
 And spots unknown in the bright star descry'd,
 Shew'd they obscure him, while too near they please,
 And seem his courtiers, are but his disease ;
 Through optic trunk the planet seem'd to hear, 5
 And hurls them off e'er since in his career.

And you (great Sir), that with him empire share,
 Sun of our world, as he the Charles is there ;
 Blame not the Muse that brought those spots to sight,
 Which, in your splendour hid, corrode your light ; 10
 (Kings in the country oft have gone astray,
 Nor of a peasant scorn'd to learn the way.)
 Would she the unattended throne reduce,
 Banishing love, trust, ornament, and use ;
 Better it were to live in cloister's lock, 15
 Or in fair fields to rule the easy flock :
 She blames them only who the Court restrain,
 And where all England serves, themselves would reign.

¹ This really belongs to the preceding poem, but is numbered separately for convenience of reference in the Notes and Illustrations, and because of the length of this Satire. G.

Bold and accurst are they who all this while
 Have strove to isle the monarch from this Isle, 20
 And to improve themselves by false pretence,
 About the common prince have rais'd a fence ;
 The kingdom from the crown distinct would see,
 And peel the bark to burn at last the tree.
 As Ceres corn, and Flora is the spring, 25
 Bacchus is wine, the Country is the King.

Not so does rust insinuating wear,
 Nor powder so the vaulted bastion tear,
 Nor earthquakes so an hollow isle o'erwhelm,
 As scratching courtiers undermine a realm, 30
 And thro the palace's foundations bore,
 Burrowing themselves to hoard their guilty store.
 The smallest vermin make the greatest waste,
 And a poor warren once a city ras'd.
 But they whom born to virtue and to wealth, 35
 Nor guilt to flatt'ry binds, nor want to stealth ;
 Whose gen'rous conscience, and whose courage high,
 Does with clear counsels their large souls supply ;
 Who serve the king with their estates and care,
 And as in love on parliaments can stare ; 40
 Where few the number, choice is there less hard ;
 Give us this Court, and rule without a guard.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Readings.

- Line 20. I accept 'the' for 'this monarch,' from 1689 ed.
 „ 25, 'But Ceres.'

Line 35 reads 'Whom neither.'

„ 37-8 drops 'generous' (line 37), and 'Does' (line 38).

„ 39. 'That.'

NOTES.

Line 5, '*trunk*.' A common name then for the tube of a telescope, &c. See Albumanar, &c. A pea-shooter was also called a trunk (Browne's New Academy, quoted by Nares). But the following is a better example: The Speaker, talking of the effect of an affectation of scriptural phraseology on females of the family, says: 'Why, such wooden pellets out of *earthen trunks* do strike these females into admiration, hit 'em home' (Middleton's Family of Love, iii. 3). So too we find the word as tube in Albumanar (act i. sc. 3):

'That you may know each whisper from Prester John
Against the wind, as fresh as 'twere deliver'd
Through a trunk or Gloucester's list'ning wall.'

Line 11, 'Kings in the country.' A commonplace of history and biography, from the earliest times until our own.

Line 20, '*isle*.' a favourite verb-form with Marvell. We now say 'insulate.'

Line 21, 'on' I do not accept. By is = through or by means of; a sense in which it was used far more commonly than at present at the date. They 'improved' themselves by means of a false pretence or pretentiousness, by screening the highest, that is the king, from the public view; they fraudulently made themselves appear higher than their true position warranted.

Line 26. Usually misprinted 'As Bacchus.'

„ 34, 'a poor warren.' Old Ph. Holland thus translates, in reference to this, from Pliny (N. H. l. viii. c. 29): 'Nothing is more certain and notorious than this, that much hurt and damage hath been known to come from small and contemptible creatures, which otherwise are of no reckoning and account. M. Varro writes, that there was a towne in Spaine vndermined by conies: and another likewise in Thessalia by the mold-warpes, &c.' G.



ADVICE TO A PAINTER.¹

SPREAD a large canvas, Painter, to contain
The great assembly, and the num'rous train ;
Where all about him shall in triumph sit,
Abhorring wisdom, and despising wit ;
Hating all justice, and resolv'd to fight, 5
To rob their native country of their right.

First draw his Highness prostrate to the South,
Adoring Rome, this label in his mouth,—
'Most holy father ! being joyn'd in league
With father Patrick, Danby, and with Teague, 10
Thrown at your sacred feet, I humbly bow,
I, and the wise associates of my vow,
A vow, nor fire nor sword shall ever end,
Till all this nation to your footstool bend.
Thus arm'd with zeal and blessing from your hands,
I'll raise my Papists, and my Irish bands ; 16
And by a noble well-contrivèd plot,
Managed by wise Fitz-Gerald, and by Scot,
Prove to the world I'll make old England know,
That Common Sense is my eternal foe. 20

¹ My text, as before, is that of 1703 : but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.

I ne'er can fight in a more glorious cause,
 Than to destroy their liberty and laws ;
 Their House of Commons, and their House of Lords,
 Parliaments, precedents, and dull records,
 Shall these e'er dare to contradict my will, } 25
 And think a prince o' the blood can e'er do ill ? }
 It is our birthright to have power to kill.
 Shall they e'er dare to think they shall decide
 The way to heaven ? and who shall be my guide ?
 Shall they pretend to say, that bread is bread, } 30
 If we affirm it is a God indeed ? }
 Or there's no Purgatory for the dead ?
 That extreme unction is but common oyl ?
 And not infallible, the Roman soil ?
 I'll have those villains in our notions rest ; 35
 And I do say it, therefore it's the best.'

Next, Painter, draw his Mordant by his side,
 Conveying his religion and his bride :
 He, who long since abjur'd the royal line,
 Does now in Popery with his master join. 40
 Then draw the princess with her golden locks,
 Hastening to be envenom'd with the pox,
 And in her youthful veins receive a wound,
 Which sent N[an] H[yde] before her under ground ;
 The wound of which the tainted C[arta]ret fades, 45
 Laid up in store for a new set of maids.
 Poor princess ! born under a sullen star,
 To find such welcome when you came so far !

Better some jealous neighbour of your own
Had call'd you to a sound, tho petty throne ; 50
Where 'twixt a wholesome husband and a page,
You might have linger'd out a lazy age,
Than on dull hopes of being here a Queen,
Ere twenty die, and rot before fifteen.

Now, Painter, show us in the blackest dye, 55
The counsellors of all this villany.

Clifford, who first appear'd in humble guise,
Was always thought too gentle, meek, and wise ;
But when he came to act upon the stage,
He prov'd the mad Cathegus of our age. 60

He and his Duke had both too great a mind,
To be by Justice or by Law confin'd :
Their broiling heads can bear no other sounds,
Then fleets and armies, battles, blood and wounds :
And to destroy our liberty they hope, 65
By Irish fools, and an old doting Pope.

Next, Talbot must by his great master stand,
Laden with folly, flesh, and ill-got land ;
He's of a size indeed to fill a porch,
But ne'er can make a pillar of the church. 70
His sword is all his argument, not his book ;
Altho no scholar, he can act the cook,
And will cut throats again, if he be paid ;
In th' Irish shambles he first learn'd the trade.

Then, Painter, shew thy skill, and in fit place 75
Let's see the nuncio Arundel's sweet face ;

Let the beholders by thy art espy
His sense and soul, as squinting as his eye.

Let Bellasis' autumnal face be seen,
Rich with the spoils of a poor Algerine ; 80
Who, trusting in him, was by him betrayed,
And so shall we, when his advic's obey'd.
The hero once got honour by his sword ;
He got his wealth, by breaking of his word ;
And now his daughter he hath got with child, 85
And pimps to have his family defil'd.

Next, Painter, draw the rabble of the plot ;
German, Fitz-Gerald, Loftus, Porter, Scot :
These are fit heads indeed to turn a State,
And change the order of a nation's fate ; 90
Ten thousand such as these shall ne'er control
The smallest atom of an English soul.

Old England on its strong foundation stands,
Defying all their heads and all their hands ;
Its steady basis never could be shook, 95
When wiser men her ruin undertook ;
And can her guardian angel let her stoop
At last to madmen, fools, and to the Pope ?
No, Painter, no ! close up the piece, and see
This crowd of traytors hang'd in effigie. 100



TO THE KING.

GREAT Charles, who full of mercy might'st command,
In peace and pleasure, this thy native Land,
At last take pity of thy tottering throne,
Shook by the faults of others, not thine own ;
Let not thy life and crown together end, 105
Destroy'd by a false brother and false friend.
Observe the danger that appears so near,
That all your subjects do each minute fear :
One drop of poyson, or a popish knife,
Ends all the joys of England with thy life. 110
Brothers, 'tis true, by nature should be kind ;
But a too zealous and ambitious mind,
Brib'd with a crown on earth, and one above,
Harbours no friendship, tenderness, or love.
See in all ages what examples are 115
Of monarchs murder'd by th' impatient heir.
Hard fate of princes, who will ne'er believe,
Till the stroke's struck which they can ne'er retrieve !

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

I record here the various *Readings*, &c. from 1689 edition, as before. In the title it is simply 'To a Painter, by A. M. Esq.:' but Andrew Marvel is filled-in in ms.

Line 6 is inadvertently dropped.

„ 7. 'D [uke of] York' in ms.

„ 8, 'with this Speech.'

„ 10 reads 'Patrick's Darby' in ms.: and 'Patrick, Talbot.'

„ 19, 'have.'

„ 24. I accept 'Parliaments' for the usual tautological 'Their parchment precedents.'

Line 31 not in 1689 edition.

„ 34. I accept this line as printed for the usual 'infalibly . . . spoil.'

Line 35, 'I will have villains.'

„ 41. In ms. 'Mary D'Estres, Dutchess of York.'

„ 44. I have filled-in from the ms. 'Nan Hyde.'

„ 45. In ms. 'Churchill.'

„ 63, 'boyling.'

„ 66. I accept 'Talbot' for 'fools' of after-editions.

„ 83. 'Great heroes to get honour by the sword.'

„ 88. Germain is in ms. and Fitzgerald.

„ 102, 'his.'

„ 106, 'a friend.'

„ 109, 'Papist.'

„ 116, 'their.'

NOTES.

Line 7, 'his Highness' = Duke of York, afterwards James II.

„ 10, 'father Patrick, Danby, and with Teague.' *Patrick*—Evelyn wrote a Letter to 'the Rev. Father Patrick' on the Eucharist. He had met him at the Lord Treasurer's table (iii. 231-8). I have seen the name filled-in 'Petre.' *Danby*—See preceding 'Advice to a Painter,' and relative note. Evelyn mentions in his Diary (vol. ii. p. 76) the fact of Danby's 'warping to Rome' at this time. See also vol. ii. pp. 91-93. It is only due to Danby to give here Evelyn's note in his Letter, congratulatory to him on his peerage: 'Who was ever a most obliging friend to me in particular; and after Treasurer (whatever his other failings were), a person of as clean hands and generous a mind as any who have succeeded in that high trust' (vol. iii. p. 241). It is right to state that in the British-Museum copy of State Poems (1689), as before, the original D— is filled-in *Darby*. This makes one suspect that Danby

is a mistake. If Danby be correct, then these 'Instructions' were written in or after 1674; for it was not till that year Osborne was created Earl of Danby. The position between Father Patrick (sometimes Petre) and Teague favours the reading of Darby, not the prime minister, who is nowhere represented as plotting with James against Charles. Nor is there any farther mention of him (if here he be meant), though the first counsellors of the plot are drawn—Clifford, Talbot, Arundel, and Bellasis; and then the rabble executors and others. Moreover, if I am right as to the plot spoken of, it cannot be Danby; for that was in 1673, when Shaftesbury was in power. Lastly, though in the 'Historical Poem' Marvell says that Clifford hanged himself, and here says,

‘This crowd of strangers hanged in effigy.’

I do not think there is any allusion to his death, the more so as he is speaking of strangers or Irish. On the contrary, Marvell writes in the present tense as though he were alive—‘can bear,’ and ‘they hope.’ And had he then hanged himself, Marvell is just the man to have pointed a moral, and spoken of the ‘papist’s suicide.’ But Clifford died in 1673. From these considerations, while giving above details on Danby as so often named elsewhere, I conclude that D— was not Danby. I hazard a query—Is Darby filled-in as pointing to some one in the *Derby*-house conspiracy of Part III.? Parts II. and III. were written about the same time; and the Protestant Olympia, Nell Gwynne (see relative note), is represented as engaged with Seymour in overthrowing the Derby-house plot, which would thus seem to be the Popish or Yorkist plot of this Part. There are, however, difficulties in reading Darby or Derby. Teague—a joke-name, as Paddy, or Sandy, or John Bull.

Line 17, ‘plot.’ I know nothing of any ‘plot’ about this time, unless it be the plot to encourage Popery, which was supposed to have given rise to the king’s declaration of indulgence in the beginning of 1673. The Nonconformists at this time, rather than encourage the toleration of Popery, chose to continue under their disabilities, and joined the Church of England members of the House of Commons in declaring, ‘That penal statutes in matters ecclesiastical cannot be suspended but by act of parliament;’ and so great were their fears and excitement, that so soon as the king revoked his declaration, they pressed the Test Act, and Shaftesbury was dismissed. The

raising of a standing army, and officering it with Irish Roman Catholics, would increase the popular excitement and suspicion.

Line 18, '*Fitz-Gerald*, and by *Scot*.' *Fitz-gerald*—Colonel Fitzgerald, deputy-governor of Tangier: Pepys, i. 329, 409, 410; iii. 230; iv. 1, 3. *Scot*—the 'infamous' Colonel John Scott: Pepys, i. 23-25; iv. 229, 230, 262. See '*Secret History*,' as before, pp. 70-1.

Line 24, '*Parliaments*.' Usually misprinted '*Their parchments*,' as in 1710, &c.

Line 34. 1703 badly misprints '*infallibly*' and '*spoil*.'

„ 37, '*Mordant*.' As in preceding '*Advice*' frequently. The Earl of Peterborough brought over Mary Beatrix d'Este.

Line 41, '*the princess*.' Mary Beatrix d'Este, James's second wife. See on this Bp. Burnet, *s. n.* In a contemporary lampoon, Mary is represented as asking her husband why his legitimate children all died, while the illegitimate thrived. There was a pathological reason which might be supposed to account for this in the case of Mary; but it does not account for the death, from the first, of all his male heirs by Anne Hyde. Burnet says that 'all his [legitimate] children were born with ulcers, or they broke-out soon after;' and from an expression in one of the squibs, it is probable that the Duke had a skin-disease, idiopathic or otherwise. James's evil is referred to elsewhere by Marvell.

Line 44, '*Nan Hyde*:' afterwards Duchess of York, as before. Cf. the story in Pepys (1st Nov. 1666) of the respective drunken wonderings of the Duke of Albemarle and his crony, as to how Nan Hyde and dirty Bess became the one Duchess of York, and the other Duchess of Albemarle.

Line 45, '*Cartaret*.' In preceding '*Advice*' frequently. B. Museum copy fills in '*Churchill*'—erroneously.

Line 57. '*Clifford*' = as before. See Pepys, ii. 456; iii. 21, 115 *et alibi*. Clifford was thus characterised because it was he who suggested the seizing of the moneys in the Exchequer, so burningly lashed by Marvell. See on '*More nicely spun*,' State Poems, vol. iv. p. 90: and also that virulent attack on the Stewarts, the '*Secret History of the Reigns of King Charles II. and King James II. (1690)*,' where the whole '*conspiracy*' is given.

Line 60, '*Cathegus*' = C. Cornelius Cethegus, one of Catiline's crew (Cicero in Cat. iv. 6: Sallust, Cat. 17, 46, 50). In '*Faction Display'd*' he is similarly named:

'Not ev'n Cethego's self could form a plot
More nicely spun.'

St. Poems, vol. iv. p. 90.

Line 63. 1710 oddly reads 'doiling.'

„ 67, 'Talbot.' Line 66 has filled-in, by inadvertence, 'Talbot' above 'fools.' Probably the 'fine, strong old gentleman' of Le Neve, who was the first person who received Charles II. in his arms on his landing at Dover, after the Restoration, on which occasion he was knighted. He survived beyond 1700. See Pepys, iii. 351 and note.

Line 70, 'pillar of the Church.' Something like this was revived against Lord Eldon as the champion of the Church, while personally indifferent enough religiously, when he was wittily dubbed a 'buttress, not a pillar;' seeing he kept outside rather than within the Church.

Line 76, 'Arundel.' Of the ancient Catholic house: but it is difficult to identify, as 'nuncio' is not used technically (?). See Pepys, *s.n.*

Line 79, '*Bellasis*.' Sir Henry Belasyse, son of John Lord Belasyse. Killed in a duel with Tom Porter about 1st August 1668. Or was this the father? Cf. 'autumnal face,' and the whole paragraph.

Line 88, 'German, Fitzgerald, Loftus, Porter, Scot.' *German*=Castlemaine's favourite. *Fitzgerald*—See on line 18. *Loftus*—Evelyn enters, 30th June 1680: 'To a meeting of the executors of late Viscount Mordaunt's estate, to consider of the sale of Parson's Green, being in treaty with Mr. Loftus' (ii. 149). *Porter*—Probably Tom Porter, as on line 79. Pepys speaks of him as though he were a brother of Charles before mentioned; but Colonel Chester, who has formed an elaborate family-pedigree, assures me he was not. *Scot*—See on line 18.

Line 101. I accept 'might'st' of 1710 for 'would'st' of 1703.

„ 105-6. See our Memorial-Introduction on Marvell's tenderness o' times toward the Charleses. I fancy both epithets are applied to James in relationship to Charles. His evil influence over his brother is abundantly spoken of in contemporary lampoons, &c. G.



FARTHER INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER.

1670.¹

PAINTER, once more thy pencil reassume,
And draw me, in one scene, London and Rome :
Here holy Charles, there good Aurelius sat,
Weeping to see their sons degenerate ;
His Romans taking up the teemer's trade, 5
The Britons jigging it in masquerade ;
Whilst the brave youths, tir'd with the toil of State,
Their wearied minds and limbs to recreate,
Do to their more belov'd delights repair,
One to his ——, the other to his player. 10

Then change the scene, and let the next present
A landscape of our motly Parliament ;
And place, hard by the bar, on the left hand,
Circean Clifford with his charming wand ;
Our pig-eyed —— on his —— fashion, 15
Set by the worst attorney of our nation :
This great triumvirate that can divide
The spoils of England ; and along that side
Place Falstaff's regiment of thredbare coats,
All looking this way, how to give their votes : 20

¹ As before, our text is that of 1703; but see Notes and Illustrations at the close. It is not in the 1689 edition. G.

And of his dear reward let none despair,
For mony comes when Sey[mou]r leaves the chair.
Change once again, and let the next afford
The figure of a motly council-board
At Arlington's, and round about it sat 25
Our mighty masters in a warm debate.
Full bowls of lusty wine make them repeat,
To make them t'other council-board forget
That while the King of France with powerful arms,
Gives all his fearful neighbours strange alarms, 30
We in our glorious bacchanals dispose
The humbled fate of a plebean nose ;
Which to effect, when thus it was decreed,
Draw me a champion mounted on a steed ;
And after him a brave brigade of horse, 35
Arm'd at all points, ready to reënforce
His ; this assault upon a single man.

'Tis this must make O'Bryon great in story,
And add more beams to Sandys' former glory.

Draw our Olympia next, in council sate 40
With Cupid, S[eymour], and the tool of State :
Two of the first recanters of the house,
That aim at mountains, and bring forth a mouse ;
Who make it, by their mean retreat, appear
Five members need not be demanded here. 45
These must assist her in her countermines,
To overthrow the Derby-House designs ;

Whilst Positive walks, like woodcock in the park,
 Contriving projects with a brewer's clark.
 Thus all employ themselves, and, without pity,
 Leave Temple singly to be beat i' the city.

50

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 3, 'holy Charles' = canonised: Charles I.

„ 14, 'Clifford.' See preceding 'Advice,' on line 10.

„ 19, 'Falstaff's regiment.' See 'Dialogue between Two Horses' ('That traitors &c.') and 1 Henry IV. (act iv. sc. 2), where Falstaff exhausts himself in description of his tatter-demalions. They were, by the way, a company of one hundred and fifty, not a regiment; regiments or tertias being, I think, a new introduction, and not universal even in Shakespeare's time.

Line 22, 'Seymour.' The 'proud Seymour,' as before.

„ 25, 'Arlington's.' As before frequently.

„ 27. 1710 badly misprints 'Full bowls and lusty wine repeat.'

Line 32, 'plebean nose.' 1726 annotates: 'Alluding to the assault upon Sir John Coventry.' See more on this, onward.

Line 34, 'champion'—the captain of the Guard, Monmouth. See former note on the outrage.

Line 38, 'O'Bryon'—O'Bryan, who, along with Sir Thomas Sandys and others, cut Sir John's nose to the bone; which incident gave rise to the passing of the bill still known as the 'Coventry Act,' under which persons so offending were to suffer death. See Pepys, iii. 199. See Marvell's (alleged) separate poem on the crime in Unverified Poems.

Line 39, 'Sandys' = Sir Thomas Sandys, as above and before. See Pepys, *s. n.*

Line 40, 'Olympia.' Looking to the cause of the outrage and to the contemporary squibs, and to the line—'the other [Charles] to his player' (in 'Dialogue of Two Horses')—all which show Nell Gwynne to have been at that time the reigning favourite, there can be little doubt as to the identification. I question whether the other 'player,' Moll Davis, lasted so long, or ever had such authority.

Line 41, 'S—r.' Query, Seymour, as before?

„ 45, 'Five members:' a commonplace of History.

„ 48-9. 1726 annotates: 'Sir Robert Howard and Sir William Bucknell the brewer.' 'Woodcock' has hitherto been misleadingly printed with a capital W, as if a proper name; but it does not mean that Sir Positive walked like some other man, but like a simpleton, for which 'woodcock' was one of the commonest terms. '*Positive*' is illustrated by Pepys (16th Feb. 1685): 'I dined at Sir Robert Howard's, auditor of the Exchequer, a gentleman pretending to all manner of arts and sciences, for which he had been the subject of comedy, under the name of Sir Positive: not ill-natured, but insufferably boasting. He was son of the late Earl of Berkshire.' G.

BRITANNIA AND RALEIGH.¹

BRITANNIA.

AH! Raleigh, when thou didst thy breath resign
 To trembling James, would I had quitted mine!
 Cubs didst thou call them? Hadst thou seen this brood
 Of earls, and dukes, and princes of the blood,
 No more of Scottish race thou wouldst complain, 5
 These would be blessings in this spurious reign.
 Awake, arise from thy long blest repose,
 Once more with me partake of mortal woes!

RALEIGH.

What mighty pow'r has forc'd me from my rest?
 Oh! mighty Queen, why so untimely drest?

BRITANNIA.

Favour'd by night, conceal'd in this disguise,
 Whilst the lewd Court in drunken slumber lies,
 I stole away, and never will return,
 Till England knows who did her city burn ;
 Till Cavaliers shall favourites be deem'd 15
 And loyal Sufferers by the Court esteem'd ;
 Till Leigh and Galloway shall bribes reject ;
 Thus O[sbor]ne's golden cheat I shall detect :
 Till atheist Lauderdale shall leave this Land,
 And Commons' votes shall cut-nose guards disband : 20
 Till Kate a happy mother shall become,
 Till Charles loves parliaments, and James hates Rome.

RALEIGH.

What fatal crimes make you for ever fly
 Your once lov'd Court, and martyr's progeny ?

BRITANNIA.

A colony of French possess the Court ; 25
 Pimps, priests, buffoons, in privy-chamber sport.
 Such slimy monsters ne'er approacht a throne,
 Since Pharaoh's days, nor so defil'd a crown.
 In sacred ear tyrannick arts they croak,
 Pervert his mind, and good intentions choake, 30
 Tell him of golden Indies, fairy lands,
 Leviathan, and absolute commands.
 Thus fairy-like, the king they steal away,
 And in his room a changling Lewis lay.

How oft have I him to himself restored, 35
 In's left the scale, in's right hand plac'd the sword?
 Taught him their use, what dangers would ensue
 To them who strive to separate these two?
 The bloody Scottish Chronicle read o're,
 Shew'd him how many kings, in purple gore, } 40
 Were hurl'd to hell, by cruel tyrant lore?

The other day fam'd Spencer I did bring,
 In lofty notes Tudor's blest race to sing; bless'd
 How Spain's proud powers her virgin arms control'd,
 And gold'n days in peaceful order roul'd; 45
 How like ripe fruit she dropt from off her throne,
 Full of grey hairs, good deeds, and great renown.
 As the Jessean hero did appease
 Saul's stormy rage, and stopt his black disease,
 So the learn'd bard, with artful song, supprest 50
 The swelling passion of his canker'd breast,
 And in his heart kind influences shed
 Of country love, by Truth and Justice bred.
 Then to perform the cure so full begun,
 To him I shew'd this glorious setting sun; 55
 How, by her people's looks pursu'd from far,
 She mounted on a bright celestial car, }
 Outshining Virgo, or the Julian star.
 Whilst in Truth's mirror this good scene he spy'd,
 Enter'd a dame, bedeck'd with spotted pride, 60
 Fair flower-de-luce within an azure field,
 Her left hand bears the ancient Gallick shield,

By her usurp'd ; her right a bloody sword,
 Inscrib'd Leviathan, our sovereign Lord ;
 Her tow'ry front a fiery meteor bears, 65
 An exhalation bred of blood and tears ;
 Around her Jove's lewd rav'nous curs complain,
 Pale Death, Lust, Tortures, fill her pompous train ;
 She from the easy king Truth's mirrour took,
 And on the ground in spiteful fall it broke ; 70
 Then frowning thus, with proud disdain she spoke :
 ' Are thred-bare virtues ornaments for kings ?
 Such poor pedantick toys teach underlings.
 Do monarchs rise by virtue, or by sword ?
 Who e'er grew great by keeping of his word ? 75
 Virtue's a faint green-sickness to brave souls,
 Dastards their hearts, their active heat controuls.
 The rival gods, monarchs of th' other world,
 This mortal poyson among princes hurl'd,
 Fearing the mighty projects of the great 80
 Should drive them from their proud celestial seat,
 If not o'eraw'd by this new holy cheat.
 Those pious frauds, too slight t'ensnare the brave,
 Are proper arts the long-ear'd rout t'inslave.
 Bribe hungry priests to deify your might, 85
 To teach, your will's your only rule to right,
 And sound damnation to all dare deny't.
 Thus heaven's designs 'gainst heaven you shall turn,
 And make them fear those powers they once did scorn.
 When all the goblin interest of mankind, 90
 By hirelings sold to you, shall be resign'd.

And by impostures, God and man betray'd,
 The Church and State you safely may invade ;
 So boundless Lewis in full glory shines,
 Whilst your starv'd power in legal fetters pines. 95
 Shake off those baby-bands from your strong arms,
 Henceforth be deaf to that old witch's charms ;
 Taste the delicious sweets of sovereign power,
 'Tis royal game whole kingdoms to deflower.
 Three spotless virgins to your bed I'll bring, 100
 A sacrifice to you, their God and king.
 As these grow stale, we'll harass human kind,
 Rack Nature, till new pleasures you shall find, }
 Strong as your reign, and beauteous as your mind.' }

When she had spoke, a confus'd murmur rose, 105
 Of French, Scotch, Irish, all my mortal foes ;
 Some English too, O shame ! disguis'd I spy'd,
 Led all by the wise son-in-law of Hide.
 With fury drunk, like bachanals, they roar,
 Down with that common *Magna Charta* whore ! 110
 With joynt consent on helpless me they flew,
 And from my Charles to a base goal me drew ; jail
 My reverend age expos'd to scorn and shame,
 To prigs, bawds, whores, was made the publick game.
 Frequent addresses to my Charles I send, 115
 And my sad State did to his care commend ;
 But his fair soul, transform'd by that French dame,
 Had lost all sense of honour, justice, fame.

Like a tame Spinster in's Seraigl he sits,
 Besieg'd by whores, buffoons, and bastards chits ; 120
 Lull'd in security, rowling in lust,
 Resigns his crown to angel Carwell's trust ;
 Her creature O[sbor]ne the revenue steals ;
 False F[inc]h, knave Ang[le]sey misguide the seals.
 Mac-James the Irish bigots does adore, 125
 His French and Teague command on sea and shore.
 The Scotch-scalado of our Court two isles,
 False Lauderdale, with ordure, all defiles.
 Thus the State's nightmarr'd by this hellish rout,
 And no one left these furies to cast out. 130
 Ah ! Vindex, come, and purge the poyson'd State ;
 Descend, descend, e're the cure's desperate.

RALEIGH.

Once more, great queen, thy darling strive to save,
 Snatch him again from scandal and the grave ;
 Present to's thoughts his long-scorn'd parliament, 135
 The basis of his throne and government.
 In his deaf ears sound his dead father's name :
 Perhaps that spell may 's erring soul reclaim :
 Who knows what good effects from thence may spring ?
 'Tis godlike good to save a falling king. 140

BRITANNIA.

Rawleigh, no more ! for long in vain I've try'd
 The Stewart from the tyrant to divide ;

As easily learn'd virtuosos may
 With the dog's blood his gentle kind convey
 Into the wolf, and make him guardian turn 145
 To th' bleating flock, by him so lately torn :
 If this imperial juice once taint his blood,
 'Tis by no potent antidote withstood.

Tyrants, like lep'rous kings, for public weal
 Should be immur'd, lest the contagion steal 150
 Over the whole. Th' elect of the Jessean line
 To this firm law their sceptre did resign ;
 And shall this base tyrannick brood invade
 Eternal laws, by God for mankind made ?

To the serene Venetian State I'll go, 155
 From her sage mouth fam'd principles to know ;
 With her the prudence of the ancients read,
 To teach my people in their steps to tread ;
 By their great pattern such a State I'll frame,
 Shall eternise a glorious lasting name. 160

Till then, my Raleigh, teach our noble youth
 To love sobriety, and holy truth ;
 Watch and preside over their tender age,
 Lest Court-corruption should their souls engage ;
 Teach them how arts, and arms, in thy young days, 165
 Employ'd our youth,—not taverns, stews, and plays ;
 Tell them the generous scorn their race does owe
 To flattery, pimping, and a gawdy show ;
 Teach them to scorn the Carwells, Portsmouths, Nells,
 The Clevelands, O[sbor]ns, Berties, Lauderdale's : 170

Poppæa, Tigelline, and Arteria's name,
 All yield to these in lewdness, lust, and fame.
 Make 'em admire the Talbots, Sydneys, Veres,
 Drake, Cavendish, Blake ; men void of slavish fears,
 True sons of glory, pillars of the State, 175
 On whose fam'd deeds all tongues and writers wait.
 When with fierce ardour their bright souls do burn,
 Back to my dearest country I'll return.
 Tarquin's just judge, and Cæsar's equal peers,
 With them I'll bring to dry my people's tears ; 180
 Publicola with healing hands shall pour
 Balm in their wounds, and shall their life restore ;
 Greek arts, and Roman arms, in her conjoyn'd,
 Shall England raise, relieve opprest mankind.
 As Jove's great son th' infested globe did free 185
 From noxious monsters, hell-born tyranny,
 So shall my England, in a holy war,
 In triumph lead chain'd tyrants from afar ;
 Her true Crusado shall at last pull down
 The Turkish crescent, and the Persian sun. 190
 Freed by thy labours, fortunate, blest Isle,
 The earth shall rest, the heav'n shall on thee smile :
 And this kind secret for reward shall give,
 No poysonous tyrants on thy earth shall live.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 2, 'James' = James I. of England, one of whose most dastardly and damnable crimes was his sacrifice of the illustrious Raleigh.

Line 3, '*Cubs*.' It was Lord Cobham and George Brooke who were accused of having said 'that there never would be a good world in England till the king and his cubs were taken away;' Raleigh being one of the 'main' plotters.

Line 14, '*her city burn*.' See note on preceding poem (l. 25).

„ 17, '*Leigh and Galloway*.' 1726 edition annotates: 'Leigh and Galloway were suspected to be bribed by Lord Danby, to side with the Court:' but query, see as before, and 'Garroway.'

Line 18, 'O—ne's' = Sir Thomas Osborne, afterwards Earl of Danby. He was son and heir of Sir Edward Osborne, Bart.; created Baron Osborne and Viscount Latimer, 15th Aug. 1673; Earl of Danby, 27th June 1674; Marquess of Caermarthen, 9th April 1689; and Duke of Leeds, 4th May 1694. Died 26th July 1712.

Line 19, '*Lauderdale*.' John Maitland, second Earl of Lauderdale in the peerage of Scotland, created Duke of Lauderdale in 1672, and Earl of Guildford in the English peerage, 25th June 1674. As Lauderdale, his name supplied the letter 'L' to the Cabal administration. Born 1616: died Aug. 24th, 1682. It needed courage to speak of him as Marvell did while he was living and in power. Even Pepys does admire at 'the good fortune of such a fool' (iii. 328-9).

Line 20, 'cut-nose guards.' Sir John Coventry in his place in Parliament alluded to the king's amours; on which the king, through the Duke of Monmouth, sent some of his 'guards' to waylay and mark him. They did so, disarmed him, and slit his nose. The Commons then passed the 'Coventry Act,' which made cutting and maiming a capital offence, but took no farther notice of the infamous matter. Previous to this, but in the same year, Charles, contrary to English custom and in imitation of the French Court, went to open Parliament escorted by these same guards. In the after-poem Nell is said to command Charles, and Charles

' commands,
And for one night prostitutes to her
His Monmouth, his life-guard, O'Brian and Sands.'

See the whole poem onward.

Line 21, 'Kate' = Charles II.'s Queen. It is only justice to refer to Jesse's England under the Stuarts, *s. n.*

Line 22, '*James*' = Duke of York, afterwards James II.

„ 28, 'Since Pharaoh's days.' Cf. Exodus viii.

Line 31. I accept 'Indies' of 1710 for 'Indias' usually.

„ 32, '*Leviathan*.' Another hit at Hobbes' '*Leviathan*.' See also l. 64.

Line 34, '*Lewis*'=the French king, Louis XIV. He died Sept. 1, 1715. By 'changeling' Marvell intends to point to the replacing of a constitutional king by a despot like Lewis. As 'changeling' means a weak, puny creature, the word contains a sarcasm to the effect that the careless Charles, 'the king led by the nose' ('A Historical Poem,' l. 62), could never become an imperious self-willed despot, but would be (to alter the phrase) a despot's zany.

Line 42, 'The other day fam'd Spenser.' This seems to refer to some contemporary poem written either in the guise of Spenser or of Spenser's ghost—a common form of satire at the period.

Line 60, '*a dame*.' Charles's sister, Henrietta Duchess of Orleans, attended, among others, by Mdlle. Querouaille (afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth), met Charles at Dover, and the secret and more public treaties with France were concluded on 22d May 1670. This, and the circumstance mentioned in the note on line 20, seems to give the date of 1670, or but little later, to this poem. This is confirmed by the mention of O—n; for Sir Thomas Osborne was created Viscount Latimer in 1673, and Earl of Danby in 1674, and in other poems he is called Danby. But besides the actual '*dame*,' perhaps we shall not err in regarding the text as a personification of France in the guise of despotism, or Despotism attired as France, and usurping over the old constitutional powers of that country. Cf. 'that French dame,' a little farther on. This does not hinder a side-allusion to the king's sister, whose ermine was by all accounts spotted enough, and who, besides her secret embassy, brought not 'three spotless virgins,' but (as above) Mdlle. de Querouaille, &c.

Line 77, '*Dastards*'=a verb.

„ 82. 1710 (and usually) reads, 'If not o'eraw'd: This new-found holy cheat:' also badly (l. 89), 'feel' for 'fear.'

Line 100, '*Three spotless virgins*.' Query, Virtue, Religion (Protestant), Liberty?

Line 108, '*son-in-law of Hyde*.' 1726 annotates: 'Earl of Clarendon.' A strange blunder, to confound the Duke of York with his father-in-law. The reference ought to have been placed at Hyde.

Line 119, '*Spinster*.' In Elizabethan English '*spinster*' did not necessarily imply that the woman was unmarried. Hercules and Omphale will at once occur to every one as the original of such sayings; but this in the text is probably derived directly or indirectly from, and is best explained by a passage in, the *Arcadia* (Richardson, *s. v.*): 'And this effeminate love of a woman doth so womanize a man, that if he yield to it, it will not only make him an Amazon, but a launder, a distaff, a *spinner*, or whatsoever vile occupation their idle heads can imagine, and their weak hands perform' (book i.). Marvell repeats '*spinstrian*' later.

Line 122, '*angel* Carwell.' The use of the word '*angel*,' though I acknowledge it is used punningly, seems to imply that it was used derivatively from its sense of '*messenger*,' as substitute or *locum tenens*, or man of business. As such it seems to show that the ancient angel whom Kate the curst was compelled to misaddress was a commercial traveller or bagman, and that this is the true explanation of the very common '*Angel*' Inn. '*Carwell*' was the popular mode of anglicising the name of the notorious Louise de Querouaille, one of Charles II.'s mistresses, whom he created Duchess of Portsmouth, as already noted. Marvell is mildness itself compared with contemporary lampoons, *e.g.*

'Then, faugh! Carwell, faugh! for a stinking French bitch!
Jane Shore was more wholesom when dead in a ditch!'

'Downfall of the French Bitch,' *St. Poems*, iii. 211.

Line 124, '*Finch . . . Anglesey*.' Finch—Sir Heneage Finch, created Earl of Nottingham 12th May 1681. He was Lord Chancellor. Died 1682. (See Lord Campbell's '*Lives*,' *s. n.*) Anglesey—Arthur Annesley, second Viscount Valentia, created Earl of Anglesey 20th April 1661. He died 6th April 1686.

Line 125, '*Mac-James*.' A jest-name for James Duke of York—Mac being one of the sobriquets for an Irishman, as in '*A Historical Poem*' (l. 151), and their alliance gave point and sarcasm to the nickname. In '*Forewarned, Fore-armed*,' he is called '*Mac*' simply; and Ninnies being a squib-name for the Stuarts in the ballad upon the Execrable Murther of . . . Arthur Earl of Essex, it is said of him, '*Royal Mac-Ninny* will confirm the same' (*State Poems*, i. 178, 1710).

Line 126, '*and Teague*.' As Pat is now, so Teague was then the national sobriquet and sometimes personification of

the Irish. The word is of frequent occurrence in the State Poems, and both James Duke of York and the Irish being bigoted Roman Catholics, the Irish were affected by James and James by the Irish. Marvell alludes repeatedly to this, as in his 'Last Instructions to a Painter.' In 'Popish Politicks unmaskt' (Collection of State Poems, 1689), the Duke is made to say, 'I have my Teagues and Jones at my back.' Cf. also State Poems, as before, i. 95, 208; iii. 117, 297. The last ('A new Protestant Litany') prays,

'From all the base counsels of Bougres and *Teagues*
Libera nos, Domine.'

See introductory note prefixed to the Satires.

Line 127, '*scalado*.' This word is used by Taylor the Water-Poet in the sense of escalade; but Marvell uses it, after his manner, in a double sense, as implying one who has worked his way up, and who is also suffering from scalls or skin-disease. The Scotch *scabies* began to be referred to earlier than this, and reappeared in Churchill.

Line 128. Lauderdale, as before.

„ 155, 'Venetian.' It is remarkable that Venice, governed as it was by the most despotic oligarchy ever known, should be repeatedly cited by Marvell as an example of a free state.

Lines 165-171. Uzziah, 2 Chronicles xxvi. 21. Line 167, the edition of 1710 misprints 'Rase' for 'Race.'

Line 169, 'Carwells, Portsmouths, Nells.' On the two former (really one), see relative note before. Nells = Nell Gwynne, who has found a modern biographer in Peter Cunningham.

Line 170, 'Clevelands, Osborns, Berties, Lauderdalses.' The first is the notorious Duchess of Cleveland, another of Charles II.'s mistresses. There is a spice of wickedness in placing the 'Berties' and 'Lauderdalses' and 'Osborns' beside Cleveland and the Carwells, Nells, &c. Bertie represents the house of Willoughby, and Marvell doubtless introduced this and other names contemptuously. The 'Berties' have found full memorial in 'Memoir of Peregrine Bertie (of Lincolnshire), by a descendant (1838: privately printed).

Lines 173-4. Talbots = Talbot, as before: Sydneys — Sir Philip and Algernon: Veres — the two illustrious brothers, on whom see relative notes to the poem on Nunappleton: Drake, Cavendish = the great seamen: Blake, as before.

Line 180, 'With *me*.' It is printed usually 'With *them*;' but 'With whom?' for none are mentioned. Unless a line or couplet has slipped out, this must be 'with *me*,' as I have ventured to print. Perhaps the 'me' was misread 'em,' and then altered to 'them.'

Line 194. 1710 misprints (and usually) 'poison'd.'

Various Readings, &c. from 1689 edit. (4to).

In the British-Museum copy under 'Britannia and Raleigh' is 'By A. M.,' which is contemporaneously filled-in M[arvell].

Line 4, 'and' dropped before 'dukes.'

„ 5, Unmeaningly 'Morlace.'

„ 17, 'Leigh.'

„ 18, 'Osburn's.'

„ 22, 'Roome'—the pronunciation to our own day by the survivors of the 'elder time,' *e. g.* Earl Russell.

Line 26, 'the' before 'privy-chamber.'

„ 53. I have retained 'love,' instead of accepting 'lore' of 1703 edit.

Line 82, 'new-found.'

„ 84, 'acts.'

„ 89, 'feel.'

„ 94. Unmeaningly 'Law' . . . 'full power.'

„ 119. 1726 and after-editions, 'He in's seraglio like a spinster sits.'

Line 124. Filled-in in ms. as before — by inadvertence in l. 122 is written 'Cromwell,' and so l. 169.

Line 134, 'Rescue.'

„ 141-2. Not in 1689 edit. nor ll. 153-4.

„ 167, 'rise' (bad).

„ 171, 'Tegoline.'

„ 177, 'bright.'

„ 181. In ms. against Publicola is written in contemporary ms. 'Princess of Orange.' But see our introductory note to 'Last Instructions.'

Line 186, 'hell-bred.'

„ 188, 'slain.'

„ 194. I accept 'poysonous' from 1689 instead of 'poyson'd,' but not 'serpent' for 'tyrant.' G.



NOSTRADAMUS' PROPHECY.¹

FOR faults and follies London's doom shall fix,
And she must sink in flames in sixty-six.
Fire-balls shall fly, but few shall see the train,
As far as from Whitehall to Pudding-lane,
To burn the city, which again shall rise, 5
Beyond all hopes, aspiring to the skies,
Where Vengeance dwells. But there is one thing more
(Tho its walls stand) shall bring the city low'r ;
When legislators shall their trust betray,
Saving their own, shall give the rest away ; 10
And those false men, by the easy people sent,
Give taxes to the king by Parliament ;
When barefac'd villains shall not blush to cheat,
And Chequer-doors shall shut up Lombard-street ;
When players come to act the part of queens, 15
Within the curtains, and behind the scenes ;
When sodomy shall be prime min'ster's sport,
And whoring shall be the least crime at Court ;
When boys shall take their sisters for their mate,
And practise incest between seven and eight ; 20
When no man knows in whom to put his trust,
And e'en to rob the Chequer shall be just ;

¹ Our text is that of 1703, as before, collated with 1689 edition. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.

When Declarations, lies, and every oath,
Shall be in use at Court, but faith and troth ;
When two good kings shall be at Brentford town, 25
And when in London there shall not be one ;
When the seat's given to a talking fool,
Whom wise men laugh at, and whom women rule,
A min'ster able only in his tongue,
To make harsh empty speeches two hours long ; 30
When an old Scotch Covenanter shall be
The champion for the English hierarchy ;
When bishops shall lay all religion by,
And strive by law t' establish tyranny ;
When a lean Treasurer shall in one year 35
Make himself fat, his king and people bare ;
When th' English prince shall Englishmen despise,
And think French only loyal, Irish wise ;
When wooden shoon shall be the English wear,
And Magna Charta shall no more appear ;— 40

Then th' English shall a greater tyrant know,
Than either Greek or Latin story show ;
Their wives to's lust expos'd, their wealth to's spoil,
With groans, to fill his Treasury, they toil ;
But like the Bellides must sigh in vain, 45
For that still fill'd flows out as fast again ;
Then they with envious eyes shall Belgium see,
And wish in vain Venetian liberty.

The frogs too late, grown weary of their pain,
Shall pray to Jove to take him back again. 50

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Dates, &c. of Nostradamus' Prophecy. From the omission of any notice of the burning of the ships in the Medway (that so inflamed Marvell), it may be supposed that this event was of somewhat earlier date than the present poem, and did not fall-in with the popular thoughts at the time it was written. The burning of London was an anti-Popish and anti-Jacobean cry, and was therefore inserted. The taxes given to the king (line 12) is probably a reference to the revised excise bill of 1671. The Exchequer doors were shut up throughout 1672 and part of 1673. If Sir Heneage Finch be the 'talking fool' of the Satire, he was Keeper of the Great Seal from the latter part of 1673 to 1675, and after that Chancellor under the Earl of Nottingham till 1682. The 'lean Treasurer' seems, as noted in B. Museum copy (see various readings immediately following this introductory Note), to have been Lord Clifford. As Sir Thomas, he was one of the Cabal Ministry, and one of the Commissioners of the Treasury; and he was made Lord Clifford and Lord High Treasurer in 1672, and resigned after the passing of the Test Act in May 1673. Hence he was L. H. Treasurer for about a year. The declarations that were not true or truly meant may refer either to the king's declaration of indulgence in 1672, which he withdrew, and which led, through the strong feelings excited against it, to the Test Act; or to his declaration in 1674, 'that he had been strangely misrepresented, and had no secret or dangerous agreement with France,' such as some represented he had made in 1670 at Dover, when he met his sister, the Duchess of Orleans. But the latest reference seems to be in lines 33-4:

'When bishops shall lay all religion by,
And strive by law t' establish tyranny.'

In 1675 the 'No-Popery' cry was very loud: and early in that year Danby, to cover other designs, or to take the cry out of the mouths of his opponents, brought in a bill which extended the Obedience Oath of 1661 to all officers of state, privy-councillors, peers, and members of the House of Commons. This was strongly supported by the bishops, and more strongly opposed by others, because it bound the Parliament, infringed the birthright of Englishmen, and established tyranny. In the same year also the quondam Scotch Covenanters and then champion

of the English hierarchy, Lauderdale, was fiercely attacked by the 'patriots,' but kept in his position by the king. This date seems to be confirmed also by the lines regarding the absence of the king from London. They cannot refer to the assembling of the Parliament in Oxford in 1681, because there is no notice of any event between 1675 and that time, and because Clifford's treasurership would be well out of date in such case. The reference, no doubt, is to the removal of the Court and Parliament thither during the Plague of 1665—Marvell himself being at this Oxford Parliament—and that so (comparatively) old an event as here noticed is to be explained because the Five-Mile Act against Nonconformists was then passed, and because a similar bill to that of 1675 was then brought in, and would have been carried but for the adverse votes of the promoter and introducer of the 1665 bill, Lords Lindsay and Danby.

Various readings, &c.: In 1689 the heading is 'By A. M.,' with M[arvel] filled-in in ms.

Line 15, 'players.' In ms. Nell Gwyn.

„ 17. In ms. E[arl of] Shaftesbury or D[uke of] Bucks.

„ 27. In ms. Finch.

„ 31. In ms. Lauderdale.

„ 35. In ms. Lord Clifford.

NOTES.

Heading: It was clever in Marvell to utilise the name of old MICHAEL NOSTRADAMUS, a physician and astrologer, born in the diocese of Avignon, 1503. His so-called 'predictions,' from the death of Henry II. to the exile of Napoleon III. in our own day, have from time to time called attention to his quaint quatrains. He died at Salon, July 1566. See relative note in Pepys (iii. 54-5).

Line 4, '*Pudding-lane.*' According to the old saying, the fire began in Pudding-lane and ended at Pie-corner. In a former note I have spoken of the accusation, thrice repeated by Marvell, against the Duke of York (see '*Historical Poem,*' onward).

Line 14, '*And Chequer-doors.*' 1726 annotates here: 'In the year 1672 the Court, resolving on a war, looked out for money to carry it on. The method they took to get it was this: The king had agreed with some bankers, with whom he had contracted a debt of near a million and a half, to assign over

the revenue to them; and he paid them at the rate of eight per cent, and in some proclamations promised he would make good all his assignments till the whole debt was paid; but, in order for a supply, the payments were stopped for a year. This was a great shock to the bankers; for many of the nobility and gentry, who were in the secret, took their money, before the design was publicly known, out of the hands of their bankers.' See Pepys, ii. 291. Rochester is sarcastically severe on the king:

‘Stopping the Bank in thee was only great,
But in a subject it had been a cheat.
St. Poems, vol ii. p. 193.

Line 16, ‘queens.’ 1726 annotates: ‘Reflecting on the king for taking Mrs. Gwyn from the stage.’

Line 17, ‘*prime min’ster.*’ British-Museum copy writes ‘E. of Shaftesbury or D. of Buck.’ The latter never was prime-minister.

Line 25, ‘two good kings shall be at Brentford.’ In the ‘New Song of the Times’ (State Poems, vol. ii. p. 218) we read,

‘Like a true Brentford king,
Was here with a whoop and gone with a hollow.’

So too in the satire in ‘Opposition to Mr. Dryden’s Essay on Satire’ (Ib. p. 263):

‘Look to it, York, the nation first shall bleed,
Or the two kings of Brentford shall succeed.’

See Hone and Brande, *s. n.*

Line 27, ‘*talking fool.*’ B.-Museum copy writes ‘Finch.’

„ 30-1, ‘Scotch Covenanter.’ 1726 annotates: ‘Lauderdale, who was at first a noted Dissenter.’ In the State Poems, vol. i. pp. 138-9 (1710), there is a ludicrous attempt made by some Cockney lampooner in the ‘Dream of the Cabal’ (1672) to give the Scotch words and pronunciation of Lauderdale. So also at p. 143; and earlier in N. Hookes’ ‘Amanda’ (as before), in his acrid yet powerful lines ‘On the Rout of the disloyal Partie of Scots at Dunbarre,’ there is a like attempt at Scotch (pp. 145-8)—not without humour. Macaulay has scourged Lauderdale.

Line 35, ‘*lean Treasurer.*’ B.-Museum copy writes ‘Lord Clifford.’

Line 45, ‘Bellides’=the classical fillers of the sieves with water.

Line 49, ‘grown.’ Reprint of 1870 misprints ‘grow.’ G.



AN HISTORICAL POEM.¹

OF a tall stature, and of sable hue,
Much like the son of Kish, that lofty Jew,
Twelve years complete he suffered in exile,
And kept his father's asses all the while ;
At length, by wonderful impulse of Fate, 5
The people call him home to help the State,
And, what is more, they send him money too,
And clothe him all, from head to foot, anew.
Nor did he such small favours then disdain,
Who in his thirtieth year began his reign : 10
In a slasht doublet then he came ashore,
And dubb'd poor Palmer's wife his royal whore.
Bishops, and deans, peers, pimps, and knights, he made ;
Things highly fitting for a monarch's trade !
With women, wine, and viands of delight, 15
His jolly vassals feast him day and night.
But the best times have ever some allay,
His younger brother dy'd by treachery.
Bold James survives, no dangers make him flinch,
He marries seignior Falmouth's pregnant wench. 20

¹ Our text is that of 1703, as before, collated with 1689 edition. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.

The pious mother-queen, hearing her son
Was thus enamour'd with a butter'd bun,
And that the Fleet was gone, in pomp and state,
To fetch, for Charles, the flowery Lisbon Kate,
She chants *Te Deum*, and so comes away, 25
To wish her hopeful issue timely joy.
Her most uxorious mate she rul'd of old,
Why not with easy youngsters make as bold?
From the French Court she haughty topics brings,
Deludes their pliant nature with vain things; 30
Her mischief-breeding breast did so prevail,
The new-got Flemish town was set to sale;
For these, and Germain's sins, she founds a church,
So slips away, and leaves us in the lurch.
Now the Court-sins did every place defile, 35
And plagues and War fell heavy on the isle;
Pride nourisht folly, folly a delight,
With the Batavain Commonwealth to fight,
But the Dutch fleet fled suddenly with fear,
Death and the Duke so dreadful did appear. 40
The dreadful victor took his soft repose,
Scorning pursuit of such mechanick foes.

But now York's genitals grew over hot,
With Denham's and Carneigie's infected plot,
Which, with religion so inflam'd his ire, 45
He left the city when 'twas got on fire.
So Philip's son, inflamèd with a miss,
Burnt down the palace of Persepolis.

Foil'd thus by Venus, he Bellona woos,
 And with the Dutch a Second War renews ; 50
 But here his French-bred prowess prov'd in vain,
 De Ruyter claps him in Solebay again.
 This Isle was well reform'd, and gain'd renown,
 Whilst the brave Tudors wore th' imperial crown :
 But since the royal race of Stuarts came, 55
 It has recoil'd to Popery and shame ;
 Misguided monarchs, rarely wise or just,
 Tainted with pride, and with impetuous lust.

Should we the Blackheath project here relate, }
 Or count the various blemishes of State, } 60
 My Muse would on the reader's patience grate.
 The poor Priapus king, led by the nose,
 Looks as a thing set up to scare the crows ;
 Yet, in the mimicks of the spinstrian sport,
 Outdoes Tiberius, and his goatish Court. 65
 In Love's delights none did them e'er excel,
 Not Tereus with his sister Philomel ;
 As they at Athens, we at Dover meet,
 And gentlier far the Orleans dutchess treat.
 What sad event attended on the same, 70
 We'll leave to the report of common fame.

The Senate, which should headstrong princes stay,
 Lets loose the reins, and gives the realm away ;
 With lavish hands they constant tributes give,
 And annual stipends for their guilt receive ; 75
 Corrupt with gold, they wives and daughters bring
 To the black idol for an offering.

All but religious cheats might justly swear,
He true vicegerent to old Molock were.

Priests were the first deluders of mankind, 80
Who with vain Faith made all their Reason blind ;
Not Lucifer himself more proud than they,
And yet persuade the world they must obey ;
'Gainst avarice and luxury complain,
And practise all the vices they arraign. 85
Riches and honour they from laymen reap
And with dull crambo feed the silly sheep.
As Killigrew buffoons his master, they
Droll on their God, but a much duller way.
With hocus-pocus, and their heavenly slight, sleight 90
They gain on tender consciences at night.
Whoever has an over-zealous wife,
Becomes the priest's Amphytrio during life.
Who would such men heaven's messengers believe,
Who from the sacred pulpit dare deceive ? 95
Baal's wretched curates legerdermain'd it so,
And never durst their tricks above-board show.

When our first parents Paradise did grace,
The serpent was the prelate of the place ;
Fond Eve did, for this subtile tempter's sake, 100
From the forbidden tree the pippin take ;
His God and Lord this preacher did betray,
To have the weaker vessel made his prey.
Since death and sin did human nature blot,
The chiefest blessings Adam's chaplain got. 105

Thrice wretched they, who Nature's laws detest,
 To trace the ways fantastick of a priest,
 Till native Reason's basely forc'd to yield,
 And hosts of upstart errors gain the field.

My Muse presum'd a little to digress, 110

And touch their holy function with my verse.

Now to the state again she tends direct,

And does on giant Lauderdale reflect.

This haughty monster, with his ugly claws,

First temper'd poison to destroy our laws ; 115

Declares the Council's Edicts are beyond

The most authentick statutes of the Land ;

Sets up in Scotland *à la mode de France* ;

Taxes, Excise, and Armies does advance.

This Saracen his Country's freedom broke, 120

To bring upon their necks the heavier yoke ;

This is the savage pimp, without dispute,

First brought his mother for a prostitute ;

Of all the miscreants e'er went to hell,

This villain rampant bears away the bell. 125

Now must my Muse deplore the Nation's fate,

Like a true lover for her dying mate.

The royal evil so malignant grows,

Nothing the dire contagion can oppose.

In our Weal-publick scarce one thing succeeds, } 130

For one man's weakness a whole Nation bleeds, }

Ill-luck starts up, and thrives like evil weeds.

Let Cromwell's ghost smile with contempt, to see

Old England struggling under slavery.

His meagre highness, now he's got astride, 135
Does on Britannia, as on Churchill, ride.

White-liver'd D[anby] calls for his swift jackal
To hunt down's prey, and hopes to master all.

Clifford and Hide before had lost the day ;
One hanged himself, and t'other ran away. 140

'Twas want of wit and courage made them fail,
But O[sbor]ne, and the Duke, must needs prevail.
The Duke now vaunts with Popish mirmidons ;
Our fleets, our ports, our cities and our towns,
Are man'd by him or by his Holiness ; 145
Bold Irish ruffians to his Court address.

This is the colony to plant his knaves,
From hence he picks and culls his murdering braves.
Here for an ensign, or lieutenant's place,
They'll kill a judg or justice of the peace. 150

At his command Mac will do any thing :
He'll burn a city, or destroy a king.

From Tiber came th' advice-boat monthly home,
And brought new lessons to the Duke from Rome.
Here with curs'd precepts, and with Councils dire, 155

The godly cheat-king (would be) did inspire ;
Heaven had him chieftain of Great Britain made,
Tells him the Holy Church demands his aid ;

Bad him be bold, all dangers to defy, bade
His brother, sneaking heretick, should die ; 160

A priest should do it, from whose sacred stroke
All England strait should fall beneath his yoke ; straight

God did renounce him, and his cause disown,
 And in his stead had plac'd him on his throne.
 From Saul the Land of promise thus was rent, 165
 And Jesse's son placed in the government.
 The Holy Scripture vindicates his cause,
 And monarchs are above all human laws.

Thus said the Scarlet Whore to her gallant,
 Who straight design'd his brother to supplant: 170
 Fiends of ambition here his soul possest,
 And thirst of empire calentur'd his breast.

Hence ruin and destruction had ensu'd,
 And all the people been in blood imbrued,
 Had not Almighty Providence drawn near, 175
 And stopt his malice in its full career.

Be wise, ye sons of men, tempt God no more
 To give you kings in's wrath to vex you sore:
 If a king's brother can such mischiefs bring,
 Then how much greater mischiefs such a king? 180

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In 1689 edition, as before, these various readings, &c. are found:

Line 1. In ms. K. Charles.

„ 4, 'father's,' filled-in f[a]ther's in ms.

„ 10. By a singular misprint 'thirtieth' is usually read 'thirteenth.' So in the American edition and reprint of 1870. The explanation might be, that Charles counted the years of his reign from the date of his father's execution, 30th January 1649. Every 30th January began, therefore, a new regnal year. In 1660, however, in such case, it was his twelfth, not thirteenth year.

Line 12. In ms. filled-in 'P[al]mer's wh[ore].'

Line 18. In ms. D[uke of] Gloucester.

„ 19-20. 'Bold Y—k survives to be the nation's curse.
Resolved to ruin it by deceit or force.'

Lines 19-34. Not in 1689 edition.

„ 54. In ms. Henry y^e 8th.

„ 55, 'royal' erased.

„ 57. I accept 'or' for 'and.'

„ 62. In ms. K. Charles II.

„ 99, 'cardinal.'

„ 111, 'her.'

„ 124, 'that' before 'e'er.'

„ 135, 'has' for 'he's.'

„ 174, 'bin.'

NOTES.

Line 1 *et seq.* = Charles II. As a parallel passage, and as showing the kingly state of James compared with that of Charles, I quote from 'Popish Politicks unmaskt' (Collection. &c. 1689)—written probably between 1679 and 1681, judging from the Duke's saying,

'For if two parliaments you slight, I doubt
The rogues will then begin to scent us out.'

The portrait is as follows:

'This person was a very tall black man,
Above the common size almost a span;
His face was wasted in most piteous sort,
In all things else he was of royal port;
But if grim looks alone majestic be,
Commend me to that face for majesty,
For such it had enough for two or three.
To this tall man join'd instantly another presently
Of near his stature, whom he call'd his brother,
Richly encircled with a numerous ring,
Which showed he wanted nought but name of king.'

Line 12, 'Palmer.' 1726 annotates: 'Mrs. Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland, whom the king took from her husband.'

Line 18, 'younger brother.' 1726 annotates: 'The Duke of Gloucester, third brother to the king. He was much more loved than the Duke of York.' See Pepys, *s. n.*

Line 20, 'Falmouth's . . .' = Nan Hyde, as before. Falmouth = Sir Charles Berkeley, afterwards Falmouth. See Jesse's *England under the Stuarts* (iii. 471 *et seq.*): at page 477 this terrible line is quoted. There are numerous parallels to Marvell's worst in contemporary lampoons; *e. g.* in 'Sir Ed

mondbury Godfrey's Ghost' (State Poems (1710), vol. i. p. 95) we read,

' [He] took defil'd H. and Este to his bed.'

Line 24, 'Kate' = Queen Katherine, who is severely handled by Marvell and contemporaries. Here is her portrait from 'Sir Edmondbury Godfrey's Ghost' (as before), in association with a mistress :

' Your [Charles II.] nauseous palate the worst food doth crave ;
No wholesome viands can an entrance have :
Each night you lodg in that French syren's arms,
She straight betrays you with her wanton charms ;
Works on your heart, soften'd with love and wine,
And then betrays you to some Philistine.
Imperial lust does o'er your scepter sway,
And tho' a sovereign, makes you to obey.
She that from Lisbon came with such renown,
And to enrich you with the Africk town ;
In nature mild, and gentle as a dove,
Yet for religion can a serpent prove :
Priest rid with zeal, she plots, and did design
To cut your thread of life as well as mine.
Yet thoughts so stupid have your soul possess,' &c.

Line 32, 'Flemish town' = Dunkirk.

„ 33, 'Germain's' = Jermyn, as before.

„ 44, 'Denham's and Carneigie's infected plot.' Denham, as before frequently. *Carnegie*—probably Robert third Earl of Southesk (in Scotland), who married Lady Anne Hamilton (who figures in De Grammont). He died 19 Feb. 1688. Or perhaps his son, Hon. William Carnegie, who was killed in a duel in Paris in 1681. The latter's father, James, second earl, visited Charles II. in Holland in 1650 (see Jesse's England under the Stuarts, as before, iii. 296).

Line 46, 'got.' Usually misprinted 'set.' See former notes on the charge against Duke of York.

Line 49, 'Foil'd,' not 'Toil'd.'

„ 52, 'Solebay.' See Pepys, *s.n.*

„ 56. 1710 corrects the usual misprint of 'was' for 'has.'

„ 59, 'Blackheath project.' See Evelyn, *s.n.*

„ 66-71, 'In Love's delights.' 1726 annotates here :
'The king's sister, the Duchess of Orleans, was a woman of great intrigue. In the year 1671 she and her brother met at Dover. When she returned into France, the Duke of Orleans, who had received very strange accounts of her behaviour in England, ordered a great dose of sublimate to be given her in a glass of succory-water, of which she died in great torment.'

Line 87, 'crambo' = a game or pastime, in which one gave a word, to which another must find a rhyme. Pepys mentions a preacher 'in blank verse.'

Line 88, 'Killigrew.' Thomas Killigrew, the king's jester, and a dramatic writer. Died March 19, 1682. Pepys has many notices of him: see *s.n.* It may be due to his pleasant memory to state that Killigrew was a gentleman page to Charles I. and one of the grooms of the bedchamber to Charles II. It was from the great familiarity allowed by the latter he obtained his sobriquet of the 'King's Jester.'

Line 90, 'hocus-pocus' = corruption of the Vulgate, 'Hoc est corpus,' 'This is My Body.'

Line 93, 'Amphitrio.' In Molière's 'Two Amphitryos' one of the characters says, 'Le véritable Amphitryon c'est l'Amphitryon où l'on disse;' and the saying so took, that Amphitryo became the current term for 'host.'

Line 113, 'Lauderdale,' as repeatedly before, with relative notes.

„ 125, 'bears away the bell.' So in Ascham's 'Scholemaster' (1570), 'Who hath no witte, nor none will heare, amongst all fooles the bell may beare;' on which Mayor, Howell's 'Letters' (1754), 110, 'So the Ale bore away the bell among the Doctors.' Ibid 261: 'For wonders, Holland's Peter bears the bell.' See other references *in loco*. A bell was a common prize at races.

Line 136, 'Churchil' John Churchill, afterwards the 'great' Duke of Marlborough. Contemporary lampoons go to show that as a young man Love or lust, not War, was his occupation. As with others, circumstances strung him into energy.

Line 137, 'D—.' It is P in text of 1703; but D usually, as in 1710—the latter, no doubt, meaning Danby, as so often, and therefore filled-in by us. The conjunction with Hyde and Clifford, as in 'Oceana;' the fact that Hyde was, like Danby, prime minister, a ruler; and that Clifford, the L. H. Treasurer before him, was one of the leaders of the ministry (and if O—ne and not C—n [Coleman] be the true reading of line 142, the return in this line to the present man, after Hyde and Clifford have been spoken of),—all show that Danby was meant.

Line 139, 'Clifford' = Sir Thomas Clifford, afterwards Baron Clifford, as before. See Pepys, *s.n.* frequently. 'Hide' = Clarendon, as before.

Line 172, 'calentur'd' = fevered.

Line 176, 'stopt.' The reprint of 1870 misprints oddly 'spotted.'

Line 178, 'kings in's wrath.' Cf. 1 Samuel viii. The State Poems, in 'An Allusion,' amplifies this with pungent invective against James II.:

'When Israel first provok'd the living Lord,
He scourg'd their sin with famine, plague, and sword.
Still they rebell'd; their God in's wrath did fling
No thunderbolt among them, but a king.
A James-like king was Heaven's severest rod,
The utmost vengeance of an angry God.
God in his wrath sent Saul to punish Jewry,
And James to England in a greater fury:
For Saul in sin was no more like our James
Than little Jordan can compare to Thames.' Vol. iii. p. 129.

G.

A POEM ON THE STATUE IN STOCKS-MARKET.¹

I.

As citties that to the fierce conqueror yield,
Do at their own charges their cittadals build;
So Sir Robert advanc'd the King's statue, in token
Of bankers defeated and Lombard-street broken.

¹ From Captain Thompson's Preface, vol. i. pp. viii. ix. He thus introduces it: 'The next poem in this manuscript book is a humorous satire, written in stanzas, upon Sir Robert Viner's setting-up the statue of the king on horseback in Woolchurch-market; which in the first volume of the State Poems, continued, p. 30, is called A Poem on the Statue in Stocks-market, without breaks in the printing. But as written by Mr. Marvell it is thus, and very different from the other in many parts.' G.

II.

Some thought it a knightly and generous deed,
Obliging the citty with a King and a steed ; [back :
When with honour he might from his word have gone
He that vows for a calme, is absolv'd by a wreck.

III.

But now it appears, from the first to the last,
To be all a revenge, and a malice forecast ;
Upon the King's birth-day to set up a thing,
That shows him a monkey more like than a King.

IV.

When each one that passes finds fault with the horse,
Yet all do affirme that the King is much worse ;
And some by the likeness Sir Robert suspect,
That he did for the King his own statue erect.

V.

Thus to see him disfigur'd—the herb-women chide,
Who up on their panniers more gracefully ride ;
And so loose in his seat—that all persons agree,
Ev'n Sir William Peake sits much firmer than he.

VI.

But a market, as some say, doth fit the King well,
Who the Parliament too—and revénue doth sell ;
And others, to make the similitude hold,
Say his Majesty too—is oft purchas'd and sold.

VII.

This statue is surely more scandalous far
Than all the Dutch pictures which causèd the Warr ;
And what the exchequer for that took on trust
May we henceforth confiscate, for reasons more just.

VIII.

But Sir Robert, to take all the scandal away,
Does the errour upon the artificer lay ;
And alledges the workmanship was not his own,
For he counterfeits only in gold—not in stone.

IX.

But, Sir Knight of the Vine, how came't in your thought,
That when to the scaffold your Liege you had brought,
With canvass and deales you e'er since do him cloud,
As if you had meant it his coffin and shrowd?

X.

Hath Blood [stole] him away, as his crown he convey'd?
Or is he to Clayton's gone in masquerade?
Or is he in caball in his cabinet sett?
Or have you to the Compter remov'd him for debt?

XI.

Methinks by the equipage of this vile scene,
That to change him into a Jack-pudding you mean ;
Or why thus expose him to popular flouts,
As if we'd as good have a King made of Clouts?

XII.

Or do you his faults out of modesty vaile
With three shatter'd planks, and the ragg of a saile ;
To express how his navy was shatter'd and torn,
The day that he was both restored and born?

XIII.

Sure the King will ne'er think of repaying his bankers.
When loyalty now—all expires with his spankers ;
If the Indies and Smyrna do not him enrich.
He will hardly have left a poor ragg to his breech.

XIV.

But Sir Robert affirms that we do him much wrong.
'Tis the 'Graver at work, to reform him—so long :
But, alas ! he will never arrive at his end,
For it is such a King as no chissel can mend.

XV.

But with all his errours—restore us our King,
If ever you hope in December—for Spring ;
For though all the world cannot show such another.
Yet we'd better have him than his bigotted brother.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading: 'Stocks-market.' The Stocks-market took its name from a pair of stocks placed near the spot, as in Maitland (Hist. of London, vol. ii. p. 903): 'Near the Conduit on Cornhill was a strong prison, made of timber, called a cage, with a pair of stockes set upon it, and this was for night-walkers.' The occasion of the present poem was Sir Robert Vyner's purchase of an equestrian statue of John Sobieski trampling down

the Turk, and, after its undergoing some necessary alterations, erecting it in Stocks-market as Charles II. trampling on Oliver Cromwell. The Mansion House now stands on the site. This was in 1675. About 1737 the statue was presented to Robert Viner, a lineal representative of the bibulous knight, and the market transferred to the space gained by the covering-over the Fleet-ditch. This Fleet-market has, in its turn, given place to Farringdon-street (Pepys, iv. 22).

St. i. l. 4. See relative notes on the 'Dialogue between Two Horses.' Cf. also st. ii. ll. 3-4.

St. v. l. 1, 'herb-women.' Same as Herb-John=the stall-owners, who sold vegetables, fish, &c.

Ib. l. 4, 'Sir William Peake.' The celebrated printseller of Holborn-conduit near the statue, mentioned by Evelyn in Pepys (iv. 249).

St. vi. l. 2, 'revénue.' On the accentuation, see former note.

„ ix. l. 1, '*Knight of the Vine*'=Viner.

„ x. l. 1, 'Blood.' Cf. lines on Colonel Blood's attempt to steal the crown, and relative note. I have intercalated 'stole.' Cf. Rochester's *Dream of the Insipids*, as quoted onwards.

Ib. l. 2, 'Clayton's.' Query, Sir Thomas Clayton, M.D., Professor of Physic and Anatomy-Lecturer at Oxford, for which University he was returned to serve in Parliament in 1660, and afterwards knighted, and made Warden of Merton College? (Pepys, iv. 47.) Other Claytons are noticed in Evelyn (*s.n.*). But on '*masquerade*,' cf. *Dialogue of Two Horses*, line 128. It is doubtful, of course, whether the Clayton named was in the habit of giving masquerades. It may have been some place of public entertainment, whither scriveners' wives and others went.

Ib. l. 3, 'caball.' See former note.

Ib. l. 4, 'Compter:' prison for debtors. Cf. our *Memoir of Humphrey Gifford*, prefixed to his '*Posie*,' in our *Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies' Library*, *s.v.*

St. xii. ll. 3-4. Charles born 29th May 1630. Entered London 29th May 1660 (though he landed 25th May). Is the third a reference to the three indecisive engagements in the second Dutch war, 28th May, 4th June, 11th August 1673?

St. xiii. l. 3, 'Smyrna.' Cf. Pepys, ii. 353: also iii. 21.

„ xv. l. 4, 'brother.' James Duke of York, as before. Comparing above with the text in the *State Poems of 1709* (forming part of vol. i. 1710, pp. 30-32), there are many deficiencies in the latter; but it is not worth while recording them. G.



THE STATUE AT CHARING-CROSSE.¹

I.

WHAT can be the mystery why Charing-Crosse
This five months continues still muffled with board?
Dear Wheeler, impart; we are all at a losse,
Unless we must have Punchinello restor'd.

II.

'Twere to Scaramouchio too great disrespect,
To limit his troop to this theatre small,
Besides the injustice it were to eject
That mimick, so legally seiz'd of Whitehall.

III.

For a diall the place is too unsecure,
Since the Privy-Garden could not it defend;
And so near to the Court they will never endure
Any monument, how they their time may mispend.

¹ From Captain Thompson's preface, vol. i. pp. x.-xiii. He thus annotates: 'Mr. Cooke, in his edition of Mr. Marvell's poetick works, gives us to understand, that many pieces in the State Poems are attributed to our author which he never wrote. In this particular Mr. Marvell's own hand bears testimony to the contrary; and particularly to the following lampoon, which is more correct and perfect than it is given in that collection' [viz. the State Poems]. See State Poems, vol. iii. p. 65. At end Thompson repeats: 'The above piece is more correct than that given in the State Poems, which appears to be a mutilated copy' (p. xiii.). It is given in State Poems, vol. iii. pp. 65-67: 1704. G.

IV.

Were these deales yet in store for sheathing our Fleet,
When the King in armada to Portsmouth should
Or the Bishops and Treasurer, did they agree't [saile,
To repair with such riff-raff our church's old pale?

V.

No ; to comfort the heart of the poor cavalier,
The late King on horseback is here to be shown ;
What ado with your Kings and your statues is here !
Have we not had enough, pray, already of one ?

VI.

Does the Treasurer think men so loyally tame,
When their pensions are stop'd, to be fool'd with a
And 'tis forty to one, if he play the old game, [sight?
He'll reduce us e'er long to rehearse forty-eight.

VII.

The Trojan horse, so, (not of brass, but of wood)
Had within it an army that burnt down the town ;
However, 'tis ominous, if understood,
For the old King on horseback is but an Half-crowne.

VIII.

Yet, his brother-in-law's horse had gain'd such repute,
That the Treasurer thought prudent to try it again ;
And, instead of that Market of herbs and of fruit,
He will here keep a Shambles of Parliament Men.

IX.

But why is the work then so long at a stand ?

Such things you should never—or suddenly do :
As the Parliament twice was prorogued by your hand,
Would you venture so farr to prorogue the King too ?

X.

Let's have a King, sir, be he new, be he old,
Not Vyner delay'd us so, though he were broken ;
Tho' the King be of copper, and Danby of gold,
Shall the Treasurer of guineas refuse such a token ?

XI.

The housewifery treasuress sure is grown nice,
And so liberally treated the members at supper ;
She thinks not convenient to go to the price,
And we've lost both our King, and our horse, and his
crupper.

XII.

Where so many parties there are to provide,
To buy a King is not so wise as to sell ;
And however, she said, it could not be denied,
That a monarch of gingerbread might do as well.

XIII.

But the Treasurer told her, he thought she was mad,
And his Parliament list too withall did produce ;
When he shew'd her, that so many voters he had,
As would the next tax reimburse them with use.

XIV.

So the statue will up after all this delay, [shun ;
 But to turn the face towards Whitehall you must
 Though of brass, yet with grief it would melt him away,
 To behold such a prodigal Court and a son.

NOTES.

See our Mem.-Intr. for our reasons for accepting the present poem as certainly Marvell's. Cf. it also with the 'Dialogue between Two Horses,' which succeeds this.

St. viii. Charing-cross seems to have been a shambles or place for butchers' shops in especial.

St. ix. Parliament prorogued by Danby. For remark on date, see 'Dialogue' following.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO HORSES.

1674.¹

THE INTRODUCTION.

WE read in profane and sacred records,
 Of beasts that have utter'd articulate words :
 When magpies and parrots cry ' Walk, knaves, walk !'
 It is a clear proof that birds too may talk ;
 And statues, without either wind-pipes or lungs, 5
 Have spoken as plainly as men do with tongues.

¹ Our text, as before, is that of 1703 ; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem for various readings, &c. in 1689 edit. G.

Livy tells a strange story, can hardly be fellow'd,
That a sacrific'd ox, when his guts were out, bellow'd ;
Phalaris had a bull, which, grave authors tell ye,
Would roar like a devil with a man in his belly ; 10
Friar Bacon had a head that spake, made of brass ;
And Balaam the prophet was reproved by his ass ;
At Delphos and Rome stocks and stones now and then,
Have to questions return'd articulate answers. [sirs,
All Popish believers think something divine, 15
When images speak, possesseth the shrine ;
But they that faith catholick ne'er understood,
When shrines give an answer, a knave's on the rood.
Those idols ne'er spoke, but are miracles done
By the devil, a priest, a fryer, or a nun. 20
If the Roman Church, good Christians, oblige ye
To believe man and beast have spoke in effigie,
Why should we not credit the publick discourses
In a dialogue between two inanimate horses ?
The horses I mean of Wool-Church and Charing, 25
Who told many truths worth any man's hearing.
Since Viner and Osborn did buy and provide 'em
For the two mighty monarchs who now do bestride 'em.
The stately brass stallion, and the white marble steed,
One night came together, by all 'tis agreed ; 30
When both kings were weary of sitting all day,
Were stolen off, incognito, each his own way ;
And then the two jades, after mutual salutes,
Not only discours'd, but fell to disputes.

THE DIALOGUE.

QUOTH the marble horse : 35

WOOL-CHURCH.

It would make a stone speak,
To see a lord-mayor and a Lombard-street break ;
Thy founder and mine to cheat one another,
When both knaves agreed to be each other's brother.—
Here Charing broke forth, and thus he went on :

CHARING.

My brass is provokèd as much as thy stone, 40
To see Church and State bow down to a whore,
And the King's chief-minister holding the door ;
The money of widows and orphans imploy'd, [pride.
And the bankers quite broke to maintain the whore's

WOOL-CHURCH.

To see *Dei gratia* writ on the throne, 45
And the King's wicked life say, God there is none.

CHARING.

That he should be stil'd Defender of the Faith,
Who believes not a jot what the Word of God saith.

WOOL-CHURCH.

That the duke should turn Papist, and that church defy
For which his own father a martyr did die. 50

CHARING.

Tho he chang'd his religion, I hope he's so civil
Not to think his own father is gone to the Devil.

WOOL-CHURCH.

That bondage and beggary should be in a nation
By a curst House of Commons and a blest Restoration.

CHARING.

To see a white staff make a beggar a lord, 55
And scarce a wise man at a long council-board.

WOOL-CHURCH.

That the Bank sho'd be seiz'd, yet the 'Chequer so poor,
'Lord ha' mercy!' and a cross, might be set on the door.

CHARING.

That a million and half should be the revenue,
Yet the King of his debts pay no man a penny. 60

WOOL-CHURCH.

That a king should consume three kingdoms' estates,
And yet all the Court be as poor as church rats.

CHARING.

That of four seas dominion, and of all their guarding,
No token sho'd appear, but a poor copper farthing.

WOOL-CHURCH.

Our worm-eaten ships to be laid up at Chatham, 65
Not our trade to secure, but for fools to come at 'em.

CHARING.

And our few ships abroad become Tripoli's scorn,
By pawning for victuals their guns at Leghorn.

WOOL-CHURCH.

That making us slaves by horse and foot guard,
For restoring the King, shall be all our reward. 70

CHARING.

The basest ingratitude ever was heard !
But tyrants ungrateful are always afraid.

WOOL-CHURCH.

On Harry the Seventh's head he that placèd the crown
Was after rewarded by losing his own.

CHARING.

That parliament-men should rail at the Court, 75
And get good preferments immediately for 't;
To see them that suffer for father and son,
And helpèd to bring the latter to his throne,
That with lives and estates did loyally serve,
And yet for all this can nothing deserve; 80
The King looks not on 'em, preferment's deni'd 'em,
The Roundheads insult, and the Courtiers deride 'em,
And none get preferments, but who will betray
Their country to ruin; 'tis that opes the way
Of the bold talking members.

WOOL-CHURCH.

If the bastards you add, 85

What a number of rascally lords have been made !

CHARING.

That traitors to th' Country, in a brib'd House of Com-
Should give away millions at every summons. [mons,

WOOL-CHURCH.

Yet some of those givers, such beggarly villains,
As not to be trusted for twice fifty shillings. 90

CHARING.

No wonder that beggars should still be for giving,
Who out of what's given do get a good living.

WOOL-CHURCH.

Four knights and a knave, who were burgesses made,
For selling their consciences were liberally paid. 94

CHARING.

How base are the souls of such low-prizèd sinners, [low-
priced
Who vote with the Court for drink and for dinners !

WOOL-CHURCH.

'Tis they that brought on us this scandalous yoke,
Of excising our cups, and taxing our smoake.

CHARING.

But thanks to the whores who made the king doggèd,
For giving no more the rogues are proroguèd. 100

WOOL-CHURCH.

That a king should endeavour to make a War cease,
Which augments and secures his own profit and peace.

CHARING.

And plenipotentiaries sent into France,
With an addle-headed knight and a lord without brains.

WOOL-CHURCH.

That the King should send for another French whore,
When one already had made him so poor. 106

CHARING.

The misses take place, each advance to be dutchess,
With pomp great as queens in their coach and six
horses ;
Their bastards made dukes, earls, viscounts, and lords,
And all the high titles that honour affords. 110

WOOL-CHURCH.

While these brats and their mothers do live in such
plenty,
The nation's empoverisht, and the 'Chequer quite empty;
And tho War was pretended when the money was lent,
More on whores than in ships or in War hath been spent.

CHARING.

Enough, my dear brother, altho we speak reason, 115
Yet truth many times being punish'd for treason,
We ought to be wary, and bridle our tongue,
Bold speaking hath done both men and beasts wrong.
When the ass so boldly rebukèd the prophet,
Thou knowest what danger had like to come of it ; 120
Though the beast gave his master ne'er an ill word,
Instead of a cudgel, Balaam wish'd for a sword.

WOOL-CHURCH.

Truth 's as bold as a lion ; I am not afraid ;
I'll prove every tittle of what I have said.

Our riders are absent ; who is 't that can hear? 125
Let's be true to ourselves, whom then need we fear?
Where is thy King gone?

CHARING.

To see Bishop Laud.

WOOL-CHURCH.

Mine to cuckold a scriv'ner's in masquerade ; i.
For on such occasions he oft strays away,
And returns to remount me about break of day. 130
In very dark nights sometimes you may find him
With a harlot got up on my crupper behind him.

CHARING.

Pause, brother, awhile, and calmly consider
What thou hast to say against my royal rider.

WOOL-CHURCH.

Thy priest-ridden King turned desperate fighter 135
For the surplice, lawn-sleeves, the cross, and the mitre ;
Till at last on the scaffold he was left in the lurch.
By knaves, who cry'd up themselves for the Church.

CHARING.

Archbishops and bishops, archdeacons and deans !
Thy King will ne'er fight unles't be for his queans. 140

WOOL-CHURCH.

He that dies for ceremonies, dies like a fool.

CHARING.

The King on thy back is a lamentable tool.

WOOL-CHURCH.

The goat and the lyon I equally hate,
And freemen alike value life and estate ;
Tho' the father and son be different rods, 145
Between the two scourgers we find little odds ;
Both infamous stand in three kingdoms' votes ;
This for picking our pockets, that for cutting our throats.

CHARING.

More tolerable are the lion-king's slaughters,
Than the goat making whores of our wives and our
daughters : 150
The debauchèd and cruel, since they equally gall us,
I had rather bear Nero than Sardanapalus.

WOOL-CHURCH.

One of the two tyrants must still be our case,
Under all who shall reign of the false Stuart's race.
De Wit and Cromwell had each a brave soul, 155
I freely declare it, I am for old Noll ;
Tho' his government did a tyrant resemble,
He made England great, and his enemies tremble.

CHARING.

Thy rider puts no man to death in his wrath, 160
But is bury'd alive in lust and in sloth.

WOOL-CHURCH.

What is thy opinion of James, Duke of York ?

CHARING.

The same that the frogs had of Jupiter's stork.

With the Turk in his head, and the Pope in his heart,
 Father Patrick's disciples will make England smart.

If e'er he be king, I know Britain's doom, 166

We must all to a stake, or be converts to Rome.

Ah, Tudor ! ah, Tudor ! we have had Stuarts enough ;

None ever reign'd like old Bess in the ruff.

Her Walsingham could dark counsels unriddle, 170

And our Sir Joseph write news books and fiddle.

WOOL-CHURCH.

Truth, brother, well said ; but that 's somewhat bitter ;

His perfum'd predecessor was never more fitter :

Yet we have one secretary honest and wise ;

For that very reason he 's never to rise. 175

But can'st thou devise when things will be mended ?

CHARING.

When the reign of the line of the Stuarts is ended.

CONCLUSION.

If speeches from animals in Rome's first age

Prodigious events did surely presage,

That should come to pass, all mankind may swear 180

That which two inanimate horses declare.

But I should have told you before the jades parted.

Both gallopp'd to Whitehall, and there humbly farted

Which tyranny's downfal portended much more

Than all that the beasts had spoken before. 185

If the Delphick Sibil's oracular speeches

(As learn'd men say) came out of their breeches.

Why might not our horses, since words are but wind,
 Have the spirit of prophecy likewise behind? 189
 Tho' tyrants make laws, which they strictly proclaim,
 To conceal their own faults and cover their shame,
 Yet the beasts in the field, and the stones in the wall,
 Will publish their faults and prophesy their fall;
 When they take from the people the freedom of words,
 They teach them the sooner to fall to their swords.
 Let the city drink coffee and quietly groan,— 196
 (They who conquer'd the father won't be slaves to the
 son.)

For wine and strong drink make tumults encrease,
 Chocolate, tea, and coffee, are liquors of Peace;
 No quarrels or oaths are among those that drink 'em,
 'Tis Bacchus and the brewer, swear Damn 'em! and
 Sink 'em! 200

Then, Charles, thy late edict against coffee recal,
 There's ten times more treason in brandy and ale.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The heading in 1689 is simply 'A Dialogue between Two Horses. By A. M—l:' but M[arvel]l: filled-in in ms.

Line 9. I drop 'as,' as properly done in 1689 edit.

„ 20, 'and a nun.'

„ 24. I accept 'Of' for 'In:' the line reads 'Of a dialogue lately between the two'

Line 26, 'a' for 'any.'

„ 38, 'treat.'

„ 39. In ms. 'King's:' Charing is spelled Chaining throughout.

Line 42. In ms. 'E[arl of] Arlington.' This is doubtful,

for A. was only one of the secretaries of state. Danby, L. H. Treasurer, was prime or 'chief minister.' Cf. also *Britannia* and *Raleigh*, ll. 122-3, and *King's Resol. st. xii.*

Lines 43-4. Not in 1689 edit.

„ 49. In ms. at Papist 'James D[uke of] York;' and l. 50, 'King Charles I.'

Lines 53-4. Not in 1689 edit.

„ 55. In ms. E[arl of] Danby.

„ 70, 'ye' for 'the;' and in ms. 'is all our reward.'

„ 72, 'have' for 'are' in ms., and 'appear'd.'

„ 74. In ms. Sir William Stanley.

„ 77-83. Not in 1689 edit.

„ 85, 'speaking;' and nonsensically, 'To the bold-speaking members of bastards you add.'

Line 93, 'publicans.'

„ 95, 'Then.'

„ 96. I accept 'Court' for 'country' of later editions.

„ 107-14 not in 1689 edit.

„ 115, 'my' dropped, and I accept the correction.

„ 128. I accept the line as printed, instead of 'mine's in a masquerade;' and drop 'For' in line 129, and 'me' in l. 130.

Line 135. In ms. King Charles I.

„ 139. I accept l. 139 as spoken by Charing.

„ 140. In ms. K. Charles II.

„ 153-4 not in 1689 edit.

„ 164, 'on;' and l. 165, 'disciple.'

„ 168. In ms. as in 1703, but spelled 'Stewarts.'

„ 171. In ms. 'Sr Jos. Williamson.'

„ 172, 'Troth.'

„ 173. In ms. E[arl of] Arlington, as before.

„ 174. In ms. Henry Coventry.

„ 177 reads confusedly 'When the bad of the line of the Stuarts are ended:' in ms. Stewarts.

Line 200, 'dam me.'

Heading: A Dialogue. It is natural to suppose that this Dialogue was composed when one of the statues was a novelty. The recognised authorities differ as to the date of the reërection of that of Charles I. Pennant, in his account of London, says 1678; Toone, that it was reërected out of money voted in January 1678; Allen, in his account of London, gives 1671; and another statement is that it was in 1674 (as in the heading

of this poem); but Allen's date must be wrong, as also the statement that it was put up 1674; for st. viii. and x. of the St. at Ch. Cross, when it was being lingeringly erected, speak of that of Charles II. at the Stocks-market as already set up, and that we know was in 1675. Perhaps I have wasted superfluous pains in trying to reconcile the discrepancies. That of Charles II. was set up in 1675 by Sir Robert Viner, the Lord Mayor in 1675. Sir Joseph Williamson, the Sir Joseph of Marvell, succeeded his 'perfumed predecessor' the Earl of Arlington, 11th May 1674, and continued one of the Secretaries of State till 9th February 1678. But that which fixes the date of the 'Dialogue' within the limits of a month are the words 'Let the city drink coffee' (l. 196), and 'Charles, thy late edict against coffee recal' (l. 201). Charles's edict or proclamation closing the London coffee-houses, on account of seditious talking and meetings, was issued 29th November 1675, and revoked 8th January 1676; so that the poem must have been written between these dates. With this agrees the reference to the second Frenchwoman: the Duchess of Portsmouth, who came over in 1670, was the first; and the Duchesse de Mazarine arrived in October 1675. See farther note on line 201.

Line 9, 'Phalaris had a bull.' The brazen bull made by Perillus.

Line 11, 'Friar Bacon'=Roger Bacon.

„ 12, 'Balaam.' See Numbers xxii.

„ 18, 'rood'=cross. 1710 badly misprints 'as knave.' The construction is [think] a knave's &c., the 'think' being taken from l. 15. Perhaps an allusion to the detected imposture of Holy Rood in Kent in Henry VIII.'s reign.

Line 24. I retain 'In,' not 'Of.'

„ 25, 'Wool-Church and Charing.' 1726 annotates here: 'The statue at Charing Cross was erected by the Lord Danby; that at Wool-Church by Sir Robert Viner, then Lord-mayor.' See Pepys, *s. n.*

Line 27, '*Viner and Osborn.*' See on line 25, *supra*. Osborn = Danby.

Line 30. 1710 corrects the usual misprint of 'The' for 'One:' and l. 32, 'They stole' for 'Were stolen.'

Line 32, 'stolen:' usually printed 'stole.'

„ 36, 'Lombard-street break.' 1726 annotates: 'Alluding to the failure of the bankers.' Pepys abundantly confirms the context.

Line 38. St. viii. of the Statue at Charing Cross tells us that Danby and Viner were brothers-in-law.

Line 45, 'To see *Dei gratia*.' Can this be Marvell's reply to, or a saying suggested by Finch, who, as holder of the seals, told the Parliament in 1675 that 'they served a prince in whose preservation miracles had become familiar; whose style *Dei gratia* seemed not to be writ by a vulgar pen, but by the arm of Omnipotence itself'?

Line 46. Even in 1710 edit. printed 'K——'s,' and so elsewhere.

Line 48. 1710 corrects the usual misprint of 'word' by 'jot': accepted.

Line 49, 'Duke,' *i.e.* of York.

„ 52, 'father,' *i.e.* Charles I.

„ 55, 'white staff.' As before, Osborne, *i.e.* Danby.

„ 57, 'the Bank.' On the 2d January 1672 Charles and his ministers suddenly shut up the Exchequer, thus declaring a national bankruptcy, and causing great ruin and loss of all credit. Hence Marvell supposes the Plague sign and words to have been affixed to the building (line 58). Crosses were continued on the gold and silver coins; and the jokes on this were so common in the times of Elizabeth and James, that it is not unlikely Marvell intended the farther satire, that there might be crosses without, but more within. See Pepys, ii. 291, and Lord Braybrooke's note.

Line 59, 'revénue.' See reference to our note in Southwell (pp. 132-3), as before.

Line 63, 'four seas.' I think a numismatic allusion. The Charles II. halfpenny bears the figure and legend of Britannia much as at present, the gold and silver coins the royal arms. I do not know whether the 'farthing' was more expressive, or whether, *metri et sensus gratia*, Marvell took 'farthing' as for the copper coinage generally.

Line 65, 'worm-eaten ships.' 1726 annotates: 'Alluding to our ships being burned by the Dutch.'

Lines 67-8, 'Tripoli . . . Leghorn.' On the latter see Pepys ii. 74-75.

Line 72. 1710 badly misprints 'afraid.' The annotator of the British-Museum copy has written the missing line of the 1689 edition thus,

'For restoring y^e king is all our reward:'

and the next line is altered to

'But tyrants ungrateful have always appear'd ;'

i.e. changing 'are' and 'afraid.'

Lines 73-4. Sir William Stanley was accused of participating in the Perkins-Warbeck conspiracy, and beheaded 1495. He saved Henry VII.'s life at Bosworth when Richard made his desperate charge; but it was his brother Lord Stanley who, both literally and by his defection, as head of the Stanleys placed the crown on the king's head. The explanation of the confusion lies in the under-reference to Argyle, who 'placed the crown' on Charles's head at Scone in 1651, and who exclaimed when he was condemned in 1660, and denied ten days' respite that the king's pleasure might be known, 'I placed the crown upon his head, and this is my reward.' Marvell is full of such double meanings: and if I may be permitted a clerical remark, it is that the deniers of double meanings and double fulfilments of Bible prophecies have never studied our national literature, or to small purpose.

Lines 77-79. 1710 has 'both' in l. 77 before 'for,' and 'their' before 'lives' in l. 79.

Line 86, 'rascally.' Not merely in our sense of moral unworthiness (though that may be implied). It was used in the sense of worthlessness as to rank and birth. According to one version, Elizabeth said she would have no rascal succeed her: according to another, no rogue. Both words meant one of low condition, and in her lower than royal. See most of the examples in Richardson, *s.v.*, where he does not seem to have sufficiently separated the two senses either as to meaning or time.

Line 96, 'Court.' Usually misprinted badly 'Country,' even in 1710 edition.

Line 98, 'excising our cups.' In the excise, &c. law passed in 1660, coffee was taxed at fourpence a gallon; chocolate, sherbet, and tea at eightpence. In the revision of 1671 the tax on coffee was reduced to twopence.

Lines 103-4, '*plenipotentiaries*.' See Pepys under St. Alban's. The 'addle-headed knight' was probably Sir William Temple, sent to the Hague on peace being made with the Dutch, Feb. 1674. The king made attempts to mediate between the Dutch and French in 1674. There was also a diplomatic meeting first at Cologne, and then at Nimeguen, at which Sir William Temple was present. 'Plenipotentiaries' seems to point to the latter, which was held in 1675.

Line 100, '*For giving no more.*' In 1675 the Commons, on examining the accounts, stated that the king at the end of the Dutch wars ought to have had a surplus and not a deficit; but voted 300,000*l.*, as our navy was inferior to that of the French. They were then, in Nov. 1675, prorogued for fifteen months. It is probably this prorogation that is spoken of. See note on heading and date of this poem.

Line 107. For 'each' 1710 reads 'and.' 'Miss, as they at this time began to call lewd women' (Evelyn's Diary, 9th January 1662).

Line 122, 'sword.' See Numbers xxii.

„ 127, 'Laud:' somewhat of an anachronism: but it is to be remembered the one interlocutor was a 'ghost.'

Lines 128-9. Usually misprinted 'To cuckold . . . mine is . . . For . . .' In 1710 'To cuckold . . . mine's.'

Line 139. This line usually wrongly given to Wool-Church.

„ 149, 'lion-king.' This, as appears from line 135 and from l. 148, 'that for cutting our throats,' as compared with 'though the father doom,' is Charles I. But as the term was not very descriptive, it is not improbable that Marvell is alluding to some apologue (contemporary or otherwise) on the King Log and King Stork fable. See below.

Line 150, 'goat'=Charles II.

„ 155-6. See our Memorial-Introduction on these lines ('Writings').

Line 163. The old Æsopian fable found in all languages.

„ 165, 'Father Patrick.' See preceding 'Advice,' and relative note.

Line 168. Usually misprinted 'of Stuarts enough' simply.

„ 169, 'Bess.' Brave 'Queen Bess:' Elizabeth.

„ 170, 'Walsingham,' Secretary of State: died 1590.

„ 171. Sir Joseph Williamson. As I write this, I see his 'Correspondence' is about to be issued by the Camden Society. See Pepys, *s. n.* frequently. He commenced the 'Oxford Gazette.' He was President of the Royal Society. Buried in Westminster Abbey 14th Oct. 1701. See Evelyn (i. 409 *et alibi*). On line 173 see note on heading and date.

Line 174, '*one secretary.*' Henry Coventry was the other Secretary of State; but appointed in 1672, he resigned from ill-health in 1679.

Line 187. Alluding to the saying, that the oracle was influenced by the best payer.

Line 200. Probably an allusion not merely to the excitement over grievances caused by these liquors, but to that excitement caused by the particular grievance of the duties imposed on wine and beer in 1661, and enlarged in 1671; a tax which increased very considerably the retail prices.

Line 201, 'edict . . . coffee.' See note on heading and date. With reference to this edict against coffee it may be added that it was only the culmination of a long-existing displeasure; for in the Dream of the Cabal, which is dated 1672, and must have been written between 1670 and June 1673, there is an allusion to some talked-of measure of a similar kind:

' Make coffee-clubs talk of more humble things
Than State affairs and interests of kings.'

The Proclamation shutting the coffee-houses ran thus: 'Because in such houses, and by the occasion of the meeting of disaffected persons in them, divers false, malicious, and scandalous reports were devised and spread abroad, to the defamation of his majesty's government, and to the disturbance of the quiet and peace of the realm.' G.

ON THE LORD MAYOR AND COURT OF ALDERMEN

PRESENTING THE LATE KING AND DUKE OF YORK EACH
WITH A COPY OF THEIR FREEDOM, A.D. 1674.¹

I.

THE Londoners gent to the King do present,

In a box, the City maggot;

'Tis a thing full of weight, that requires all the might
Of the whole Guild-Hall team to drag it.

¹ Our text, as before, is from 1703, collated with 1689 edition. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.

II.

Whilst their churches unbuilt, and their houses undwelt,
 And their orphans want bread to feed 'em,
 Themselves they've bereft of the little wealth they had
 To make an offering of their freedom. [left,

III.

O ye addle-brain'd cits ! who henceforth, in their wits,
 Would intrust their youth to your heeding ?
 When in diamonds and gold you have him thus inrol'd ?
 You know both his friends and his breeding !

IV.

Beyond sea he began, where such a riot he ran,
 That every one there did leave him ;
 And now he's come o'er ten times worse than before,
 When none but such fools would receive him.

V.

He ne'er knew, not he, how to serve or be free,
 Tho he has past through so many adventures ;
 But e'er since he was bound, (that is, he was crown'd,)
 He has every day broke his indentures.

VI.

He spends all his days in running to Plays,
 When he should in the shop be poring ;
 And he wastes all his nights in his constant delights
 Of revelling, drinking, and whoring.

VII.

Throughout Lumbard-street, each man he did meet,
He would run on the score with and borrow ;
When they ask'd for their own, he was broke and was
And his creditors all left to sorrow. [gone,

VIII.

Tho oft bound to the Peace, yet he never would cease
To vex his poor neighbours with quarrels ;
And when he was beat, he still made his retreat
To his Cleveland, his Nels, and his Carwells.

IX.

Nay, his company lewd were twice grown so rude,
That had not fear taught him sobriety,
And the house being well bar'd, with guard upon guard,
They 'd rob'd us of all our propriety.

X.

Such a plot was laid, had not Ashley betray'd,
As had cancell'd all former disasters ;
And your wives had been strumpets to his highness's
And footboys had all been your masters. [trumpets,

XI.

So many are the debts, and the bastards he gets,
Which must all be defray'd by London ;
That notwithstanding the care of Sir Thomas Player,
The chamber must needs be undone.

XII.

His words nor his oath cannot bind him to troth,
 And he values not credit or history ;
 And tho he has serv'd thro two 'prenticeships now,
 He knows not his trade nor his mystery.

XIII.

Then, London, rejoice in thy fortunate choice,
 To have him made free of thy spices ;
 And do not mistrust, he may once grow more just,
 When he 'as worn off his follies and vices.

XIV.

And what little thing is that which you bring
 To the Duke, the kingdom's darling ?
 Ye hug it, and draw like ants at a straw,
 Tho too small for the gristle of starling. sterling.

XV.

Is it a box of pills to cure the Duke's ills ?
 (He is too far gone to begin it !)
 Or does your fine show in processioning go,
 With the pix and the host within it ?

XVI.

The very first head of the oath you him read
 Shew you all how fit he 's to govern,
 When in heart (you all knew) he ne'er was, nor will be,
 To his Country or to his sovereign. [true

XVII.

And who, pray, could swear, that he would forbear
 To cull out the good of an alien,
 Who still doth advance the government of France
 With a wife and religion, Italian?

XVIII.

And now, worshipful sirs, go fold up your furs,
 And Vyners turn again, turn again ;
 I see whoe'er's freed, you for slaves are decreed,
 Until you burn again, burn again.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Readings.

St. i. l. 3, 'all' before 'the;' and l. 4, 'the' before 'whole,' in 1689 edition: accepted.

St. ii. l. 3, 'it they had left.'

„ iv. l. 3, 'he'll.'

„ vii. l. 4, 'all' before 'left:.' accepted.

„ xv. l. 4 reads very terribly 'With the piss-pott. . .'

„ xvi. not in 1689. I remark generally that where satires, &c. were handed about and copied, mistakes are of constant occurrence; and where there are afterwards different editions, though one may be as a rule better than the other, yet the other or others may have a better copy of some one or two poems. This is the case in the poems of Jonson published in 1640: sometimes the folio copy is the better, at other times the duodecimo. In the present poem I prefer, and therefore print, the text of 1689. So elsewhere.

NOTES.

Heading: The king accepted the City freedom at a banquet on 29th Oct. 1674, and received it 18th Dec. Rochester's 'History of Insipids' (as before, State Poems, vol. i. p. 152) lashes

the Lord Mayor and his associates more heavily than even Marvell, *e.g.*

‘By the Lord Mayor and his grave coxcombs,
Freeman of London Charles is made;
Then to Whitehall a rich gold box comes,
Which was bestow’d on the French jade.
But wonder not it should be so, sirs,
When monarchs rank themselves with Grocers.’

St. i. l. 2, ‘the City maggot.’ I interpret this as the city whimsy. To be maggoty, or to have a maggot in one’s brain, is to be whimsical, freakish, foolish, unsettled; such a head being likened either to a maggoty nut, or to a horse infested with such worms as represent in position the *ascarides* in man. The former is the accepted metaphor; and while the box would represent the nutshell, there is a sarcastic hit at the variable minds of the Londoners. Cf. st. iii.

St. vi. I prefer 1710 to 1703 in line 2, ‘When he should in his shop to be poring:’ and print accordingly.

St. viii. l. 4. The mistresses of Charles II., as before.

„ x. l. 1, ‘Ashley.’ Query, the Chancellor of the Exchequer? See Pepys, *s.n.* Ashley is named as one of the Cabal A’s.

St. xi. ‘Player.’ A Sir Thomas Player was Chamberlain of London and M.P. for the City. There were two of the name: one died in 1673, and the other in 1686. See more on Sir Thomas in the Notes by Scott to Absalom and Architopel, in which poem he is introduced as ‘railing Rabsheka.’ Probably the former is meant by Marvell. See Pepys, ii. 362.

St. xii. l. 3, ‘two ’prenticeships’=fourteen years: 1660+14=1674.

St. xiv. l. 4, ‘gristle of starling.’ I feel very doubtful about this phrase. Marvell seems to be laughing at a crowd of big men making such a pother over so small a thing, and says, ‘You great fellows hug this little thing as a crowd of ants fuss over a straw, and (exaggeratingly, and in allusion to the straw) this, though it be too small for—’ If ‘gristle’ could be shown to be equal to throat (the ‘gristled’ tube), or gizzard, or grinding, there would be no difficulty. If not, I should query some correction, as ‘grist [= provision, like the straw of the ants, or food for grinding] of [a] starling,’ or—gizzard of starling.

St. xviii. Sir Robert Vyner, as before, with an allusion to Whittington and the bells. He was knight and baronet: Lord Mayor from 9th Nov. 1674 to 9th Nov. 1675. He was the man

popularly said to have followed Charles II. out after he had dined with him, and insisted on his returning to have another bottle. Sir William Hooker was Lord Mayor from 9th Nov. 1673 to 9th Nov. 1674. G.

ON BLOOD'S STEALING THE CROWN.¹

WHEN daring Blood, his rent to have regain'd,
Upon the English diadem distractin'd,
He chose the cassock, sursingle, and gown,
The fittest mask for one that robs the crown :
But his lay-pity underneath prevail'd,
And whilst he sav'd the keeper's life, he fail'd ;
With the priest's vestment had he but put on
The prelate's cruelty, the crown had gone.

NOTE.

This is one of the *notabilia* of Charles II.'s reign, and still lies in mystery, *i. e.* the light treatment of him. Colonel Blood stole the crown on 9th May 1671 ; and the story of his almost successful accomplishment of his daring plot is found in all the Histories. Evelyn gives us a glimpse of him : ' Dined at Mr. Treasurer's with . . . and one Blood, that impudent bold fellow who had not long before attempted to steal the imperial crown itself out of the Tower, pretending only curiosity of seeing the regalia there ; when, stabbing the keeper, though not mortally, he boldly went away with it through all the guards, taken only by the accident of his horse falling down. How he

¹ From 1703, as before. G.

came to be pardoned, and even received into favour, not only after this, but several other exploits almost as daring, both in Ireland and here, I could never come to understand. Some believed he became a spy of several parties, being well with the Sectaries and Enthusiasts, and did his Majesty services that way, which none alive could do so well as he; but it was certainly the boldest attempt, so the only treason, of this sort that was ever pardoned. This man had not only a daring but a villanous unmerciful look, a false countenance, but very well-spoken and dangerously insinuating' (ii. 62-3). Lord Rochester in his pungent 'Dream of the Insipids' has this:

'Blood, that wears treason in his face,
Villain complete in parson's gown;
How much is he at Court in grace,
For stealing Ormond and the crown!
Since loyalty does no man good,
Let's steal the king, and out-do Blood.'

St. Poems (1710), vol. i. p. 150.

See Latin translation and our re-translation in division VI. onward. G.

CLARENDON'S HOUSE-WARMING.¹

I.

WHEN Clarindon had discern'd beforehand
(As the cause can eas'ly foretell the effect)
At once three deluges threat'ning our Land,
'Twas the season, he thought, to turn architect.

II.

Us Mars, and Apollo, and Vulcan consume;
While he, the betrayer of England and Flanders,
Like the kingsfisher chooseth to build in the broom,
And nestles in flames like the salamander.

¹ Our text is that of 1703, as before; but see Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.

III.

But observing that mortals run often behind,
(So unreasonable are the rates [that] they buy at)
His omnipotence therefore much rather design'd,
How he might create a house with a fiat.

IV.

He had read of Rhodope, a lady of Thrace,
Who was digg'd up so often e'er she did marry ;
And wish'd that his daughter had had as much grace,
To erect him a pyramid out of her quarry.

V.

But then recollecting how the harper Amphyon
Made Thebes dance aloft while he fiddled and sung,
He thought (as an instrument he was most free on)
To build with the Jew's-trump of his own tongue.

VI.

Yet a precedent fitter in Virgil he found,
Of African Poultney, and Tyrian Dide ;
That he begg'd for a palace so much of his ground
As might carry the measure and name of a Hide.

VII.

Thus daily his gouty inventions him pain'd,
And all for to save the expenses of brickbat ;
That engine so fatal, which Denham had brain'd,
And too much resembled his wife's chocolat.

VIII.

But while these devices he all doth compare,
None solid enough seem'd for his strong castor ;
He himself would not dwell in a castle of air,
Though he had built full many a one for his master.

IX.

Already he had got all our money and cattle,
To buy us for slaves, and purchase our lands,
What Joseph by famine, he wrought by sea battle ;
Nay, scarce the priest's portion could 'scape from
his hands.

X.

And hence like Pharaoh, that Israel prest [straw,
To make mortar and brick, yet allow'd them no
He car'd not tho Egypt's ten plagues us distrest,
So he could to build but make policy, law.

XI.

The Scotch forts and Dunkirk, but that they were sold,
He would have demolish'd to raise up his walls ;
Nay ev'n from Tangier have sent back for the mould,
But that he had nearer the stones of St. Paul's.

XII.

His woods would come in at the easier rate,
So long as the Yards had a deal or a spar :
His friend in the Navy would not be ingrate, [War.
To grudge him some timber who fram'd him the

XIII.

To proceed in the model, he called in his Allons,
The two Allons when jovial, who ply him with
gallons ;
The two Allons who serv'd his blind justice for balance,
The two Allons who served his injustice for talons.

XIV.

They approve it thus far, and said it was fine ;
Yet his lordship to finish it would be unable,
Unless all abroad he divulg'd the design,
For his house then would grow like a vegetable.

XV.

His rent would no more in arrear run to Wor'ster ;
He should dwell more noble and cheap too at home ;
While into a fabrick the presents would muster,
As by hook and by crook the world cluster'd of
atom.

XVI.

He lik'd the advice and then soon it assay'd,
And presents crowd headlong to give good example ;
So the bribes overlaid her that Rome once betray'd ;
The tribes ne'er contributed so to the temple.

XVII.

Straight judges, priests, bishops, true sons of the seal,
Sinners, governors, farmers, bankers, patentees,
Bring in the whole mite of a year at a meal, [cheese.
As the Chedder club's dairy to th' incorporate

XVIII.

Bulteales, Beak'ns, Morley, Wrens fingers with telling
Were shrivel'd, and Clutterbuck, Eagers, and Kips':
Since the Act of Oblivion was never such selling,
As at this benevolence out of the snips.

XIX.

'Twas then that the chimney-contractors he smok'd,
Nor would take his beloved Canary in kind :
But he swore that the Patent shoud ne'er be revok'd,
No, would the whole parliament kiss him behind.

XX.

Like Jove under Ætna o'erwhelming the gyant,
For foundation the Bristol sunk in the earth's bowel ;
And St. John must now for the leads be compliant,
Or his right hand shall be cut off with a trowel.

XXI.

For surveying the building, 'twas Prat did the feat ;
But for the expense he rely'd upon Worstenholm,
Who sat heretofore at the king's receipt,
But receiv'd now and paid the Chancellor's custom.

XXII.

By subsidies thus both clerick and laick,
And with matter profane cemented with holy ;
He finish'd at last his palace mosaick,
By a model more excellent than Lesly's folly.

XXIII.

And upon the terras, to consummate all, terrace
A lanthorn like Faux's surveys the burnt town,
And shows on the top by the regal gilt ball,
Where you are to expect the sceptre and crown.

XXIV.

Fond city, its rubbish and ruins that builds,
Like vain chymists, a flow'r from its ashes returning,
Your metropolis house is in St. James's fields,
And till there you remove, you shall never leave
burning.

XXV.

This temple of War and of Peace is the shrine,
Where this idol of State sits ador'd and accurst ;
To handsel his altar and nostrils divine,
Great Buckingham's sacrifice must be the first.

XXVI.

Now some (as all builders must censure abide)
Throw dust in its front, and blame situation :
And others as much reprehend his back-side,
As too narrow by far for his expatiation ;

XXVII.

But do not consider how in process of times,
That for namesake he may with Hide-Park it enlarge,
And with that convenience he soon, for his crimes,
At Tyburn may land and spare the Tow'r barge.

XXVIII.

Or rather how wisely his stall was built near,
 Lest with driving too far his tallow impair ;
 When like the good ox. for public good-chear,
 He comes to be roasted next St. James's fair.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

See our Memorial-Introduction for notices of Marvell's stern and passionate anger against Clarendon. Evelyn, in a letter to Lord Cornbury, dated Sayes Court, 20th Jan. 1665. having then just returned from a visit to Clarendon House—the subject of this drastic satire—says of it: 'I went with prejudice and a critical spirit, incident to those who fancy they know anything in art ; I acknowledge that I have never seen a nobler pile. My old friend and fellow traveller (inhabitants and contemporaries at Rome) has perfectly acquitted himself. It is, without hyperbole, the best contrived, the most useful, graceful, and magnificent house in England ; I except not Andley End,' &c. See Evelyn, as before, ii. 195 and *s.v.* for various notices.

Generally I remark that the various names of the present poem were persons in his official employ while Lord Chancellor, well known at the time, but of no importance now ; *e.g.* Wren was undoubtedly Matthew Wren of the 'Advice,' who was secretary to Clarendon, and after his death to James Duke of York. He died 11th June 1672, and was buried in the chapel of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. Again, Kipps is mentioned by Pepys, sub. 25th June 1660, as 'seal-bearer to the Lord Chancellor.' Once more, 'Boulteale' is named by Pepys in connection with Wren, sub. 22d Aug. 1667. Farther, Worstenholme was probably Sir John Wolstenholme, collector of Customs, London, an intimate friend of Clarendon's.

In st. i. l. 3, 1726 annotates: 'The Dutch war, the plague, and the Fire of London.'

In st. iii. 'the rates [that] they buy at.' Any scansion must make the first two feet end at 'are,' and in no way can the rhythm of the rest be tolerable but by the addition of the inserted 'that.' The alliteration caused it to be dropped.

St. iv. Cf. Marvell's description of the Duchess of York in Last Instructions, for the grossness of this stanza will bear no farther explanation.

St. vi. l. 2, 'Tyrian Dide'=Dido. 1726 annotates here: 'The Earl of Clarendon had a grant from King Charles the Second for a piece of ground near St. James's to build a house on:' l. 4, a play on a '*hide* of land.' With reference to '*African* Poultney,' the '*his*' in l. 3 seems to imply that the land granted by Charles came from one Poultney. Looking therefore to '*African*' and to Charles 'of sable hue,' or, as Oates says he was called, 'the Black Bastard,' can Poultney be another sobriquet added to Rowley?

St. vii. 'Denham.' As before: l. 4, 1710 corrects the usual misprint of 'this.' See former note for like allusion. Denham is said in the biographies to have gone mad, on account of some misfortunes connected with his second marriage, a euphemism, I presume, for his wife's infidelity. But in Last Instructions, Marvell makes him leader not of the cuckolds but of the contented wittols, and here he seems to speak of some injury from a brickbat as 'braining' the Surveyor of the King's Works. It cannot refer to his death, for he did not die until March 1669.

St. viii. '*castor*.' This word is now, and was then, cant for a hat, 'castor,' Englished, being 'beaver.' In Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Wit at several Weapons,' act i. sc. 2, Dyce did wisely to doubt his friend who said, in the canting language of rogues it meant a cloak (vol. iv. p. 16). Whether the 'strong castor' is Clarendon's head-piece that was covered by his beaver, or whether it is put for the house which was to cover him as a hat covers the head, the reader may decide.

St. xi. 1726 annotates: 'There was then a design of repairing St. Paul's, which was afterwards laid aside, and the stones intended for that were bought by the Lord Clarendon to build his house with.'

St. xiii. Allons. See Pepys, under 'Allen:' but the allusions are obscure here and elsewhere.

St. xv. l. 1. Before Clarendon's palace was finished, he lived in Worcester House, Strand (Evelyn, 15th Oct. 1664). The rent in arrears seems to be another of Marvell's various hits at Clarendon's notorious avarice.

St. xvi. line 1, 1710 corrects usual misprint of 'essay'd' here.

St. xvii. 'Chedder'=of cheese celebrity.

„ xviii. 'Beak'ns.' It has been conjectured this was Beachem, a jeweller. Morley and Clutterbuck: see Pepys, *s. n.* 'Snips': see Lord Dartmouth's note in the Oxford edition of Burnet of how Clarendon procured his gifts of furniture and paintings from among the spoils of those who had spoiled the cavaliers; sin-offerings, which were sacred and irrecoverable when given to the Chancellor, and through which the sin of the spoilers was done away.

St. xix. '*smok'd*,' not='found out,' a sense in which the word was then used as at present, but in another slang sense, as in that 'if they smoked for it,' or suffered or were punished or were harried. The tax was 2*s.* on every fire-hearth, and was imposed in 1662 (13-14 Car. II. c. 10). Its abolition was one of the items in the Rye-House Plot.

St. xx. St. John. See note to Latin poem on this embassy.

„ xxi. Prat. See Pepys, iii. 160.

„ xxvi. l. 3, 'back-side' = back-garden. See our Henry Vaughan, *s. v.* for note on this old word. To the examples there I add the following: 'There are many dogs of y^e like kind, and in a manner comon: the triall wherof is among tyed up dogs in warchouses, *back-sides* or gardens. that in y^e day are very quiet, and in the night fierce' (Batman upon Barthol. l. xviii. c. 25). G.

EPIGRAM UPON HIS GRANDCHILDREN [=CLARENDON'S].

KENDAL is dead, and Cambridge riding post;
What fitter sacrifice for Denham's ghost?

NOTE.

Associated though this stinging epigram is with Clarendon's House-warming in edition of State Poems 1667, it is singular that it has not been reprinted or given to Marvell until now. 'Kendal' (line 1), Duke of Kendal, James's third son, died 26th

May 1667. Edgar, the fourth son, was born 14th June 1667, and died 8th June 1671—having been feeble from his birth, in common with all his children. Having recovered, though Marvell deemed him ‘riding post,’ *i. e.* riding rapidly, towards death, he was created Duke of Cambridge. ‘Denham’s ghost’ is Lady Denham, who died 7th January 1667; and who was alleged to have been poisoned at the instigation of Clarendon’s daughter, the jealous Duchess of York. See relative notes on ‘Last Instructions,’ lines 65-8 and 76. G.

UPON HIS HOUSE.¹

HERE lie the sacred bones
 Of Paul beguiled of his stones :
 Here lie golden briberies,
 The price of ruin’d families ;
 The cavalier’s debenture wall, 5
 Fix’d on an eccentrick basis :
 Here’s Dunkirk-Town and Tangier-Hall,
 The Queen’s marriage and all,
 The Dutchman’s templum pacis.

NOTES.

Line 2, ‘Paul beguiled.’ So in the Poems on State Affairs, vol. i. p. 253, as quoted by Lord Braybrooke in Pepys (iv. 635):

‘God will revenge, too, for the stones he took
 From agèd Paul’s to make a nest for rooks.’

1710 misprints ‘begilded.’ In justice to Clarendon, it must be remembered he bought the stones.

¹ From 1703, as before. G.

Line 5, '*debenture wall*.' Clarendon would thus seem, among other ways, to have amassed his wealth by loans to impoverished cavaliers on due 'consideration' and good security. The form of the phrase hints that while he thus raised his house's walls, he also put a wall betwixt his debtors and the king's favour, as did Lord Dalgarno in the case of Lord Nigel, that their bonds might more surely become forfeit.

Line 6, '*eccentrick basis*.' This is obscure. Query = the same eccentric, or basis out of the centre, or wrongly (or wrongfully) placed?

Line 7. 1726 annotates: 'Some call it Dunkirk House, intimating that it was builded by his share of the price of Dunkirk. Tangier was part of Queen Catherine's portion, the match between whom and the king he was suspected to have a hand in making.' In the poem quoted, *supra*, we also read:

'Pride, Lust, Ambition, and the People's hate,
The kingdom's broker, ruin of the State,
Dunkirk's sad loss, divider of the Fleet,
Tangier's compounded for a barren sheet.

So too in Sir John Denham's 'Directions to a Painter':

'Vast sums which they so idly gave
And trusted to the management of such
As Dunkirk sold, to make war with the Dutch:
Dunkirk, design'd once to a nobler use
Than to erect a petty lawyer's house'

St. Poems (1710), vol. i. p. 46.

With reference to 'barren,' it may be added Clarendon was accused of knowingly marrying Charles to a 'barren' queen, that his own grandchildren might inherit the crown—a precedent for Louis Philippe's Spanish marriage. One of the London-wall pasquils ran somewhat as follows:

'There might be seen
Dunkirk, Tangier, and a barren queen.'

Line 9. 1726 annotates: 'It was said he had money of the Dutch, to treat of a Peace.' See our Memorial-Introduction on Clarendon, as before. G.

VI.

ONE GREEK AND THE LATIN POEMS :

WITH A TRANSLATION, FOR THE FIRST TIME,

BY THE EDITOR.

NOTE.

Exclusive of the Fairfax poem ('*Duos montes,*' &c.) and '*Hortus,*' and '*Ros,*' and the restored four lines on '*Mary Magdalene*' ('*Magdala lascivos,*' &c.), which find their own several places among the related English pieces, the present section brings together the whole of Marvell's classical poetry. In the successive notes the source of each is given; and for the first time, in ancient phrase, they are made to speak English. His Epitaphs and other minor things in Latin—the latter found only in the folio of 1681—are introduced into our Memorial-Introduction. G.



ΠΡΟΣ ΚΑΡΟΛΟΝ ΤΟΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΑ.

ὦ δυσαριστοτόκος, πέντ' ὦ δύσποτμος ἀριθμός!

ὦ πέντε στυγεροῦ, πέντ' Ἀΐδαο πύλαι!

Ἀγγλῶν ὦ μέγ' ὄνειδος, ὦ οὐρανίοισιν ἀπεχθές!

Ἀλλ' ἀπελύμαινες Κάρρολε τοῦτον ἄνα.

Πέμπτον τέκνον ἔδωκε μογοστόκος Εἰλείθυια,

Πέντε δὲ πένταθλον τέκνα καλοῦσι τεόν,

Εἰ δὲ θέλεις βίβλοις ταῖς ὀψιγόνοισι τίεσθαι,

Πεντήτευχον ἔχεις παιδία διογενῇ.

Ἢ ὅτι θεσπεσίης φιλέεις νήστωρας ἀοιδῆς,

Ἀρμονίην ποιεῖς τὴν διὰ πέντε, Πάτερ.

TRANSLATION.

TO KING CHARLES [I.].

O figure FIVE, presaging evil fate
T' Earth's best! O hated Hades' five-fold gate!
O England's scandal, and abhorr'd of Heaven!
To purge its stain, O Charles, to thee is given.
Since kind Lucina gave thee a FIFTH child,
Pentathlon shall thy children five be styled.
Wouldst thou be famous'd i' many an after-book,
In thy fair children see a Pentateuch;
And since thou lovest poesy divine,
In Harmony's five notes, O Father shine.

NOTE.

This, the only Greek poem by Marvell, appeared originally in *Musa Cantabrigiensis* (1637), along with his 'Parodia' of Horace immediately following. See our Memorial-Introduction for the place of these poems in Marvell's life. We have silently corrected several misprints of the after-editions. G.

AD REGEM CAROLUM. PARODIA.

JAM satis pestis, satis atque diri

Fulminis misit Pater, et rubenti

Dexterâ nostras jaculatus arces

Terruit urbem.

4

Terruit cives, grave ne rediret

Pristinum saeculum nova monstra questum.

Omne cum pestis pecus egit altos

Visere montes ;

8

Cum scholae latis genus haesit agris,

Nota quae sedes fuerat bubulcis ;

Cum togâ abjectâ pavidus reliquit

Oppida doctus.

12

Vidimus Chamum fluvium retortis

Litore a dextro violenter undis

Ire plorantem monumenta pestis

Templaque clausa ;

16

Granta dum semet nimium querenti
Miscet uxori, vagus et sinistra
Labitur ripa, Jove comprobante,

Tristior amnis. 20

Audiit caelos acuisse ferrum,
Quo graves Turcae melius perirent ;
Audiit mortes vitio parentum

Rara juvenus. 24

Quem vocet Divûm populus ruentis
Imperî rebus ? prece qua fatigent
Doctior coetus minus audientes

Carmina caelos ? 28

Cui dabit partes luis expiandae
Jupiter, tandem venias, precamur,
Nube candentes humeros amictus

Auxiliator. 32

Sive tu mavis, Erycina nostra,
Quam Jocus circumvolat et Cupido,
Tuque neglectum genus et nepotes

Auxeris ipsa. 36

Sola tam longam remove pestem,
Quam juvat luctus faciesque tristes,
Prolis optatâ reparare mole

Sola potesque. 40

Sive felici Carolum figura

Parvulus princeps imitetur, almae

Sive Mariae decoret puellam

Dulcis imago.

44

Serus in caelum redeas, diuque

Laetus intersis populo Britanno ;

Neve te nostris vitiis iniquum

Ocior aura

48

Tollat. Hic magnos potius triumphos,

Hic ames dici pater atque princeps,

Et novâ mortes reparare prole

Te patre, Caesar.

52

TRANSLATION.

TO KING CHARLES I. A PARODY ON HORACE.

Enough by this of plague and lightning pale

Our Sire has sent this way, Who from His red
Right hand the hallow'd turrets did assail.

And thrill'd the town with dread :

With dread the people thrill'd, lest the dire age

Return, which mourn'd unwonted horrid sights.
When the dire Plague sent every flock to graze
The lofty mountain-heights :

When the broad meadows felt the scholars' tread,
Where erst the simple herd in peace lay down,
When, casting off his robes, the doctor fled
From the deserted town.

We saw the muddied Camus vehement,
With waves driven backward on Midsummer Plain,
Rush, mourning many a plague-built monument
And shut-up college fane ;

While Granta with his much-complaining mate
Is huddled close, and on the thither shore,
As Jove looks on indifferent to their fate,
Glides chafing more and more.

The scatter'd youth are told how angry Heaven
Whetteth His sword, more meet for heathen Turks ;
Are told of hapless crowds to slaughter driven
By their own fathers' works.

What god, I marvel, will the people cite
To prop their falling State? How many times
Must our thrice-learnèd crowds the gods invite
To listen to their rhymes?

To whom will Jupiter assign the task
To expiate our blot? Come then, we pray,
Hiding thy shoulders in a cloudy mask,
Be Thou our help this day.

Or wouldst thou rather, Erycina fair,
Round whom young Sport and Cupid gambol free,
Help thy neglected race, and watch with care
Thine own posterity?

Thou only mayst remove this Plague malign,
Whom nothing but sad looks and grief delight;
Thou only canst repair our failing line,
And fairer hopes excite.

Whether some little Charles, his father's grace
With happy imitation wear anew,
Or the sweet image of Maria's face
Blush with a maiden hue,—

Late be thy journey to the lucent star,
Long mayst thou tarry here in English clime;
Nor any wind pernicious waft thee far,
Sick of thy people's crime.

Here rather triumph largely, and aspire
To be thy people's father as their king;
That from thy death-invaded race, O sire,
A second stock may spring.

NOTE.

This 'Parody' (Parodia) on Horace (Ad Augustum Caesarem: Carm. i. 2) also appeared originally in the *Musa Cantabrigiensis* (1637). Our text is taken therefrom: but one of its readings, 'uxorem' (l. 18) is a mistake from the 'ultorem' of Horace, and the punctuation is defective; or 'uxorem' may be

right as agreeing with *semet*, sc. *Grantam*: 'reparato' (l. 51) is probably what Marvell wrote, but 'reparare,' sc. 'ames,' is required, and so I print it. The Parody has since been included in the different editions, headed 'Ad . . . de Sobole.' See our Memorial-Introduction for the significance of this and the Greek poem. G.

DOCTORI INGELO CUM DOMINO WHITELOCKE

AD REGINAM SUECIAE DELEGATO A PROTECTORE,
RESIDENTI EPISTOLA.

Quid facis, arctoi charissime transfuga caeli,
 Ingele, proh sero cognite, rapte cito?
 Num satis hybernium defendis pellibus astrum,
 Qui modo tam mollis nec bene firmus eras?
 Quae gentes hominum, quae sit natura locorum,
 Sint homines potius dic ibi sintne loca?
 Num gravis horrissono polus obruit omnia lapsu,
 Jungitur et praeceps mundus utraque nive?
 An melius canis horrescit campus aristis,
 Annuus agricolis et reddit orbe labor?
 Incolit, ut fertur, saevam gens mitior oram,
 Pace vigil, bello strenua, justa foro.
 Quin ibi sunt urbes atque alta palatia regum,
 Musarumque domus et sua templa Deo.
 Nam regit imperio populum Christina ferocem,
 Et dare jura potest regia virgo viris.
 Utque trahit rigidum magnes aquilone metallum,
 Gaudet eam soboles ferrea sponte sequi.

Dic quantum liceat fallaci credere famae,
Invida num taceat plura, sonetve loquax. 20
At, si vera fides, mundi melioris ab ortu,
Saecula Christinae nulla tulere parem ;
Ipsa licet redeat (nostri decus orbis) Eliza,
Qualis nostra tamen quantaque Eliza fuit.
Vidimus effigiem, mistasque coloribus umbras : 25
Sic quoque sceptripotens, sic quoque visa dea.
Augustam decorant (rara concordia !) frontem
Majestas et Amor, Forma Pudorque simul.
Ingens virgineo spirat Gustavus in ore :
Agnoscas animos fulmineumque patrem. 30
Nulla suo nituit tam lucida stella sub axe :
Non ea quae meruit crimine nympha polum.
Ah ! quoties pavidum demisit conscia lumen,
Utque suae timuit Parrhasis ora Deae ?
Et, simulet falsa ni pictor imagine vultus, 35
Delia tam similis nec fuit ipsa sibi.
Ni quod inornati Triviae sint forte capilli,
Huic sed sollicita distribuuntur acu.
Scilicet ut nemo est illa reverentior aequi ;
Haud ipsas igitur fert sine lege comas. 40
Gloria sylvarum pariter communis utrique
Est et perpetuae virginitatis honos.
Sic quoque Nympharum supereminet agmina collo
Cynthia fertque choros per juga perque nives.
Haud aliter pariles ciliorum contrahit arcus, 45
Acribus ast oculis tela subesse putes.

Luminibus dubites an straverit illa sagittis,
Quae foveat exuviis ardua colla, feram.
Alcides, humeros coopertus pelle Nemeae,
Haud ita labentis sustulit orbis onus. 50
Heu quae cervices subnectunt pectora tales,
Frigidiora gelu, candidiora nive?
Caetera non licuit, sed vix ea tota, videri;
Nam clausi rigido stant adamante sinus.
Seu chlamys artificum nimium succurrerit auso, 55
Sicque imperfectum fugerit impar opus;
Sive tribus spernat victrix certare deabus,
Et pretium formae nec spoliata ferat.
Junonis properans et clara trophaea Minervae,
Mollia nam Veneris praemia nosse piget. 60
Hinc neque consuluit fugitivae prodiga formae,
Nec timuit seris invigilasse libris.
Insomnem quoties nymphae monuere sequaces,
'Decedit roseis heu color ille genis'
Jamque vigil leni cessit Philomela sopori, 65
Omnibus et sylvis conticuere ferae:
Acrior illa tamen pergit, curasque fatigat;
Tanti est doctorum volvere scripta virum;
Et liciti quae sint moderamina discere regni,
Quid fuerit, quid sit, noscere, quidquid erit. 70
Sic quod in ingenuas Gothus peccaverit artes
Vindicat, et studiis expiat una suis.
Exemplum dociles imitantur nobile gentes,
Et geminis infans imbuit ora sonis.

- Transpositos Suecis credas migrasse Latinos, 75
 Carmine Romuleo sic strepit omne nemus.
 Upsala nec priscis impar memoratur Athenis,
 Aegidaque et currus hic sua Pallas habet.
 Illinc O quales liceat sperasse liquores,
 Quum dea praesideat fontibus ipsa sacris! 80
 Illic lacte ruant, illic et flumina melle,
 Fulvaque inauratam tingat arena Salam.
 Upsalides Musae nunc et majora canemus,
 Quaeque mihi famae non levis aura tulit.
 Creditur haud ulli Christus signasse suorum 85
 Occultam gemma de meliore notam.
 Quemque tenet caro descriptum nomine semper,
 Non minus exsculptum pectore fida refert.
 Sola haec virgineas depascit flamma medullas,
 Et licito pergīt solvere corda foco. 90
 Tu quoque sanctorum fastos, Christina, sacrabis.
 Unica nec virgo Volsiniensis erit.
 Discite nunc, reges (majestas proxima caelo),
 Discite, proh, magnos hinc coluisse Deos.
 Ah! pudeat tantos puerilia fingere coepta, 95
 Nugas nescio quas et male quaerere opes ;
 Acer equo cunctos dum praeterit ille Britanno.
 Et pecoris spoliū nescit inerme sequi :
 Ast aquilam poseit Germano pellere nido,
 Deque Palatino monte fugare lupam ; 100
 Vos etiam latos in praedam jungite campos,
 Impiaque artatis cingite lustra plagis :

Victor Oliverus nudum caput exerit armis,
Ducere sive sequi nobile laetus iter ;
Qualis jam senior Solymae Godfredus ad arces, 105
Spina cui canis floruit alba comis.
Et Lappos Christina potest et solvere Finnos,
Ultima quos Boreae carcere claustra premunt ;
Aeoliis quales venti fremuere sub antris,
Et tentant montis corripuisse moras. 110
Hanc dea si summa demiserit arce procellam,
Quam gravis Austriacis Hesperisque cadat !
Omnia sed rediens olim narraveris ipse ;
Nec reditus spero tempora longa petit.
Non ibi lenta pigro stringuntur frigore verba, 115
Solibus et tandem vere liquanda novo ;
Sed radiis hyemem Regina potentior urit ;
Haecque magis solvit, quam ligat illa polum.
Dicitur et nostros moerens audisse labores,
Fortis et ingenuam gentis amâsse fidem. 120
Oblatae Batavaûm nec paci commodat aurem ;
Nec versat Danaos insidiosa dolos.
Sed pia festinat mutatis foedera rebus,
Et libertatem, quae dominatur, amat.
Digna cui Salomon meritos retulisset honores, 125
Et Saba concretum thure cremasset iter.
Hanc tua, sed melius, celebraverit, Ingele, Musa ;
Et labor est vestrae debitus ille lyrae.
Nos sine te frustra Thamesis saliceta subimus,
Sparsaque per steriles turba vagamur agros. 130

Et male tentanti querulum respondet avena :
 Quin et Rogerio dissiluerè fides.
 Haec tamen absenti memores dictamus amico,
 Grataque speramus qualiacumque fore.

TRANSLATION.

LETTER TO DR. INGÉLO,

WITH THE LORD WHITELOCKE, AMBASSADOR TO THE QUEEN OF
 SWEDEN, FROM THE PROTECTOR.

How now, dear exile to the northern zone,
 Ingélo, known too late, too early gone ?
 Canst thou with furs the wintry star defy—
 So fragile here, so weak aneath our sky ?
 What race o' men, what scen'ry do you share ?
 Or are there men ? or is there scen'ry there ?
 Does the vast pole, harsh-wheeling, waste the land ?
 Does snow the swift world bind on either hand ?
 Or better, does the plain with whitening ears
 Bristle, and Labour crown the circling years ?
 A milder race, they say, hold these stern plains ;
 Industrious peace, stout arms, just judgment reigns :
 There too are cities and a regal seat,
 Haunts o' the Muses, and God's temples meet :
 For great Christina rules the stalwart race—
 A virgin queen o'er men the sceptre sways :
 And as the magnet draws the rigid stone,
 That iron race delights her force to own.

Is't so? are we to trust deceitful Fame?
Braggs she? or envious hints her silent blame?
If all be true, then, since the world was young,
No equal to Christina has been sung;
Though our own boast, Eliza, came again,
She were her match, and might her meed attain.
I saw her limn'd, with chequer'd light and shade—
E'en in her picture seem'd she goddess-maid!
Upon her brow (rare harmony!) there move
Modesty, Beauty, Majesty and Love;
Gustavus breathes from out her maiden face,
You mark his dash and spirit 'neath her grace.
No star so bright upon its axis burn'd—
Not she who by her crime such prison earn'd.
Conscious, how oft her tearful light she veil'd,
As Parrhasis before the goddess quail'd!
And if the painter drew not from his mind,
Delia herself was not of rarer kind;
Except that Trivia's hair was unbedeck'd,
While hers is comb'd in fashion circumspect:
Forsooth, none lives so reverent of the right,
And e'en her locks must by fix'd laws be dight;
Alike the glory of the woods is she,
And flower of aye-inviolate Chastity.
So o'er her virgin bands tall Cynthia shows,
And leads her troop athwart the rocks and snows;
E'en so she bends her eyebrows' double bow,
As though keen arrows from her eyes she'd throw.

One doubts if with her eyes the beast she slew
Whose fur around her neck and breast we view.
Alcides' self girt with a lion's hide,
Bearing the wheeling globe, scarce with her vied.
Ah me, her breast, which her fair neck does lift,
Colder than ice, more white than snowy drift !
No more—scarce even this might there be seen,
Stern steel encas'd the bosom of my Queen.
Or did her mantle aid imperfect art,
Which then retired, unequal to its part ?
Or with those three to vie does she disdain,
And Beauty's palm, though ne'er disrobed, would gain ?—
Eager for Juno's, Pallas' glorious spoils,
Shrinking from Venus' enervating toils,
She reck'd no more the fleeting fame of looks,
But nightly gave her studious mind to books.
How oft her maids that sleepless soul would warn,
'Alas, the bloom once gone will ne'er return.'
Now Philomel her labour lulls in sleep,
And all the woods a restful silence keep,
More ardent still her busy care she plies,
And makes each learn'd work her welcome prize :
To know and keep within her sovereignty,
To learn what is, what was, and what shall be ;
Avenging thus the rude Goth's barbarous fires,
She expiates the fury of her sires.
From her the docile tribes example take,
And into two-voiced speech their infants break ;

The Latins graft themselves in Swedish bounds,
And every grove with Roman song resounds.
Upsala now with ancient Athens vies ;
Here Pallas' shield, and here her chariot lies.
Ah, what clear stream shall hence our hopes fulfil,
When our Athenè guards the sacred rill !
Their happy streams with milk and honey flow,
And Saal is ting'd with Issell's golden glow.—
Upsalian Muses, take a loftier flight,
And sing of matters none may rank too light.
'Tis said that Christ not even to His own
Reveal'd the mystery of that 'white stone ;' [Christina
And thou Christina, He whose name thou wearest
Graven within thy faithful heart thou bearest.
On this pure flame her virgin soul is fed,
Before this fire her inmost heart outspread.
Thou too, Christina, hast thy saintship won ;
Bolsena's maid bears not the palm alone.
Learn then, ye kings, whom Heav'n has raised on high,
From this example, God to glorify :
Blush, being great, to compass childish things,
Vain trifles, and the wealth which sorrow brings ;
See our brave British horseman pass them all,
No spoils of unarm'd flock before him fall,—
Fluttering the eagle in his German pine,
Driving the she-wolf from the Palatine.
Ye too combine your camps, and seek your prey ;
Hedge-in with narrowing bonds this evil day ;

Triumphant Cromwell lifts his helmless head,
Ready to lead, or follow nobly led.
Like Godfrey at the citadel of old,
Adown whose back the white locks thickly roll'd.
Christina can let loose the Finns and Lapps,
Whom Boreas in his prison close enwraps ;
As fret the winds in their Æolian cave,
And strain to burst their narrow mountain-grave.
If SHE their veh'ment fury should unchain,
What storm would break on Austria and Spain !
But thou returning shalt account for all—
And speedy be the time of thy recall !
No longer then our tardy speech shall freeze ;
Loos'd by the glowing sun and Spring's fresh breeze,
A Queen more powerful thaws the wintry ground,
And trebly frees the Pole which th' other bound.
They say she heard and pitied our sad case,
Praising the clear faith of a sturdy race ;
Refus'd the wily Dutchman's proffer'd pact,
And spurn'd to use insidious thought or act ;
Eager a mutual treaty to ordain,
And loves the liberty which marks her reign.
Worthy that Solomon his praise should pay,
And Sheba's queen burn incense in her way.
Thou, Ingelo, wilt better chant her fame ;
Thy lyre more sweetly may the honour claim.
Without thee listless on 'Thames' banks we rove.
And o'er the barren plains disbanded move.

The pipe discordant mocks our awkward throat,
 And Roger's cithern will not yield a note.
 Still, mindful, to our absent friend we sing;
 And may our strains, tho' light, some pleasure bring!

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

This most elaborate of Marvell's Latin poems appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 116-134, mispaged from p. 117), where it is headed 'A Letter to Doctor Ingelo, then with my Lord Whitlock, Ambassador from the Protector to the Queen of Sweden.' L. 81 sometimes is read 'fluant;' l. 82, 'arena,' Issel vulgo dicta; l. 106, 'alba comis' = Whitelock—name of the ambassador—a joke; 'cui,' as 'huic' before, is a dissyllable, so digna cui, below, v. 125. Marvell used these liberties, though in late Latin writers, when cui is a dissyllable, the last is short. In l. 110, 'tentant' = temptant: we adhere to Marvell's spelling here as elsewhere, retaining 'y' where 'i' were more accurate. On 'Christina' of Sweden, so greatly sung of in this poem, as elsewhere, see her various Biographies. G.

IN LEGATIONEM DOMINI OLIVERI ST. JOHN

AD PROVINCIAS FOEDERATAS.

INGENIOSA viris contingunt nomina magnis,

Ut dubites casu vel ratione data:

Nam sors, caeca licet, tamen est praesaga futuri,

Et sub fatidico NOMINE vera premit.

Et tu, cui soli voluit respublica credi,

5

Foedera seu Belgis seu nova bella feras,

Haud frustra cecidit tibi compellatio fallax,
 Ast scriptum ancipiti nomine munus erat ;
 Scilicet hoc Martis, sed Pacis nuntius illo :
 Clavibus his Jani ferrea claustra regis. 10
 Non opus arcanos chartis committere sensus,
 Et varia licitos condere fraude dolos.
 Tu quoque si taceas, tamen est Legatio nomen,
 Et velut in scytale publica verba refert.
 Vultis Oliverum, Batavi, Sanctumve Johannem ? 15
 Antiochus gyro non brevior stetit.

TRANSLATION.

ON THE EMBASSY OF LORD OLIVER ST. JOHN TO THE UNITED
PROVINCES.

Apt names to great men oft we see are given,
 Whether by accident, or will of Heaven :
 For Chance, though blind, looks through the future ages,
 And in a pregnant NAME the truth presages.
 So thou, to whom the State commits her voice,
 Whether fresh War or Treaties be thy choice,
 Not idly thou a doubtful style dost bear,
 Whose double meaning will thy part declare.
 This threatens War, the other breathes of Peace ;
 Of Janus' iron locks thou hast the keys.
 What need our will on parchment to indite,
 And frame accustom'd guile with cunning sleight !

Thy NAME's an embassy, though void of speech,
 As by a secret scroll our terms to teach.
 Say, Dutchmen, is it Oliver or St. John?
 Jerusalem's fate had naught less fine to hinge on.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

This felicitous celebration of a memorable embassy appeared (the Latin) originally in the folio of 1681 (p. 116), and has since been included in the subsequent editions. OLIVER ST. JOHN, eldest son of Sir Paulet St. John, K.B., by Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Sir Rowland Vaughan, succeeded his grandfather in 1646 as second Earl of Bolingbroke, and fifth Lord St. John of Bletshoe. He married Lady Frances Cavendish, daughter of William Duke of Newcastle, and died without issue 18th March 1687-8.

Cf. with the opening, Ovid, *Amor.* ii. 6, 18. For ll. 13-14, more freely read than in above translation:

Thy name's an embassy, though thou be dumb;
 Our terms thou bringest when thyself art come.

G.

IN EFFIGIEM OLIVERI CROMWELL.

HAEC est quae toties inimicos umbra fugavit,
 At sub qua cives otia lenta terunt.

TRANSLATION.

ON THE LIKENESS OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

Before this shadow oft his en'mies fled;
 Beneath it lives secure the people led.

NOTE.

This Latin couplet appeared originally in the folio of 1681, p. 134. G.



IN EANDEM

REGINAE SUECIAE TRANSMISSAM.

BELLIPOTENS virgo, septem Regina Trionum.

Christina, arctoi lucida stella poli ;

Cernis quas merui dura sub casside rugas ;

Sicque senex armis impiger ora fero ;

Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,

Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu,

At tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra,

Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces.

5

TRANSLATION.

ON THE SAME BEING SENT TO THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

O virgin Queen o' the North, expert in war,
Christina, th' Arctic heaven's fair-shining star,
See the hard helmet's furrows on my brow—
Though old, not sluggard, yet in arms I go.
Whilst in Fate's pathless toils I struggle still.
And work the mandates of the people's will,
To you this shade its reverent forehead bends,
My looks not always stern to royal friends.

NOTE.

These Latin lines, which have been misassigned to Milton (on which see our Memorial-Introduction, 'Writings'), appeared

originally in the folio of 1681 (p. 134), with the two lines on Cromwell's portrait immediately above. G.

BLUDIUS ET CORONA.

BLUDIUS, ut ruris damnum repararet aviti,

Addicit fisco dum diadema suo :

Egregium sacro facinus velavit amictu :

(Larva solet reges fallere nulla magis):

Excidit ast ausis tactus pietate profana :

5

Custodem ut servet, maluit ipse capi.

Si modo saevitiam texisset pontificalem

Veste sacerdotis, rapta corona foret.

TRANSLATION.

Blood, to appease his fickle fortune's frown,

And aiming to be richer by the crown,

Conceals his plot beneath a priestly dress

(No mask can better counterfeit a face);

But touch'd by spurious piety, to shield

His guardian, he preferr'd himself to yield.

Had he but better 'neath his priestly zone

Conceal'd his popish rage, the crown were won.

NOTE.

This Latin of a previously-published English epigram originally appeared in Captain Thompson's edition of the Works, as before (vol. i. p. xxxix.), and since has been overlooked. See the English lines in their place. Ours is a rendering of the Latin, as above. G.



CUIDAM QUI LEGENDO SCRIPTURAM
DESCRIPSIT FORMAM, SAPIENTIAM SORTEMQUE AUTHORIS.

ILLUSTRISSIMO VIRO DOMINO LANCELOTO JOSEPHO DE
MANIBAN, GRAMMATOMANTI.

Quis posthac chartae committat sensa loquaci,
Si sua crediderit fata subesse stylo,
Conscia si prodatur scribentis litera sortem,
Quicquid et in vita plus latuisse velit ?
Flexibus in calami tamen omnia sponte leguntur : 5
Quod non significant verba, figura notat.
Bellerophontearum signat sibi quisque tabellas ;
Ignaramque manum spiritus intus agit.
Nil praeter solitum sapiebat epistola nostra,
Exemplumque meae simplicitatis erat : 10
Fabula jucundos qualis delectat amicos,
Urbe, lepore, novis, carmine, tota scatens.
Hic tamen interpres, quo non securior alter
(Non res, non voces, non ego notus ei),
Rimatur fibras notularum cautus aruspex, 15
Scripturaeque inhians consulit exta meae.
Inde statim vitae casus animique recessus
Explicat ; (haud Genio plura liquere putem) :

Distribuit totum nostris eventibus orbem,
Et quo me rapiat cardine sphaera docet. 20
Quae Sol oppositus, quae Mars adversa minetur,
Jupiter aut ubi me, Luna Venusque juvent.
Ut trucidis intentet mihi vulnera cauda Draconis ;
Vipereo levet ut vulnere more caput.
Hinc mihi praeteriti rationes atque futuri 25
Elicit, Astrologus certior Astronomo.
Ut conjecturas nequeam discernere vero,
Historiae superet sed genitura fidem.
Usque adeo caeli respondet paginae nostrae,
Astrorum et nexus syllaba scripta refert. 30
Scilicet et toto subsunt oracula mundo,
Dummodo tot foliis una Sibylla foret.
Partum fortunae mater natura propinquum
Mille modis monstrat, mille per indicia ;
Ingentemque uterum qua mole puerpera solvat ; 35
Vivit at in praesens maxima pars hominum.
Ast tu sorte tua gaude, celeberrime vatum :
Scribe, sed haud superest qui tua fata legat.
Nostra tamen si fas praesagia jungere vestris,
Quo magis inspêxti sydera spernis humum, 40
Et, nisi stellarum fueris divina propago,
Naupliada credam te Palamede satum :
Qui dedit ex avium scriptoria signa volatu,
Sydereaque idem nobilis arte fuit.
Hinc utriusque tibi cognata scientia crevit, 45
Nec minus augurium litera quam dat avis.

TRANSLATION.

TO ONE WHO, BY READING THE HANDWRITING, DESCRIBED THE
APPEARANCE, INTELLECT, AND DESTINY OF THE WRITER.

TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS MAN DR. LANCELOT JOSEPH DE MANIBAN,
SEER.

Who now to paper would his thoughts commit,
Knowing his very fate depends on it,
And that the writing blabs the writer's lot,
And whatsoe'er in life he'd wish forget?
In the pen's curves all things at once are read,
The writing's form shows what the words ne'er said.
Each bears, like Glaucus' son, his fatal letter,
And the mind drives the hand that knows no better.
My letter smack'd of naught obscure that day,
It was but written in my simple way;
A gossip, such as friends jocose would choose,
'Doing' the town,—amusement, music, news.
Yet, lo! th' Interpreter, impartial wight,
Who knows me not, nor i' what vein I write,
Observes my writing as a soothsayer wise,
And like a victim's entrails closely spies.
He shows my way of life, my mental store—
My guardian-angel scarce could tell you more;
Designs the map of all my devious mood,
And gives my latitude and longitude.
Shows what Mars adverse, what the sun portends.
How Venus, Jupiter, the Moon befriends.

How Dragon's-tail bespeaks me many a wound,
And snake-like lifts his bruis'd head from the ground.
He reads the Past, foretells the Future's hopes,
And beats astrologers at horoscopes.
Guesses from truth, lest I perchance discern
From page more true than history I shall learn—
From heaven's own page, accordant with my own,
My written syllables by star-plot known.
An oracle the whole world underlies—
Give but a Sibyl fit for such emprise.
A speedy birth, Luck's mother, Nature, bodes,
Foretells by thousand hints, in thousand modes,
How grandly she will ease her mighty womb :
Yet men still live for this side o' the tomb.
But thou, great Seer, be happy in thy lot,
Write, though none other glean thy story's plot.
Yet, might I dare my prescient soul to trust,
The more thou readst the stars thou spurn'st the dust.
And if thou be not of the stars divine,
I hold thee sprung of Nauplius, his line, Palamedes
Who sent his letters by the feather'd post,
And won his laurels from the starry host.
From him each science grew, reveal'd by thee ;
Both bird and letter give their augury.

NOTE.

Latin appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (pp. 53-4), and since included in all the editions. G.



DIGNISSIMO SUO AMICO DOCTORI WITTIE,

DE TRANSLATIONE VULGI ERRORUM D. PRIMROSI.

NEMPE sic innumero succrescunt agmine libri,

Saepia vix toto ut jam natet una mari.

Fortius assidui surgunt a vulnere praeli;

Quoque magis pressa est, auctior Hydra redit.

Heu! quibus Anticyris, quibus est sanabilis herbis, 5

Improba scribendi pestis, avarus amor!

India sola tenet tanti medicamina morbi,

Dicitur et nostris ingemuisse malis:

Utile tabacci dedit illa miserta venenum,

Acri veratro quod meliora potest. 10

Jamque vides olidas libris fumare popinas;

Naribus O doctis quam pretiosus odor!

Hac ego praecipua credo herbam dote placere,

Hinc tuus has nebulas doctor in astra vehit.

Ah! mea quid tandem facies timidissima charta? 15

Exequias siticem jam parat usque tuas.

Hunc subeas librum sancti seu limen asyli,

Quem neque delebit flamma nec ira Jovis.



TRANSLATION.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND DR. WITTIE, CONCERNING HIS TRANSLATION OF THE 'POPULAR ERRORS' OF DR. PRIMROSE.

Our books in growing ranks so numerous be,
That scarce one cuttle-fish swims i' the sea.¹
Sturdier they rise from printing-press's blows,
The more 'tis press'd, this Hydra bulkier grows.
Can aconite or plant else known to men
Expel this cacoëthes of the pen?
Ind only on our sorrows taking pity
Provides an antidote, dear Dr. Wittie.
Tobacco, useful poison, Ind bestows,
Which more than hellebore drives out our woes.
See the rank dainty o'er the pages steam,
Than which learn'd noses naught more luscious deem.
Methinks this herb my choicest gift will prove;
From this thy doctor wafts his clouds above.
Ah, what, my timid verse, mayst thou avail?
He'll plot thy ruin, and thy loss bewail.
Hide 'neath this book—a sacred refuge given—
Which neither flame shall blast nor wrath of Heaven.

¹ All being used up for making ink! G.

NOTE.

See note to the former English poem. Our text is that of the folio of 1681 (p. 59); and it may be recorded that l. 4, as originally published, reads 'prēmītūr,' which is inferior to 'pressa est;' and l. 8, 'ingenuisse,' *i. e.* medicamina. G.



IN EUNUCHUM POETAM.

Nec sterilem te crede, licet mulieribus exul
Falcem virgineae nequeas immittere messi,
Et nostro peccare modo. Tibi fama perenne
Praegnabit, rapiesque novem de monte sorores,
Et pariet modulos Echo repetita nepotes.

TRANSLATION.

UPON A EUNUCH-POET.

Deem not that thou art barren, though, forlorn,
Thou plunge no sickle in the virgin corn,
And, mateless, hast no part in our sweet curse.
Fame shall be ever pregnant by thy verse :
The vocal Sisters nine thou shalt embrace,
And Echo nurse thy words, a tuneful race.

NOTE.

These Latin lines appeared originally in the folio of 1681 (p. 63), where they are headed 'Upon an Eunuch, a Poet. Fragment.' G.



SCAEVOLA SCOTO-BRITANNUS.

SHARPIUS exercet dum saevas perfidus iras,
Et proprii pastor sit lupo ipse gregis ;
Lenta videbatur caeli vindicta Michello,
Et fas in talem credidit omne nefas.
Peccat in insonti sed praesule missile plumbum, 5
(Insons si praesul quilibet esse potest).
Culpa par, at dispar sequitur fortuna Jacobos :
Ocrea torquet idem, mitra beatque scelus.
Quanta at percussor crimen virtute piavit !
Judicibusque ipsis quam reverendus erat ! 10
Quid de se fieret melius praetore docebat :
Non poenas illum sed dare jura putes.
Carnificem tremulum jubet abstinuisse sinistra ;
Errorem dextrae dextera sura luat.
Nec mora, feralem tortore aptante cothurnum 15
Tanquam sutori commodat usque pedem :
Intima contuso et dum ringitur osse medulla,
Calceus urit ubi cernere nemo queat.
Ut vacat ! ut proprii sedet ad spectacula cruris
Immotus populo commiserante reus ! 20
Non vultu aut ulla confessus voce dolorem,
Sub cuneo quanquam tibia pressa gemit.
Inter lictoris nisus feriatur anhelus :

Nec vult supplicii conscius esse sui.

Lassus at interea patitur tormenta minister

25

(Qui sentit solus dicitur ille pati);

Scaevola si Thuscum potuit terrere tyrannum,

Fortius hoc specimen Scotia nostra dedit.

Numina cum temnas, homines ne spernito, Sharpi,

Hic e tercentum Mutius unus erat.

30

TRANSLATION.

A SCOTTISH SCAEVOLA.

While treacherous Sharp his savage fury sates,
And his own sheepfold, wolf like, desolates,
To Mitchell, Heaven's vengeance laggard seems,
And all things lawful in such case he deems.

Against a guiltless priest the bullet flies—

If any priest be guiltless 'neath the skies :

Their crime was kindred, different their state ;

The boot and mitre prove the scorn of Fate.

How valiantly the Smiter purg'd his deed :

Even his Judges paid him honour's meed !

He fitly show'd them what his lot should be—

More like Law's framer than its victim he.

From his left limb he turn'd the knave aside :

' Let my right leg the right arm's deed abide !'

Forthwith the torturer fits the cruel boot,

And binds it tight about the leg and foot.

His very marrow now is crush'd and wrung,

But none may guess how shrewdly he is stung.

How cool! as though himself the mob among,
 Watching unmoved the pity of the throng :
 Nor glance nor sound betrays his veh'ment pain,
 Though the limb quivers 'neath the tight'ning strain.
 Bruised by the panting hangman's cursèd art,
 He scorns to recognise the deepening smart.
 The wretch is tortur'd by the pain he deals
 (He is the real sufferer who feels).
 If Scaevola the Tuscan tyrant aw'd,
 Our Scot a nobler pattern may afford.
 Sharp, though you scorn your God, respect your kind ;
 This one three hundred equal leaves behind.

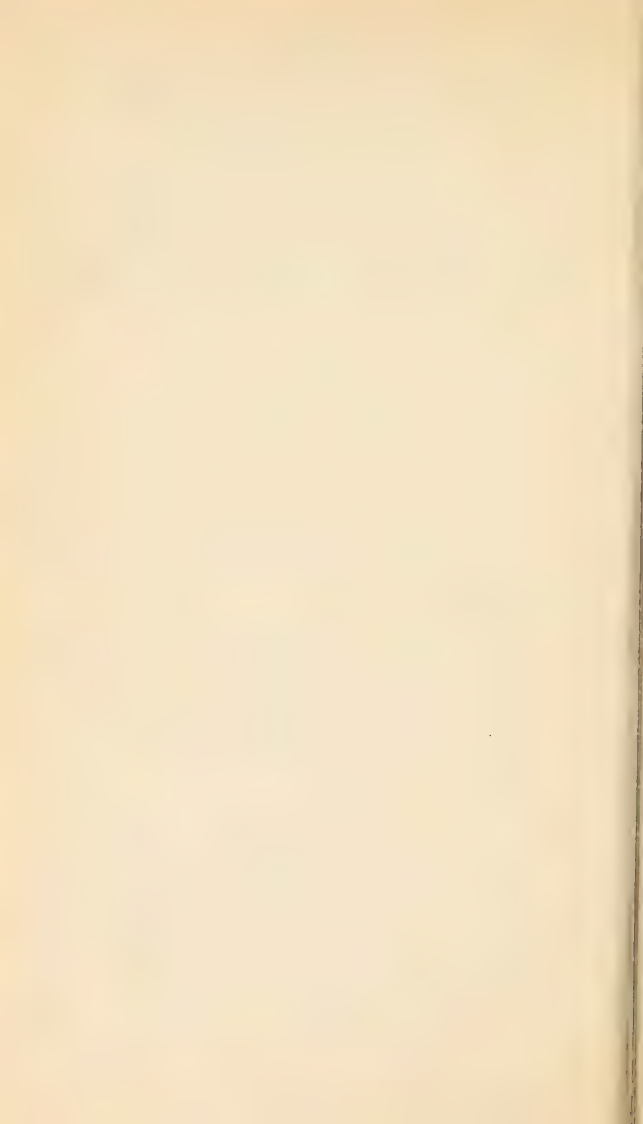
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

This poem (the Latin) was first published by Captain Thompson in his edition of the Works (vol. i. Pref.), but has been subsequently overlooked.

The subject of the piece was James Mitchell (l. 3, 'Michello'), a preacher of the Gospel, who made an attempt to 'kill' Archbishop Sharp in a coach, when accompanied by the Bishop of Orkney (Honeyman), 11th July 1668. He made his escape at the time, but was apprehended in February 1674, tried, and confined in the Bass. At length, in 1678, he was put to the torture; and after a number of proceedings he was sentenced to death, and hanged in the Grassmarket, Edinburgh, 18th January 1678 (see Wodrow, *s. n.*).

With reference to the subjoined translation, ll. 15-16 can scarcely be exactly rendered into English so as to catch the play—He lends his foot as if to a shoemaker, *i. e.* as if he were (only) having a shoe fitted. So too with the phrase, 'where the shoe pinches.' The torture-boot is historical.

Archbishop Sharp died (by assassination) May 3, 1679—as told imperishably by Sir Walter Scott. On ll. 15 and 18. see preceding notes. G.



VII.

UNAUTHENTICATED POEMS.

NOTE.

For reasons given in our Preface and Memorial-Introduction ('Writings'), we place separately and in a smaller type such of the Poems as have been given to Marvell without sufficient authority. Inasmuch as many of these have long been accepted as Marvell's, I did not feel warranted to exclude them absolutely: just as one would grudge to have cancelled the pseudo-writings ascribed to Augustine and other of the Fathers. Our evidence against each is stated fully, and the reader must decide for himself. It is with reluctance I withdraw 'Royal Resolutions,' 'Hodge's Vision,' and 'Oceana and Britannia:' but the allusions and date-marks satisfy me that Marvell was the author of none of them. In Notes and Illustrations I have tried to elucidate this division of our Volume also, seeing the pieces belong to the Marvell period, and shed light on things prophesied of by him. G.



ROYAL RESOLUTIONS.¹

I.

WHEN plate was at pawn, and fob at an ebb,
And spider might weave in bowels its web,
And stomach as empty as brain ;
Then Charles without acre
Did swear by his Maker,
If e'er I see England again,
I'll have a religion all of my own,
Whether Popish or Protestant shall not be known ;
And if it prove troublesome, I will have none.

II.

I'll have a Long Parliament always to friend,
And furnish my Treasure as fast as I spend,
And if they will not, they shall have an end.

III.

I'll have a Council shall sit always still,
And give me a licence to do what I will ;
And two secretaries shall piss thro' a quill.

IV.

My insolent brother shall bear all the sway ;
If Parliaments murmur, I'll send him away,
And call him again as soon as I may.

¹ From 1703, as before. G.

V.

I'll have a rare son, in marrying tho marr'd,
Shall govern (if not my kingdom) my guard,
And shall be successor to me or Gerrard.

VI.

I'll have a new London instead of the old,
With wide streets and uniform to my own mould :
But if they build too fast, I'll bid 'em hold.

VII.

The ancient nobility I will lay by.
And new ones create their rooms to supply.
And they shall raise fortunes for my own fry.

VIII.

Some one I'll advance from a common descent,
So high that he shall hector the parliament.
And all wholesome laws for the Publick prevent.

IX.

And I will assert him to such a degree.
That all his foul treasons, tho daring and high,
Under my hand and seal shall have indemnity.

X.

And, whate'er it cost me, I'll have a French whore,
As bold as Alice Piercee, and as fair as Jane Shore .
And when I am weary of her, I'll have more

XI.

Which if any bold commoner dare to oppose,
I'll order my bravos to cut off his nose,
Tho for't I a branch of prerogative lose.

XII.

My pimp shall be my minister primier,
My bawds call ambassadors far and near,
And my wench shall dispose of Congé de 'lire.

XIII.

I'll wholly abandon all publick affairs,
And pass all my time with buffoons and players,
And saunter to Nelly when I should be at prayers.

XIV.

I'll have a fine pond with a pretty decoy,
Where many strange fowl shall feed and enjoy,
And still in their language quack *Vive le Roy!*

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Resol. iv. 'brother:' Duke of York.

„ v. 'guard.' Monmouth commanded the king's guard; and the 'marrying tho marr'd' refers doubtless to his being a son *not* by marriage, and so 'marred' by bastardy. Or is it a somewhat enigmatical manner of alluding to Monmouth's plottings about this time to prove a lawful marriage between his mother Lucy Walters and the king? *Gerrard*: Charles Gerard, created Baron Gerard of Brandon 8th Nov. 1645; Gentleman of the Bed-chamber to Charles II., and Captain of his Guards; advanced to the Earldom of Macclesfield 1679; and died 1693. His names are still preserved in Macclesfield and Gerard streets, London. See Pepys, i. 369, 395 *et alibi*. Monmouth actually succeeded Lord Gerard of Brandon 9th Sept. 1668, which gives point to the sarcasm.

Resol. vi. line 2. Usually misprinted 'old' for 'own.'

„ viii. Danby again, as before.

„ x. Alice Pierce—a known prostitute of a former reign.

„ xi. 1726 annotates here: 'Alluding to the barbarity acted on Sir John Coventry.'

Resol. xii. Cf. Dialogue, lines 41-2.

„ xiii. 'Nelly' Gwynne's. It is told somewhere that Tom Killigrew said to the king that his affairs were in a bad way; but that if he would take his advice, and employ a man who had now nothing but lip-employment at Court, one Charles Stuart, all would be well again.

Resol. xiv. 'pond'=the water in St. James's-park.

Captain Thompson (vol. i. Preface, pp. vi. vii.) adds, from the MS. volume entrusted to him by Mr. Thomas Raikes (on which see our Mem.-Intr.), supplements to this poem thus :

'In the poem called Royal Resolutions, which in his [Mr. Raikes'] manuscript is named the King's Vows, are these additional verses :

After verse the second.

I.

I'll have as fine bishops as were e'er made with hands,
With consciences flexible to my commands,
And if they displease me—I'll have all their lands.

II.

I'll have a fine navy to conquer the seas,
And the Dutch shall give caution for their provinces,
And if they should beat me—I'll do what they please.

III.

I'll have a fine Court, with ne'er an old face,
And always who beards me shall have the next grace,
And, I either will vacate, or buy him a place.

IV.

I'll have a privy-purse without a controul,
I'll wink all the while my revénue is stole,
And, if any is question'd—I'll answer the whole.

V.

If this please not—I'll reign then on any condition,
Miss and I will both learn to live on exhibition,
And I'll first put the Church, then the crown, in commission.

VI.

I'll have a fine tunick, a sash, and a vest,
Though not rule like the Turk—yet I will be so drest,
And who knows but the fashion may bring in the rest.

How these witty verses have been omitted in all the other editions I cannot define; but I am proud to restore them to the publick eye.'

Of the dates of 'Royal Resolutions,' the most certain is the reference to the slitting of Sir John Coventry's nose, 25th Dec. 1670. St. ii. may refer to the small vote of the Commons in 1675, and their long prorogation, from 22d Nov. of that year till 15th Feb. 1677, as before. If 'more' (st. x.) be not general, but refer to 'French,' then we get to the same date; for the Duchesse de Mazarine came to England in October 1675. St. xiii. would also suggest that it was as late as this, or later. But there are two allusions in the Satire which (*meo judicio*) show that it was later than Marvell. The words 'long Parliament ending' might perhaps be explained as referring to the fifteen months' prorogation; because it was considered that a prorogation beyond a year *quasi facto* 'ended' it, and certainly it would have been characteristic of Marvell so sarcastically to intimate such ending. Or taking the words as 'shall be dissolved, a threat without actual dissolution

fulfils the allusion. But the other reference is not explicable with Marvell as author; for there was no 'sending away' of the Duke of York on the murmuring of Parliament (st. iv.) in Marvell's lifetime, and no speedy recall. In consequence of the murmuring during the elections for the new Parliament, Charles requested James to withdraw; and he left for Brussels in February 1679, and after returning *incog.* to England in August, and then being sent to Scotland, was recalled in September. But see Mem.-Intr. for more on this. G.

HODGE'S VISION FROM THE MONUMENT,

DECEMBER 1675.¹

* A country clown called Hodge went up to view
The pyramid; pray mark what did ensue.*

WHEN Hodge had numb'ed up how many score	}	
The airy pyramid contain'd, he swore		
No mortal wight e'er climb'd so high before.		
To the best vantage plac'd, he views around		
The imperial town, with lofty turrets crown'd;		5
That wealthy storehouse of the bounteous flood,		
Whose peaceful tides o'erflow our Land with good;		
Confusèd forms flit by his wand'ring eyes,		
And 'his rapt soul's o'erwhelm'd with extasies.		
Some god it seems has enter'd his plain breast,		10
And with 's abode the rustic mansion blest;		
A mighty change he feels in every part,		
Light shines in 's eyes, and wisdom rules his heart.		
So when her pious son fair Venus shew'd		
His flaming Troy, with slaughter'd Dardans strew'd,		15
She purg'd his optics, fill'd with mortal night,		
And Troy's sad doom he read by heaven's light.		

¹ Our text is that of 1703, as before, but collated with 1689 edition. See Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.

Such light divine broke on the clouded eyes
 Of humble Hodge.
 Regions remote, courts, councils, policies, 20
 The circling wills of tyrants' treacheries wiles
 He views, discerns, deciphers, penetrates,
 From Charles's Dukes, to Europe's armèd States.
 First he beholds proud Rome and France combin'd
 By double vassalage t'enslave mankind; 25
 That wou'd the soul, this would the body sway.
 Their bulls and edicts none must disobey.
 For these with War sad Europe they inflame,
 Rome says for God, and France declares for fame.
 See, sons of Satan, how Religion's force 30
 Is gentleness, fame bought with blood, a curse.
 He whom all stil'd 'Delight of humane kind,'
 Justice and Mercy, Truth with Honour join'd:
 His kindly rays cherished the teeming earth,
 And struggling Virtue blessed with prosperous birth. 35
 Like Chaos you the tott'ring globe invade,
 Religion cheat, and War ye make a trade.
 Next the lewd palace of the plotting King,
 To 's eyes new scenes of frantick folly bring.
 Behold (says he) the fountain of our woe, 40
 From whence our vices and our ruin flow.
 Here parents their own offspring prostitute,
 By such vile arts t'obtain some viler suit.
 Here blooming youth adore Priapus' shrine,
 And priests pronounce him sacred and divine. 45
 The goatish god behold in his alcove,
 (The secret scene of damn'd incestuous love)
 Melting in lust, and drunk like Lot, he lies
 Betwixt two bright daughter-divinities.

Oh! that like Saturn he had eat his brood,
 And had been thus stain'd with their impious blood; } 50
 He had in that less ill, more manhood shew'd.
 Cease, cease (O Charles), thus to pollute our Isle,
 Return, return, to thy long-wish'd exile;
 There with thy Court defile thy neighbour-States, 55
 And by thy crimes precipitate their fates.
 He saw where the Duke in damn'd divan does sit,
 To 's vast designs wracking his pigmy wit;
 Whilst a choice knot of the Ignatian crew,
 The ways to murder, treason, conquest shew. 60
 Dissenters they oppress with law severe,
 That whilst to wound these innocents we fear,
 Their cursed sect we may be forc'd to spare. }
 Twice the Reform'd must fight a bloody prize,
 That Rome and France may on their ruin rise. 65
 Old Bonner single hereticks did burn,
 These Reform'd cities into ashes turn,
 And every year new fires do make us mourn. }
 Ireland stands ready for his cruel reign; }
 Well-fatned once, she gapes for blood again, } 70
 For blood of English martyrs basely slain.
 Our valiant youth abroad must learn the trade
 Of unjust war, their country to invade,
 Whilst others here do guard us, to prepare
 Our gall'd necks his iron yoke to bear. 75
 Lo! how the Wight already is betray'd,
 And Bashaw Holmes does the poor isle invade.
 T' ensure his plot, France must her legions lend,
 Rome to restore, and to enthrone his friend.
 'Tis in return, James does our Fleet betray, 80
 (That Fleet whose thunder made the world obey.)

Ships once our safety, and our glorious might,
 Are doom'd with worms and rottenness to fight,
 Whilst France rides sovereign o'er the British Main.
 Our merchants robbed, and our brave seamen ta'en. 85
 Thus this rash Phaeton with fury hurled,
 And rapid rage, consumes our British world.
 Blast him, Oh heavens! in his mad career.
 And let this isle no more his frenzy fear.
 Cursed James, 'tis he that all good men abhor, 90
 False to thy self, and to thy friend much more;
 To him who did thy promis'd pardon hope,
 Whilst with pretended joy he kiss'd the rope:
 O'rewhelm'd with grief, and gasping out a lie,
 Deceiv'd and unprepar'd, thou let'st him die, } 95
 With equal gratitude and charity.
 In spite of Jermin, and of black-mouth'd Fame:
 This Stuart's trick legitimates thy name
 With one consent we all her death desire,
 Who durst her husband's and her king's conspire. 100
 And now just Heaven's prepared to set us free,
 Heaven and our hopes are both oppos'd by thee.
 Thus fondly thou dost Hide's old treason own,
 Thus mak'st thy new-suspected treason known
 Bless me! What's that at Westminster I see? 105
 That piece of legislative pageantry!
 To our dear James has Rome her conclave lent?
 Or has Charles bought the Paris parliament?
 None else would promote James with so much zeal.
 Who by proviso hopes the crown to steal. 110
 See how in humble guise the slaves advance,
 To tell a tale of army, and of France,
 Whilst proud Prerogative in scornful guise,
 Their fear, love, duty, danger, does despise

There, in a brib'd committee, they contrive 115
 To give our birthrights to Prerogative :
 Give, did I say? They sell, and sell so dear,
 That half each tax Danby distributes there.
 Danby, 'tis fit the price so great shall be,
 They sell Religion, sell their Liberty. 120
 These vipers have their mother's entrails torn,
 And would by force a second time be born.
 They haunt the place to which you once were sent,
 This ghost of a departed parliament.
 Gibbets and halters, countrymen prepare, 125
 Let none, let none these renegadoes spare.
 When that day comes, we'll part the sheep and goats.
 The spruce brib'd monsieurs from the true grey coats.
 New parliaments, like manna, all tastes please,
 But kept too long, our food turns our disease. 130
 From that loath'd sight, Hodge turn'd his weeping eyes,
 And London thus alarms with loyal cries :
 ' Tho common danger does approach so nigh,
 Th's stupid town sleeps in security.
 Out of your golden dreams awake, awake, 135
 Your all, your all, tho you see't not, 's at stake!
 More dreadful fires approach your falling town
 Than those which burnt your stately structures down, }
 Such fatal fires as once in Smithfield shone.
 If then ye stay till Edwards orders give, 140
 No mortal arm your safety can retrieve.
 See how with golden baits the crafty Gaul
 Has brib'd our geese to yield the capital. capitol
 And will ye tamely see yourselves betray'd?
 Will none stand up in our dear country's aid? 145
 Self-preservation, Nature's first great law,
 All the creation, except man, does awe :

'Twas in him fix'd, till lying priests defac'd
 His heaven-born mind, and Nature's tablets raz'd.
 Tell me,—ye forging crew,—what law reveal'd 150
 By God, to kings the *jus divinum* seal'd?
 If to do good, ye *jus divinum* call,
 It is the grand prerogative of all:
 If to do ill, unpunish'd, be their right,
 Such power's not granted that great king of night. 155
 Man's life moves on the poles of hope and fear,
 Reward and pain all orders do revere.
 But if your dear lord sov'raign you would spare,
 Admonish him in his blood-thirsty heir.
 So when the royal lion does offend. 160
 The beaten cur's example makes him mend.
 This said, poor Hodge, then in a broken tone,
 Cry'd out, 'O Charles! thy life, thy life, thy crown!
 Ambitious James, and bloody priests conspire,
 Plots, papists, murders, massacre, and fire: 165
 Poor Protestants!' with that his eyes did roll,
 His body fell, out fled his frightened soul.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

The heading in 1689 edition is, 'Hodge a Countryman, went up to the Pyramid, his Vision.' The couplet not prefixed to it. I note these various readings, &c. from 1689:

Line 4, 'advantage' (bad).

„ 8, 'fleet' . . . 'wond'ring.'

„ 9, ' . . . too seiz'd by Divine surprize.'

„ 13, 'guides' for 'shines' (but bad).

„ 16-17, 'She purg'd his optick films, his clouded sight.'

Then Troy's last . . .

Line 18, ' . . . did seize the dazling.'

„ 22. I accept 'deciphers' for 'unciphers.'

„ 24-45 not in 1689 edition.

„ 46-7. These two lines in 1689 are inserted after line 23, with added, 'To whom he spoke.' But they are more terrible still as follows:

'He saw the goatish king in his alcove,
With secret scenes of his incestuous love :
To whom he spoke.'

Lines 47-52 not in 1689, except as above.

„ 55, 'the.'

„ 56. I accept this line as printed for the later reading :
'And with thy crimes precipitate their fates,' instead of 'participate.' I also accept 'He saw' (line 57) for 'See where . . .' but not 'his curst.' Also 'knot' for 'senate' (line 59). 1710 prints the less approved readings.

Line 60 reads wrongly, 'Who th' way to murthers and to treasons shew.'

Line 62. I accept 'these' for 'those.'

„ 64, 'double' for 'bloody.'

„ 69 70. 'Hybernian Tories plot his . . . And thirst for English martyrs' blood . . .'

Line 74. 'Others at home must grind us.'

„ 75, 'gallick . . . their . . . wear.'

„ 76-81 not in 1689 edition; but lines 78-9 introduced after line 85.

Line 85, 'slain.'

„ 86, 'the,' and so in line 89.

„ 89, 'these isles.'

„ 9, 'Curst James whom all mankind abhor.'

„ 11, 'but' for 'and.'

„ 93, 'And with pretended transports kiss.'

„ 94. I retain 'grief' for 'guilt,' and line 98, 'charity' for 'treachery,' as usually. Both the gratitude and charity are ironical.

Line 97, 'spite of Jermyn.' Scandal had it that Lord Jermyn was Henrietta Maria's paramour. He was afterwards morganatically married to her.

Line 97 to end not in 1689 edition.

„ 160, 'so when the royal lion.' Another reference to the custom of the 'whipping-boy,' who bore in proxy the faults of the royal child. See former note.

In 1710 the heading is as we have printed. See our Memorial-Introduction ('Writings') for proofs that this Satire does not belong to Marvell. In State-Poems edition, vol. i. p. 105 (1710), opposite line 124 is this marginal note : 'Octob. the 15th, '76.' G.

NOTES.

Line 2, 'airy pyramid'=*pyramis*. Antony and Cleop. v. 2.

„ 22. 1710 reads (and usually) 'uncyphers.'

„ 58, 'wracking.' Query, whether 'wracking' = wrecking? or whether it ought not rather to be 'racking' torturingly, *i. e.* stretching his puny wit so as to compete with the vastness of the designs?

Line 59. 'Ignatian crew' = Jesuits, followers of Ignatius Loyola.

„ 64, 'prize.' In the time of Elizabeth and James, if not of a longer period, it was a frequent custom for fencing-masters and renowned swordsmen to have trials of skill at the theatres and elsewhere; and these, like bear-baitings, were publicly announced and carried out with much ceremony. If I remember rightly, the victors had their 'prizes' carried before them. From the giving of prizes, the combats themselves were called 'prizes,' or playing at prizes; and the metaphorical use of the phrase consequent on this custom was common at the period. Shakespeare has the word (Titus Andron. i. 2):

*Sat. So, Bassianus, you have played your prize,
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!*

Line 66, 'Bonner.' Bishop Bonner *the* persecutor; died 1569.

„ 70, 'Well fatned once . . .' The poet conveniently forgets the *per contra* of Cromwell's wars, but remembers the rising of the Irish under O'Neale in 1641, when, with every barbarity, the Scotch and English Protestant colonies were all but exterminated. The numbers supposed to have been massacred in the two years are variously set down between 12,000 and 300,000. Milton in his *Iconoclastes* gives the murders in Ulster alone as 154,000!

Line 76, 'Wight.' See Pepys, ii. 58.

„ 77, 'Bashaw Holmes.' Captain, afterwards Sir Robert Holmes; an officer of the Navy frequently noticed in Pepys; see *s. n.*

Line 92, 'To him.' In margin, 'Coleman.' From the *State Poems*, vol. iii. p. 207 (1703), I take this acrid

' ELEGY ON COLEMAN.

If Heaven be pleas'd when sinners cease to sin;
If Hell be pleas'd when souls are damn'd therein;
If Earth be pleas'd when it's rid of a knave,
Then all are pleas'd, for Coleman's in his grave.'

The allusions here settle the non-Marvell authorship. (See *Mem.-Intr.*)

Line 97, 'Jermin' = St. Albans, as before.

„ 100. 1726 annotates here: 'Queen Catherine was suspected to be in a plot against the king's life.'

Line 103, 'Hide' = Clarendon, as before.

„ 118, 'Danby.' As frequently before.

„ 121, 'vipers;' the allusion being to the myth of 'vipers' tearing their way into birth, on which see our note in Southwell, p. 48.

Line 124. 1710 has in the margin here 'October the 15th, '76' an important date. See our *Memorial-Introduction* ('Writings').

Line 128, 'grey coats' = the Roundheads.

„ 130, 'kept too long.' See Exodus xvi. 20.

„ 140, 'Edwards.' 1710 places in margin '*Mayor*;' an im-

portant fact. That is Sir James Edwards in 1678-9: a Yorkshire man, Alderman of Candlewick Ward, which post he resigned in 1688. On the importance of this Mayoralty as fixing the date of this Satire, see our Memorial-Introduction ('Writings').

OCEANA AND BRITANNIA.¹

'Non ego sum vates, sed prisca conscius avi.'

OCEANA.

WHITHER, O whither, wander I forlorn?
 Fatal to friends, and to my foes a scorn.
 My pregnant womb is laboring to bring forth
 Thy offspring, Archon, heir to thy just worth.
 Archon, O Archon, hear my groaning cries! 5
 Lucina, help, assuage my miseries!
 Saturnian spite pursues me thro the Earth,
 No corner's left to hide my long-wisht birth.
 Great queen o' th' isles, yield me a safe retreat
 From the crown'd gods, who would my infants eat; 10
 To me, O Delos, on my child-bed smile,
 My happy seed shall fix thy floating isle;
 I feel fierce pangs assault my teeming womb:
 Lucina, O Britannia, mother, come!

¹ For critical remarks on the date, personifications and significance of this powerful but non-Marvell Satire, see our Memorial-Introduction ('Writings'). Our text is based on the 1703 edition of the 'Poems on Affairs of State . . . Now carefully examined with the Originals, and published without any castration' (4 vols. 8vo), collated with the edition of 1689 (4to), having contemporary ms. filling-in of names, &c. For details of various readings, &c. see our Notes and Illustrations at close of the poem. G.

BRITANNIA.

What doleful shrieks pierce my affrighted ear? 15
 Shall I ne'er rest for this lewd ravisher?
 Rapes, burnings, murders, are his royal sport.
 These modish monsters haunt his perjurd Court.
 No tumbling player so oft e'er chang'd his shape,
 As this goat, fox, wolf, timorous French ape. 20
 True Protestants, in Roman habits drest,
 With Scrogs he baits, that rav'nous butcher's beast:
 Tresilian James, that fair-fac'd crocodile,
 Tearing their hearts, at once doth weep and smile:
 Neronian flames at London do him please, 25
 At Oxford plots, to act Agathocles.
 His plots reveal'd, his mirth is at an end,
 And 's fatal hour shall know no foe nor friend.
 Last martyr's day I saw a cherub stand
 Across my seas, one foot upon the Land, 30
 The other on th' enthralled Gallick shore,
 Proclaiming loud their time shall be no more.
 This mighty power heavn's equal balance sway'd,
 And in one scale, crowns, crosiers, sceptres, laid:
 I th' other a sweet smiling babe did lie, 35
 Circled with glories, deck'd with majesty.
 With steady hand he pois'd the golden pair:
 The gilded gewgaws mounted in the air.
 The ponderous babe, descending in its scale,
 Leapt on my shore ————— 40
 Nature triumph'd, joy echo'd thro the Earth.
 The heavns bow'd down to see the blessed birth.
 What's that I hear? A new-born babe's soft cries,
 And joyful mother's tender lullabies.

'Tis so ; behold, my daughter's past all harms, 45
 Cradling an infant in her fruitful arms ;
 The very same the angelick vision shew'd,
 In mien, in majesty, how like a god !
 What a firm health does on her visage dwell !
 Her sparkling eyes immortal youth foretel. 50
 Rome, Sparta, Venice, could not all bring forth
 So strong, so temperate, such lasting worth.
 Marpesia, from the North with speed advance,
 Thy sister's birth brings thy deliverance.
 Fergusian founders this just babe exceeds, 55
 In the arts of peace, and mighty martial deeds.
 Ye Panopeians, kneel unto your equal queen,
 Safe from the foreign sword, and barbarous skeen.
 Transports of joy divert my yearning heart,
 For my dear child, my soul, my better part. 60
 Heaven show'r her choicest blessings on thy womb.
 Our present help, our stay in time to come !
 Thou best of daughters, mothers, matrons, say
 What forc'd thy birth, and got this glorious day ?

OCEANA.

'Scap'd the slow jaws o' th' grinding pensioners. 65
 I fell i' the trap of Rome's dire murderers ;
 Twice rescu'd by my loyal Senate's power,
 Twice I expected my babe's happy hour.
 Malignant force twice check'd their pious aid,
 And to my foes as oft my State betray'd. 70
 Great, full of pain, in a dark winter's night,
 Threatned, pursu'd, I 'scap'd by sudden flight.
 Pale Fear gave speed to my weak trembling feet.
 And far I fled ere day our world could greet.

That dear-lov'd light, which the whole globe doth cheer. 75
 Spur'd on my flight, and added to my fear :
 Whilst black Conspiracy, that child of Night,
 In royal purple clad, outdares the light :
 By day herself the Faith's Defender stiles,
 By night digs pits, and spreads her papal toils : 80
 By day she to the pompous chappel goes,
 By night, with York, adores Rome's idol-shows.
 Witness, ye stars, and silent powers of Night,
 Her treacheries have forc'd my inn'cent flight.
 With the broad day my danger too drew near : 85
 Of help, of council void, how should I steer !
 I th' pulpit damn'd, strumpet at Court proclaim'd,
 Where should I hide, where should I rest defam'd ?
 Tortur'd in thought, I rais'd my weeping eyes,
 And sobbing voice, to the all-helping skies. 90
 As by heaven sent, a reverend sire appears,
 Charming my grief, stopping my flood of tears.
 His busy circling orbs, (two restless spies,)
 Glanc'd to and fro, outranging Argos' eyes : Argos'
 Like fleeting Time, on's front one lock did grow. 95
 From his glib tongue torrents of words did flow :
 Propose, resolve, Agrarian, forty-one,
 Lyeurgus, Brutus, Scion, Harrington.
 He said he knew me in my swaddling bands,
 Had often danc'd me in his careful hands. 100
 He knew Lord Archon too, then wept, and swore,
 Enshrin'd in me, his fame he did adore.
 His name I ask'd ; he said, Politico,
 Descended from the divine Nicolo.
 My State he knew, my danger seem'd to dread. 105
 And to my safety vow'd hand, heart, and head

Grateful returns I up to heaven send,
 That in distress had sent me such a friend.
 I ask'd him where I was? Pointing he shew'd
 Oxford's old towers, once the learn'd arts' abode; 110
 (Once great in fame, now a pyratick port,
 Where Romish priests and elvish monks resort.)
 He added, near a new-built college stood,
 Endow'd by Plato, for the publick good;
 Thither allur'd by learn'd honest men, 115
 Plato vouchsaf'd once more to live again.
 Securely there I might myself repose,
 From my fierce griefs, and my more cruel fears.
 Tir'd with long flights, e'en hunted down with fear.
 The welcome news my drooping soul did cheer. 120
 His pleasing words shortned the time and way,
 And me beguil'd at Plato's house to stay.
 When we came in, he told me (after rest,)
 He'd show me Plato, and's Venetian guest: }
 I scarce reply'd, with weariness oppress'd: } 125
 To my desir'd apartment I repair'd,
 Invoking sleep, and heaven's almighty guard.
 My waking cares, and stabbing frights recede,
 And nodding sleep dropt on my drowsy head.
 At last the summons of a busy bell, 130
 And glimmering lights did Sleep's kind mists dispel,
 From bed I stole, and creeping by the wall,
 Thro a small chink I spy'd a spacious hall;
 Tapers, as thick as stars, did shed their light
 Around the place, and made a day of night. 135
 The curious art of some great master's hand
 Adorn'd the room: Hide, Clifford, Danby, stand
 In one large piece; next them, the two Dutch Wars
 In bloody colours paint our fatal jars

Here London flames in clouds of smoke aspire, 140
 Done to the life, I'd almost cry'd out Fire!
 But living figures did my eyes divert
 From these, and many more of wondrous art.
 There entred in three mercenary bands :
 (The different captains had distinct commands.) 145
 The beggar's desperate troop did first appear,
 Littleton led, proud S[eymo]re had the rear.
 The disguis'd Papists under Garroway,
 Talbot lieutenant, (none had better pay.)
 Next greedy Lee led party-colour'd slaves ; 150
 Deaf fools i' the right, i' th' wrong sagacious knaves.
 Brought up by M[ulgrave]: then a nobler train,
 (In malice mighty, impotent in brain.)
 The Pope's solicitors brought into th' hall,
 Not guilty Lay, much guilty Spiritual. 155
 I also spy'd, behind a private skreen,
 Collbert and Portsmouth, York and Mazarine.
 Immediately in close cabal they join,
 And all applaud the glorious design.
 'Gainst me, and my lov'd Senate's free-born breath, 160
 Dire threats I heard, the hall did echo death.
 A curtain drawn, another scene appear'd,
 A tinkling bell, a mumbling priest I heard.
 At elevation every knee ador'd
 The baker's craft, Infallible's vain lord. 165
 When Catiline with vipers did conspire
 To murder Rome, and bury it in fire,
 A sacramental bowl of humane gore
 Each villain took, and as he drank he swore.
 The cup deny'd, to make their plot compleat, 170
 These Catilines their conjur'd gods did eat.

Whilst to their broaden whimsies they did kneel,
 I crept away, and to the door did steal :
 As I got out by providence, I flew
 To this close wood ; too late they did pursue : 175
 That dreadful night my childbed throes brought on,
 My cries mov'd your's and heaven's compassion.

BRITANNIA.

O happy day ! a jubilee proclaim :
 Daughter, adore th' unutterable name !
 With grateful heart breathe out thyself in prayer ; 180
 In the mean time thy babe shall be my care.
 There is a man, my island's hope and grace,
 The chief delight and joy of human race,
 Expos'd himself to war in tender age,
 To free his country from the Gallick rage ; 185
 With all the graces blessed his riper years,
 And full-blown vertue wak'd the tyrant's fears :
 By's sire rejected, but by heaven he's called
 To break my yoke, and rescue the enthral'd.
 This, this is he, who, with a stretch'd-out hand, 190
 And matchless might, shall free my groaning Land.
 On earth's proud basilisks he'll justly fall,
 Like Moses' rod, and prey upon them all.
 He'll guide my people thro the raging seas,
 To holy wars, and certain victories ; 195
 His spotless fame, and his immense desert,
 Shall plead Love's cause, and storm this virgin's heart :
 She, like Ægeria, shall his breast inspire
 With justice, wisdom, and celestial fire ;
 Like Numa, he her dictates shall obey, 200
 And by her oracles the world shall sway.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 4, '*Archon*.' The Poet, following a common custom of his own as of the previous age, spoke of Cromwell here and elsewhere under a classically descriptive name, ἀρχων = the chief, the Protector, and Lord Archon (l. 101) the Lord Archon.

Line 10, 1710 reads 'that' for 'who;' and in line 11, '*To me*' for '*On me*' usually; the latter I accept.

Line 17, '*burnings*.' See on line 25.

„ 17-18, '*royal sport . . . perjur'd Court*.' The lines quoted on '*A Historical Poem*' explain why, without farther preface, the Duke of York is spoken of in terms which would appear at first to apply to the king himself.

Line 21, '*True Protestants . . .*' I know not the allusion, as the Poet could hardly refer to Berry, the one Protestant of the three who were executed on the accusation of having murdered Sir E. B. Godfrey. Perhaps the Poet girds at the High-Church ritualists of that day, revived in our own.

Line 22, '*Scroggs*.' 1726 annotates: 'Sir William Scroggs was a judge, of whom Bishop Burnet gives this account: "In all the trials he set himself, even with indecent earnestness, to get the prisoners to be always cast."' There can be no question that Scroggs was a man whose whole career before and after his elevation to the bench was so infamous, that it would be well if his name and actions could be blotted from the pages of History. He was privately licentious, officially ignorant, arrogant, and brutal. He was finally dismissed by Charles II. after much public pressure. He died 25th Oct. 1683, and was buried at South Weald, Essex. In the squibs of the times Scroggs is constantly spoken of as being a butcher's son, and thus fitted by his early life for his after career. So was it with Wolsey. Here is one example from '*Justice in Masquerade*; or Scroggs upon Scroggs':

'A butcher's son's judg capital
Poor Protestants for to enthrall,
And England to enslave, Sirs. . . .

His father once exempted was
Out of all juries: why? because
He was a man of blood, Sirs.

And why the butcherly son (forsooth)
Shou'd now be jury and judg both,
Cannot be understood, Sirs.' Vol. i. p. 181.

Line 23, '*Tresilian James*.' This is usually printed 'Jones;' but the context shows that the B. Museum annotator of *State Poems* (1689) is correct in filling-in 'James,' i.e. the Duke of York. The term '*Tresilian*' is one in frequent use in contemporary squibs and lampoons; e.g. in '*The Wolf Justice, being certain Verses fixt upon the L. C. J. Scroggs' Chamber-door*' (*State Poems*, vol. iii. (1704) page 188):

'You'll hang at the last, as Tresilian before ye.'

So too in 'An Epistle to Mr. Dryden' (ibid. vol. i. (1710) p. 143):

'His dream some old Tresilian ballad breaks.'

Again, 'To the Judges':

'True loyal babes, pimps to the Church of Rome,
Tresilian's heirs.'

Farther, in 'The Pope's Advice and Benediction' (ibid. vol. iii. p. 185):

'You shall receive from holy James and me
A crimson cap, at least my Legate be,
Provided you escape Tresilian's triple tree.'

Finally, in 'The Farewell' (ibid. p. 276):

'Farewell, Wright, worse than Tresilian.'

It thus appears that 'Tresilian' was variously applied to any corrupt character (actually so, or alleged)—from Sir Robert Tresilian, appointed Lord Chief Justice in 1382; when under the influence of the Duke of Gloucester, he and a council were appointed in 1387, to whom the sovereign power was delegated. Richard II. under the advice of the Duke of Suffolk and Tresilian obtained a declaration from the judges at Nottingham that the commission was illegal, and the introducers guilty of high treason. Gloucester thereupon took up arms, and executed Tresilian and others. It probably suited the lampooners of Charles' and James' times to represent him as a plotter against liberty and an absolutist; and this readily passed, because during his life and afterwards he was in bad odour, on account of his 'bloody circuit' after the Wat Tyler insurrection.

Sir Thomas Jones, usually printed (by way of mask perhaps), was Attorney-general in 1678, and became Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and was engaged in most of the political trials that disgraced the latter part of Charles II.'s reign. He was dismissed 21st April 1686, for resisting the king's dispensing power, and died in May 1692. He was buried in St. Alkmund's Church, Shrewsbury, where his monument still exists. 1726, printing 'Jones' (erroneously), annotates: 'One of the same principles with Scroggs. He was preferred when Jeffreys was made Lord Chief Justice.' It is no argument against reading 'James,' that Tresilian seems usually applied to 'men of law,' seeing James usurped legal functions to England's cost and sorrow, and constantly interfered with judicial administration.

Line 25, '*Neronian flames*.' It is manifest from this and line 17, that the scandal went not only that the Roman Catholics had fired London, but that it was done with the knowledge and concurrence of James Duke of York. This terrible charge Marvell makes elsewhere, *e.g.* 'Last Instructions to a Painter' (Part. ii. ll. 7-10 *et seq.*), (see relative note). Other squibs of the period also refer to Nero's burning of Rome, *e.g.* in 'The British Muse; or Tyranny Exposed: a Satyr, occasioned by all the fulsom and lying poems and elegies that have been written on the death of the late king James:'

'Let flaming London first appear in view.
 And his good actions and his virtues shew.
 Whose houses he into a bonfire turn'd,
 And sacred temples with like zeal he burn'd ;
 Pleas'd with the sight, as the great city fell,
 He and his priests carous'd and drank to hell.
 Thus Nero Rome by fire in ashes laid,
 Laugh'd at the flame, and as they burnt he play'd.'

St. Poems (1703), vol. ii. p. 388.

Line 26, '*At Oxford.*' 1726 annotates: 'In the time of the plague, in the year 1665, the court resided at Oxford, where the parliament was then held ; at which time were several private cabals formed against the Protestants.'

Line 32 1710 reads, 'aloud proclaim;' and line 42, I accept 'bow'd for 'bow' usually.

Line 53. '*Marpesia.*' The word Fergusian (l. 55) shows that there is a reference to Scotland, and that Marpesia is Scotland under the disguise of 'The Enthralled,' one whose deliverance is now brought. Marpesia, suggests my excellent friend Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, is a noun formed on the aorist participle passive of *μαρστω*, and may be taken to signify 'the enthralled one,' whose deliverance is brought about by her sister's birth. The context-words 'north,' 'Fergusian,' and 'Panopeians,' suggest Scotland under the rule of Lauderdale and Sharpe. With reference to the latter, cf. Marvell's Latin poem '*Scævola.*' Whatever view we take of the significance of the child of Oceana, Scotland is called her sister, as being 'True Protestant' and Presbyterian, or rather non-prelatic.

Line 55, '*Fergusian founders*' the line of Ferguses in Scotland—Fergusons?

Line 57, '*Panopeians.*' *πᾶν ὁπαῖον* (Ion. *ὁπίον*), comrade—people of United Kingdom

Line 58, 'skeen'=skeen dhu=dirk or dagger.

.. 77, '*black Conspiracy.*' This is a personification of the general plottings, papistical or otherwise. The words 'Faith's Defender' (l. 79) implicate the king, and the reference is not merely to his leanings towards Popery, but to the attempts acquiesced in by himself to make him a Lewis and a despot. These are elsewhere referred to, *c g* in '*Britannia and Raleigh*' (l. 34 and relative note); '*Hodge's Vision from the Monument*' (l. 57 and relative note). Cf. also '*The Dream of the Cabal,*' in *State-Poems Collection*, &c. 1689.

Line 82, 'York'=Duke of York, afterwards James II., already set forth as 'Tresilian James' (see on line 23). These initials and others were no doubt changed for safety and disguise.

Lines 97-8. In the eventful year of 1641 bills were passed establishing triennial parliaments, providing that they could not be dissolved, &c. without their own consent, and abolishing the Courts of High Commission and Star Chamber. Stratford was tried and executed, and twelve bishops imprisoned. The word 'agrarian' refers to the excitement regarding the extension of the

royal forests, which became so great in 1641, that Charles in a message to the Lords offered to reduce them to their former bounds. 'Propose and resolve' refer also, I presume, to the proposals in and resolutions of the Commons, which then limited the king's powers, and for the first time over-rode them.

Line 98, '*Harrington.*' No doubt James Harrington, author of '*Oceana*' (to which probably the Satirist had reference in selecting his interlocutors). Aubrey tells us that Marvell wrote an 'epitaph' for his friend Harrington, but that it was deemed too patriotic.

Line 104, '*Niccolo*'=Nicholas Machiavel. Shaftesbury was frequently called the English 'Machiavel.' Here is a vivid portrait of him as such:

'Our little Matchiavel . . .
(That nimblest creature of the busy kind),
His limbs are crippled and his body shakes,
Yet his hard mind, which all this bustle makes,
No pity of its poor companion takes.'

Dryden, Essay on Satire.

Line 113. The London reprint of 1870 misprints 'cottage.'

„ 124, '*Venetian guest.*' Who? See Pepys, under Cosmo de' Medici (iv. 145). He visited England in 1669-70.

Line 137, '*Hide, Clifford, Danby.*' *Hide*=Hyde, the Clarendon, on whom see relative notes on 'Clarendon's House-warming.' Clifford—Charles Boyle, eldest son of Richard I., Earl of Burlington, would be titularly Lord Clifford at this date. He died in 1694, before his father. Danby—see on Osborne, onward=Danby and our Memorial-Introduction.

Line 147, '*Littleton.*' Sir Thomas Littleton was a man of large property, and accounted a patriot member, though it has since been discovered that he was bribed with other patriots (!) by Barillon. If this be he—and there seems no doubt of it—it would show him to have been greedy of gain, and to have been mis-doubted by the real politicians of his time.

Line 147, '*S—re*'=Seymore or Seymour. Probably Charles Seymour, who succeeded as 6th Duke of Somerset in 1678, and was (and is still) known as 'the proud Duke of Somerset.' The pride of birth and rank amounted in him almost to a disease. He died in 1748, at a very advanced age. This could scarcely be Edward Seymour of Last Instructions.

Line 148, '*Garroway.*' He was a member of parliament; but scarcely anything has come down concerning him. Yet see Pepys, i. xviii.; ii. 462, 465, 469; iii. 118, 198.

Line 149, '*Talbot.*' Probably Colonel Richard Talbot, afterwards Earl, Marquess, and finally Duke of Tyrconnell. He was 'attainted' in 1691. It was he who married 'Belle Jenyns' of the Court of Charles II. Or Sir John Talbot, on whom see Pepys, s. n

Line 150, '*Lee.*' Sir Thomas Lee, of Hartwell, Bucks; created a baronet 16th Aug. 1660; died Feb. 1690; a leading member and popular speaker in Parliament.

Line 152, '*Mulgrave*.' John Sheffield, 3d Earl of Mulgrave; succeeding his father in 1658. He was afterwards Marquess of Normanby, and finally Duke of Normanby and Duke of Buckinghamshire. He lived until 1721.

Line 157, 'Colbert and Portsmouth, York and Mazarine.' Colbert—Charles Colbert, Marquis de Croissy, French Ambassador to the English Court. Portsmouth—the title given in 1673, for her life, to the notorious Louise de Querouaille, one of the king's numerous mistresses. York—Duke of York. Mazarine—the infamous Duchess, as introduced in 'An Historical Poem' in the same conjunction, with relative notes.

Line 165, '*The baker's craft*' (and l. 172, 'broaden whimsies'). (Conf. Thomas Tuke's 'Concerning the Holy Eucharist and the Popish Broaden God, to the Men of Rome as well Laiques as Cleriques. 1625' (our reprint, in *Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies' Library*, vol. ii.)

Line 166, '*Catiline*:' the conspirator by preëminence, in whose history the allusions of the text are commonplaces of quotation.

Line 182, 'There is a man.' See our Memorial-Introduction on this, and below. In the *State Poems* (vol. iii. (1704) p. 151) is a Verse-letter 'from the Duke of M[onmouth] to the King,' and at pp. 152-3 the King's Answer. In the former, after some pungent lines, he exclaims :

'How little cause has mankind to be proud
Of noble birth, the idol of the crowd !'

and in 'The Obscure Prince, or the Black Box boxed' (ibid. pp. 212 14), Monmouth, thus addresses Charles :

'O, Heavens, the weakness of my unkind father !
Better some peasant had begot me rather :
He wou'd not black himself, his wife defame,
And after marriage bastard me proclaim :
Through panick fear thus in Perillus roar,
To gratify a brother or a whore,
Honour disclaim, by fools and knaves beguild,
Nay, wou'd it pass, deny me for his child ;
Destroy my right, 'gainst God and Nature's laws,
To prop the falling of their tott'ring cause ;
Pursue a chace more of the goose than fox,
Call'd the shamm'd story of the blackened box ;
Deny the truth long in the ashes hid,
Disowning now what Bishop Fuller did ;
How he perform'd the marriage office, e'er
You cou'd enjoy my wrong'd mother dear.
All other terms she scorn'd with her soul :
Witness yourself what mother-queen did do,
Besides the offers that were made by you.
When mighty passions brought you down so ill,
Your grief befool'd the French physician's skill,
And at grim death's approaches out did cry,
O ! let me marry with her, or I die :
'Twas then she yield'd and became your wife :
Sir, this is truth ; I'll prove it with my life.' . . .

VARIOUS READINGS, &C. FROM 1689 EDITION, 4TO.

I place here such various readings as are of interest in the 1689 text, together with MS. names filled-in in the British-Museum copy. I have not deemed it needful to record mere differences of spelling; nor is 1726 or after-editions of sufficient authority or worth to render it necessary to preserve variations in them, mostly mere carelessnesses in printing.

Line 11 badly reads 'To me a Delos.'

„ 22, 'Frogs' for Scroggs.

„ 23, 'Tresilian *James*.'

„ 32, 'Aloud proclaims.'

„ 45 badly reads 'Tis to behold my daughter past.'

„ 51, 'never could.'

„ 55, 'Tergusian' (stupid misreading).

„ 84, 'inn'cent,' as in 1703. Usually 'guiltless.'

„ 92, 'and' misinserted before 'stopping.'

„ 104, 'Nicolo,' more plainly indicating Machiavell.

„ 137, 'H—C—D—' only.

„ 147. I have filled-in S[eymo]re from the B. M. copy. Probably the 're' instead of 'ur' was meant still more to veil the name.

Line 152. Similarly I have filled in M[ulgrave]: 'ul' is in MS.

„ 182. 'There is a man.' Opposite this in contemporary MS. is D. Monmouth—on the bearing of which name see our Memorial-Introduction.

As illustrative of the burden of this Satire, I give here what Captain Thompson (Preface, vol. i. pp. xxvi. xxvii.) calls 'a jeu d'esprit of Marvell's, written in 1678.'

THE PARLIAMENT-HOUSE TO LETT.

Here's a house to be lett, for Charles B —d swore
On Portsmouth's bare —— he would shut up the door.
Inquire at the lodgings next door to the Pope,
At Duke Lauderdale's Head, with a cravat of rope,
And there you will hear how next he will lett it;
If you pay the old price, you will certainly get it.
He holds it in tail from his father, who fast
Did keep it long shut, but paid for't at last.'

It appeared in *State Poems* (vol. i. p. 199). In a little book published in 1690, 'The Secret History of the Reigns of Charles II. and James II.'—a violent attack on the Stuarts—occurs at pages 84-5 the following: 'Among the rest of these prorogations, there was one at a time when the greatest urgency of affairs, the greatest danger that ever threatned the welfare of this nation required their sitting, when they were diving into the bottom of the Popish Plot, and endeavouring to bring to condign punishment the chief instruments which the king had made use of to compass his arbitrary and Popish design. But then it was that the king, to screen his

wicked ministers from publick justice, preferred the caresses of the expanded nakedness of a French harlot before the preservation of three nations. For then it was, as Mr. Andrew Marvel, with a satyirical indignation, expresses it:

‘ That Carwell, that incestuous punk,
Made our most sacred sovereign drunk;
And drunk she let him give the buss
Which still the kingdom's bound to curse.’

This quotation goes to show (a) that Marvell was probably *not* the author of the Verses on the ‘Parliament-House to Lett’ (*supra*); (b) that the ‘Secret History’ author misassigns the four lines to Marvell, seeing they refer to a date subsequent to his death. See our Mem.-Intr. for more on this and relative points.

Line 2, Portsmouth = the king's mistress, as before: line 4, a sham-named Inn, after the famous ‘Duke.’

UPON THE CUTTING OF SIR JOHN COVENTRY'S NOSE.¹

I sing a woefull ditty,

Of a wound that long will smart-a,

And given (more is the pity)

In the realme of *Magna Charta*.

Youth, youth, thou had'st better been slaine by the foes,

Than live to be hang'd for cutting a Nose.

Our great King, Charles the Second,

So flippant of treasure and moisture,

Stoopt from his Queen infeced

To a wench of orange and oyster:

And for sweet variety, thought it expedient

To ingender Don Johns on Nel the comedian.

¹ From Captain Thompson's Preface (vol. i. pp. xxxix.-xli.), where it is thus introduced: ‘Published in the State Poems, under the title of *The Haymarket Hectors*: but the copies are very different; and therefore I have given that from Marvell's writing.’ But see our Mem.-Intr. G.

The lecherous vain-glory
 Of being loin'd by a Majesty,
 Mounted up to such a story
 This bitchinton travesty,
 That to equal her lover, this baggage must dar
 To be Helen the second, the cause of a war.

And he our amorous Jove,
 While she lay dry b—— under,
 To repair the defects of his love,
 Did lend her his lightning and thunder ;
 And for one night prostitutes to her commands
 His Monmouth, his life-guard, Obrian and Sands.

And now the romance of the French,
 And now the need of a Navy,
 Was dwindled all to a wench,
 And *amo, amas, amavi*.
 Nay, farewell the subsidys, so she may cloven-try
 In a female revenge the nostrils of Coventry.

O ye Hay-market hectors,
 How were you thus charmed,
 To turne the base dissectors
 Of one poor nose unarmed ?
 Unfitt to wear sword, or follow the trumpet,
 That would brandish a knife at the word of a strumpet.

But was it not ingrateful
 In Monmouth and in Carlo,
 To contrive a thing so hateful,
 The sons of Mary and Barlo ;
 And since the kind world dispen'st with their mothers,
 Might they not well have spared the noses of others ?

Beware now, ye parliamenteers.

How each of his tongue disposes ;

Bab May in the Commons, Charles Rex in the Peers.

Sit telling your fates by your noses :

And predestine at mention of every slutt

Which nose shall continue, and which shall be cutt.

But if the sister of Rose

Be an whore so anointed,

That thus the Parliament's nose

Must for her be disjointed ;

When you once come to name the prerogative whore.

How the bullets will whistle, and cannons will roare !

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading : Marvell elsewhere notices the infamous outrage. See 'Last Instructions,' and relative notes.

St. ii. l. 2, 'flippant'=fluent, lavish : somewhat unusual use, being now only applied to nimble or voluble speech with a sub-idea of impertinence or levity.

St. iii. l. 4-6. Nell Gwynne, as before.

„ „ l. 2, loin'd=lin'd.

„ iv. l. 6, Obrian=O'Brien, as before.

„ vii. l. 4. Carlo is, I suppose, Charles ; or was he son of [Henrietta] Maria ? But who was Barlo ? The context would seem to say a woman ; but Monmouth's mother was Lucy Walters. Possibly Barlo was another of the several reputed fathers of Monmouth. G.





THE CHECKER INN.¹

A SUPPER GIVEN BY THE TREASURER TO THE PARLIAMENT MEN.

1675.

I'LE tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the Parliament have seen,
 (The choice of ale and beere :)
But such a choice as ne'er was found
At any time on English ground, 5
 In burrow or in sheere. shire.

At Charing-Crosse, there by the way
Where all the Berties make their hay,
 There stands a house new painted ;
Where I could see them crouding in, 10
But sure they often there have been,
 They seem'd so well acquainted.

The host that dwells in that same house
Is now a man, but was a mouse,
 Till he was Burgesse chosen ; 15
And for his country first began,
But quickly turnèd cat-in-pan,
 (The way they all have rosen.) risen.

¹ From Captain Thompson's Preface, vol. i. pp. xli.-xlvii. He annotates : 'This poem in the State Poems is not given as Marvell's. It is a parody on a more celebrated one written by Sir John Suckling, entitled "A Ballad on a Wedding Day."' Hence, as in that poem, he addresses an imaginary Dick. G.

And ever since he did so wex,
That now he money tells by pecks. 20

And hoards up all our treasure ;
Thou'lt ken him out by a white wand
He dandles always in his hand,
With which he strikes the measure.

But though he now do look so big, 25
And bear himself on such a twig,

'Twill faile him in a yeare ;
And oh ! how I could claw him off,
For all that slender quarter-staffe,
And have him here and there ! 30

He is as stiffe as any stake,
And leaner. Dick, than any rake.
Envy is not so pale ;
And though by selling of us all,
He wrought himself into Whitehall, 35
Looks like a bird of gaole. jail-bird = a rogue.

And there he might e're now have laid,
Had not the members most been made,
For some had him indited ;
But even they that 'peach him durst, 40
To clear him would have been the first.
Had they too been requited.

But he had men enough to spare,
Beside a good friend in the chaire,
Though all men blush'd that heard it : 45
And, for I needs must tell my mind,
They all deserv'd to have been fin'd
For such a shameful vardit. verdict.

And now they marchèd tag and rag,
Each of his handy-work to bragg, 50
 Over a gallant supper ;
On backside of their letters, some,
For surenesse, summon'd were to come,
 The rest were bid by Cooper.

They stood, when enter'd in the hall, 55
Mannerly rear'd against the wall,
 Till to sit down desir'd ;
And simper'd, justly to compare,
Like maidens at our Statute-Faire,
 (None went away unhir'd.) 60

The lady, drest like any bride,
Her fore-head cloth had laid aside,
 And smiling, through did saile ;
Though they had dirty'd see her roome,
That she was faine to call her groome 65
 To carry up her taile.

Wheeler at board then next her set,
And if it had been nearer yet,
 She might it well afford ;
For ev'n at bed, the time had been 70
When no man could see sky between
 His lady and her lord.

The knight was sent to 'Merica,
And was as soon sent for away,
 But not for his good deeds ; 75
And since the soyle whither he went
Would not bear his wild government,
 Here now he plants the seeds.

- Anext him sat George Montague,
 The foreman of the British crue, 80
 (His cup he never failes ;)
 Mansell and Morgan, and the rest.
 All of them of the grand inquest,
 (A jury right of Wales.)
- The western glory, Harry Ford, 85
 His landlord Bales out-eat, out-roar'd.
 And did the trenchers lick ;
 What pity 'tis a wit so great
 Should live to sell himself for meat :
 But who can help it, Dick? 90
- Yet, wot'st thou, he was none of those,
 But would as well as meat have cloathes,
 Before he'd sell the Nation ;
 And wisely lodging at next door,
 Was oftener servèd than the poor, 95
 With his whole generation.
- Sir Courteney Poole and he contend
 Which should the other most commend.
 For what that day they spoke ;
 The man that gave that woefull tax, 100
 And sweeping all our chimney stacks,
 Excis'd us for our smoak.
- Wild with his tongue did all outrunne,
 And popping like an elder gun,
 Both words and meat did utter : 105
 The pellets that his chops did dart
 Fed all his neighbours overthwart,
 That gap'd to hear him sputter.

But King, God save him, he so cramm'd the king
The cheare into his breeches ramm'd, 110

That buttry were, and larder ;
And provender to thus dispose,
Had sow'd on too his double hose, sew'd
For times, thou know'st, grow harder.

Holt, out of linnen, as of land, 115
Had mortgag'd of his two, one band,

To have the other wash'd ;
And though his sweat, the while he ate,
With his own gravey fill'd his plate,
That band with sauce too splash'd. 120

His brain and face Tredenham wrung,
For words not to be said, but sung,
His neck, it turn'd on wire ;
And Birkenham, of all that rout,
There was but one could be chose out, 125
Who was a greater lyar.

Old Hobbe's brother, Cheyney, there Hobbes
Throgmorton, Neville, Dolman were,
And Lawly, knight of Shropshire ;
Nay, Portman, tho' all men cry'd shame, 130
And Chomley of Vale-royal came
For something more than chop-cheare.

[*A rabble of other names omitted, and then follows :*]

The Hanmers, Herberts, Sands, Musgraves,
Fathers and sonnes, like coupled slaves,
They were not to be sunder'd ; 135
The tale of all that there did sup
On checquer tally was scor'd up,
And made above a hundred.

Our greatest barne would not have held
 The belly-timber that they fell'd, 140
 But messe was rick'd on messe;
 'Twas such a feast, that I'm afraid
 The reck'ning never will be paid,
 Without another sesse. cess
 They talk'd about, and made such din. 145
 That scarce the lady could edge in
 The Papists and the Frenches;
 On them she was allow'd to raile,
 But, and thereby does hang a tale,
 Not one word of the wenches. 150
 The host, plac'd at the lower end,
 The healths in order up did send.
 Nor of his own tooke care;
 But down his physick bottle threw,
 And took his wine when it was due, 155
 In spite of 's 'pothecare. apothecary his
 They drank, I know not who had most,
 'Till King both hostesse kiss'd, and host.
 Then clapt him on the back;
 And prithee, why so pale? then swore, 160
 Should they indite him o'er and o'er,
 He'd bring him off—y-sack.
 They all said ay who had said no,
 And those who could, 'twas time to go.
 For grace they would not stay; 165
 And for to save the serving-men
 The pains of coming in againe,
 The guests took all away.

Candlesticks, forks, salts, plates, spoons, knives,
(Like sweetmeats for their girls and wives,) 170

Nay, table-linnen went;

I saw no more, but hither ran,

Lest some should take me for the man,

And I for them be shent.

scolded, punished

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Heading : The Checker Inn = Exchequer. The Poet plays on the equivocal word Chequer, and calls the L. H. Treasurer's house by the common name of a 'public.'

Line 8, 'Berties.' Cf. former note.

„ 9. Thompson annotates here : 'The house is in Cockspur-street, now divided into six tenements ; Oliphant the hatter now resides in the centre part of it, 1776' (p. xlii.).

Line 11. 1704 State Poems reads 'had been.'

„ 14. Ib. 'that was.'

„ 17, 'cat-in-pan' = become a turncoat, or as a dexterous politician turn topsy-turvy without injury, like a *cate-in-pan*, i. e. like a turned pancake, the tossing of which without breaking it requires a skilled housewife.

Line 19. 1704 text reads 'sex ;' wex = wax.

„ 22. Ib. 'white wand' = Ib. 'his.' See former note.

„ 24, 'strikes the measure' = by passing the rod over the top, that the contents may be even with the brim, and no more.

Line 30, 'have him . . .' = technical for to touch or strike him anywhere, spite of his fence.

Line 35. 1704 reads 'He 'as ;' line 36, 'He looks . . . ;' line 37, 'where ;' line 47, badly, 'kind' for 'fin'd.'

Line 38, 'made' = in sense of a made man [by bribery].

„ 44. Sir Edward Seymour, Speaker, as in 'Instructions,' pt. iii.

Line 49, 'tag and rag' = tag, rag, and bobtail, or a confused mixed crowd, as at a fox-hunt in the field.

Line 67, 'Wheeler.' Sir William Wheler, of Westminster, was created a baronet August 11th, 1660, with remainder to his cousin, Charles Wheler, who succeeded to the honour upon his death. He was then M.P. for Queenborough. See Pepys, i. 389, 395 ; ii. 7, 134.

Lines 76-8. 1704 reads here

'But 'twas, it seems, with this intent

To plant with us that Government :

From thence he brought the seeds.'

Line 79, 'George Montague.' Fifth son of Henry, first Earl of Manchester, afterwards M.P. for Dover, and father of the first

Earl of Halifax. He was youngest brother of Lord Manchester, mentioned in Pepys (i. 30). See also *s. n.* for various notices, and the Duke of Manchester's Family Volumes, *s. n.*

Line 82, 'Mansell and Morgan.' *Mansell*—Colonel M. is named in Pepys (i. xxv.); also Admiral Mansell (i. 233). There is farther, 'Mr. Mansell, a poor Reformed of the Charles's;' *i. e.* a discharged officer from the Royal Charles (i. 110). *Morgan*—Sir Anthony Morgan, called by Pepys 'a very wise man' (iii. 393).

Line 84. Because, like Welsh jurymen, they gave a verdict not according to the facts, the Welsh being not only strong partisans and often unable to understand English, but being a people whom the English ridiculed.

Line 85, '*Harry Ford*.' I find a Sir R. Ford Lord Mayor of London 1671, but no Henry. See Pepys, *s. n.* Lines 85-102 in State Poems 1704, as before, are misplaced after line 132.

Line 86, 'Tom Bales.' Pepys curiously confirms the text as follows on hearing a sermon: 'It was a pleasant thing, an idle companion in our pew, a prating, bold counsellor that hath been heretofore at the Navy Office, and noted for a great eater and drinker, not for quantity, but of the best; his name Tom Bales' (iii. 16).

Line 97, 'Sir Courteney Poole.' Probably the 'Sir Pool' of a former note; but I do not find his name in Pepys, Evelyn, &c.; but see Pepys under Poole.

Line 104, '*elder gun*'—pop-gun. 'That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun' (Henry V. iv. 1).

Line 112. 1704 reads here 'And of more prov'nder to dispose:' perhaps preferable.

Line 121, '*Tredenham*.' Not in Pepys or Evelyn. It is clear from the poem that all the names here are of members of Parliament.

Line 124, '*Birkenham*.' Ibid. Query, Do Tredenham and Birkenham veil resembling names? *e. g.* Berkenshaw (Pepys, i. 247, 260; ii. 313), or Berkenheade (i. 359). It is Berkenhead in State Poems (1704), as before.

Line 127, '*Hobbe's*.' So printed, but doubtless Hobbes of Malmesbury, whose '*Leviathan*' Marvell hits in his Satires, as noted in the places. It is 'Hobbes's' in 1704, as before.

Lines 128-133. *Throgmorton*—Sir Robert T. (Pepys, iv. 285.) *Neville*—Henry Nevill, noticed in confirmation of the text in Pepys (i. 7). *Dolman*=Doleman, as before. *Lawly*: see note on line 124. *Portman*—Sir William P. (Pepys, i. 376, iv. 82). *Clomley*—Sir Hugh C., famous for his duel with Edward Montague; see Pepys, *s. n.* frequently. *Hammers*—Sir Thomas Hammer (Evelyn, *s. n.*). *Herberts*, Pepys and Evelyn, *s. n.* *Sands*, as before. *Musgraves*—'Mr. Musgrave of the Tower' (Pepys, iv. 294).

Line 137, '*tally*'=sticks for marking debts or accounts on, by notches or otherwise. Tallies were used in the Exchequer up to a late date.

Line 141, '*ricked*.' As a '*rick*' is piled up layer by layer.

„ 144, '*sesse*'=cess or tax.

„ 159. I retain '*him*,' rather than accept '*'em*' from 1704; not for greater propriety's sake, but because he addresses his conversation to him (Danby), in swearing '*should they indite him*,' and also because he jokes him in reference to his natural pallor (line 33), or being pale at the fear of indictment. '*Prythee, why so pale?*' is from another of Suckling's poems :

' Why so pale and wan, fond lover,
Prythee, why so pale ?'

The State Poems of 1704 (as before, vol. iii. p. 64) adds the following :

THE ANSWER.

Curse on such Representatives,
They sell us all, our barns and wives,
Quoth Dick, with indignation.
They are but engines to raise tax,
And the whole bus'ness of their acts
Is to undo the Nation.

Just like our rotten pump at home,
We pour in water when 'twon't come,
And that way get more out.
So when mine host does money lack,
He money gives among the pack,
And then it runs full spout.

By wise volk I have oft been told,
Parliaments grow naught as they grow old :
We groan'd under the Rump :
But sure this is a heavier curse,
That sucks and dreins thus ev'ry purse,
By this old Whitehall Pump.

In Notes above I record all the noticeable various readings of 1704 text. G.

THE DOCTOR TURN'D JUSTICE.¹

LEWELLIN, though physician to the King,
Found he was grown a drug both Fall and Spring ;
Nor on one fee through the whole year could seise,
(Not in an epidemical disease.)

¹ From Captain Thompson's Preface, vol. i. pp. xlix. l. G.

No doubtfull maid did at his chamber call, 5
So much as to consult her urinal ;
No lord to treat a clap would him indure,
No lady an abortion to procure ;
And in whole Court the most obsequious breech
From his unskilfull hand disdain'd a leech. 10
He knew not how a poyson to instill :
(What doctor e're could neither cure nor kill ?)
Languishing thus to live, and almost spent,
Impatient he, because he had no patient ;
What shall he do ? Shall he himself disgrace, 15
To paste pox-pills at ev'ry pissing-place ?
Or in this dignity, and at this age,
Draw vicious teeth, and drink toads on the stage ?
Ingenious hunger rather does suggest
To turne a country-justice were his best ; 20
With clerk and 'poticary to divide,
(Gizard on one, liver on t'other side :)
While bribes and fees the people pay in awe,
(In dread both of his physick and his law :)
Although Hippocrates ne're sent to gaole, 25
Nor Galen, ever that we read, took baile.
This he resolves : and under Brigeman's wax,
To Wickham in his climaterick packs ;
Where, that he also might their may'r be chose,
The short remainder of his pence he sows. 30
And now, instead of clyster-pipe and stoole,
The sword and mace usher the formall foole.
To gain and pow'r thus far his way was plain,
(Unbridled pow'r, uninterrupted gain.)
When, see the spight, a Quaker spoiles his aime : 35
(So agues still are the physician's shame.)

Rants from a cobbler, grown a doctor there,
 As from a doctor Lewellin, a mayor ;
 It seem'd that Fate had sent him to undoe
 The magistrate, and the physician too. 40
 But soon our Wickham armourer transplants
 To gaole at Alsbury his rivall rants ;
 Two birds he hopes to hit thus with one sling,
 The Quaker first, and by him doctor King ;
 And yet what justice ever could before 45
 Remove a nuisance to his neighbour's doore ?
 Fanaticks thus the bishops mark are made,
 Not out of zeale, but as they spoile their trade.
 Henceforth, ye sons of Esculapius high,
 Lay your Sennectus and Riverius by : 50
 If you would thrive, then learn to practise thus,
 No recipe is like a Mittimus.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 2, Fall=fall of the leaf, *i. e.* Autumn. See our Vaughan the Silurist, *s. v.*

Line 8. Query, abortive=drug abortive?

„ 14. I have ventured to correct the nonsense of 'I am . . . patient.'

Line 22, 'Gizzard'=rapacious maw or grinding stomach of the law, and on this the Poet makes the liver on the other or right side the representative of the apothecary, because of its black and bitter humours, and of the important part played by the 'choler' or bile in the pathology of the day.

Line 27, 'Brigeman's.' See Pepys, *s. n.* Sir Orlando Bridgeman was Keeper of the Great Seal from the dismissal of Clarendon, about August 1667, to the chancellorship of Shaftesbury. This Welsh doctor therefore—whether his name was Llewellyn or not—must have received his appointment between these dates, and this lampoon was doubtless written so soon as the appointment became known. G.

THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.¹

I.

ONE night, when all the village slept,
Myrtillo's sad despair
The wand'ring shepherd waking kept,
To tell the woods his care.
Begone, said he, fond thought, begone :
Eyes, give your sorrows o'er ;
Why should you waste your tears on one
That thinks of you no more ?

II.

Yet all the birds, the flocks, the powers,
That dwell within this grove,
Can tell how many tender hours
We here have pass'd in love.
The starrs above (my cruel foes)
Have heard how she has sworn
A thousand times, that like to those
Her flame should ever burn.

¹ From Captain Thompson's Preface, vol. i. pp. xxiv.-v., and thus introduced : 'The next sonnet is The Despairing Shepherd, whom our author calls Myrtillo, but all the printed copies Marcellus : of this composition he only gives us three verses ; the other copies extend it to twelve. It seems to be a counterpart to the foregoing elegy [William and Margaret], and some less able hand hath introduced a despairing shepherdess, by the name of Armida, who also dies for grief, on the reflection that her disdain murdered the man that loved her to madness and despair. But of this Mr. Marvell only gives the subsequent verses as his own ; the author of the rest is not worth inquiring after.' It seems very plain that if Marvell was the author of these namby-pamby verses, he must have intended them as a satire on the love-ballads of the period.

G.

III.

But since she's lost, Oh let me have
My wish, and quickly die ;
In this cold bank I'll make a grave,
And there for ever lie.
Sad nightingales the watch shall keep,
And kindly there complain.—
Then down the shepherd lay to sleep,
And never wak'd again.



POSTSCRIPT.

IN reading our Notes and Illustrations, it emerges that one or two things referred therein to the Memorial-Introduction have been overlooked by us; and now it must suffice in this Postscript to give references for the information promised. Hereafter, in relation to the Prose, opportunity will be taken to discuss various problems, biographical and historical, in MARVELL's Life and Writings, and to trace the influence of both on his contemporaries and since; also his own relation to preceding Poets and Prosaists, as DONNE, MILTON, DENHAM, WALLER, and others, which the abundance of our materials compelled us to leave out for the present. This general allusion takes in the intended notes on Donne (pp. 8, 104, 106, 135); Milton (pp. 5, 127, 148, 186, 235); Scott (p. 52); Mrs. Rathbone and Blake (pp. 53, 57); Allingham (p. 67); Cowley (p. 81); Cromwell (p. 81 *et alibi*); Bermudas (p. 83); Mason (p. 108); Waller and Denham (pp. 169, 253, 288); Dryden (p. 235); Butler (p. 242); Pepys (p. 304); Monmouth (p. 454); Clarendon (p. 390).

With reference to the adjectival epithet 'green,' it opens up a whole vista of philosophy in criticism of MARVELL's peculiar genius as a Poet and his taste for 'gardening,' which, indeed, won for him the name of 'Botanist,' and confirms our interpretation of 'bill' (p. 135). So, too, the peculiarity of his grammatical forms (*e.g.* p. 214) suggests a good deal of thought on the gradual growth of our multi-sided language. The parallels with his 'Dialogue between the Resolved Soul and Created Pleasure' from our English poets extend from the 'Poetical Rhapsody' to the elder CRASHAW and onward to RICHARD BAXTER—a tempting topic.

Of the above references crushed out, nearly all are readily accessible, and not hard to be 'searched' for. One may be less known, viz. BLAKE (p. 57). I like to remember that so unique a genius was a reader of MARVELL; and so I ask his 'Auguries of Innocence' to be compared with ll. 13-15 of the 'Nymph complaining for the Death of her Fawn' (p. 53). G.

GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

AGREEING with my learned friend the Rev. J. E. B. Mayor, M.A., in the Preface to his edition of 'The Scholemaster' (1863), that 'Surely it is a disgrace to English literature that so many standard authors are reprinted every year without those "indexes of words and things" which have for centuries accompanied the ancient classics, and by help of which alone our knowledge of the facts, whether of history or language, can gradually approach to completeness' (p. iv.), I have prepared a careful list of noticeable 'words' in these Poems, and which will guide to 'things.' G.

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END OF THE POEMS.

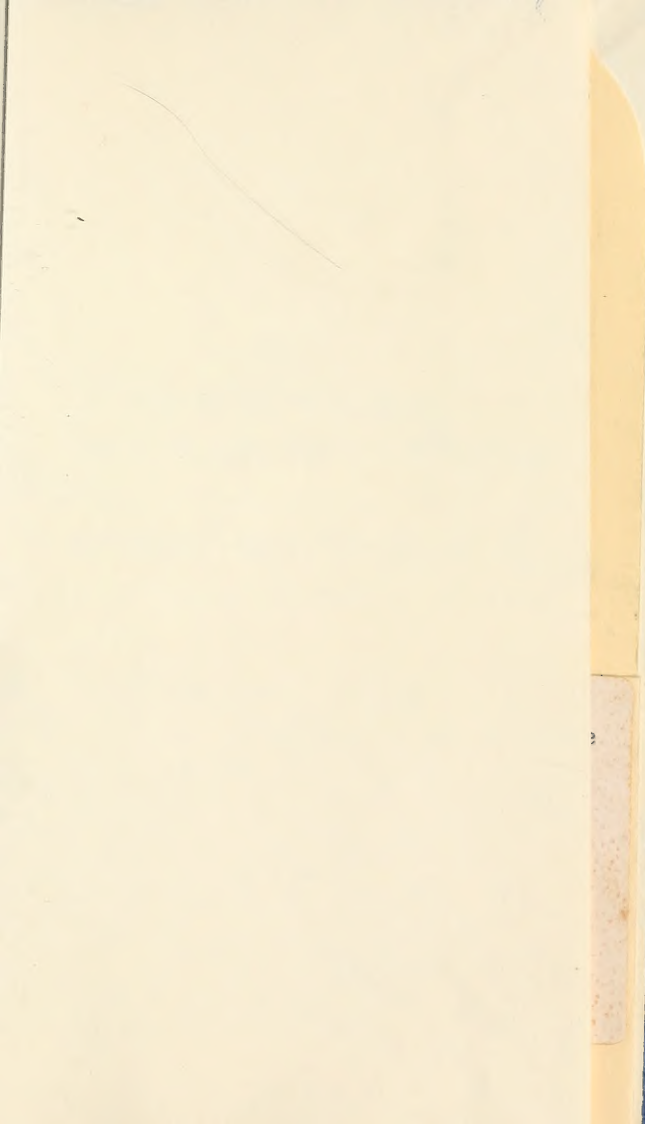
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